

SPENT IN THE SERVICE

A MEMOIR

OF THE VERY REVEREND

ACHILLES DAUNT D.D.

DEAN OF CORK

REV. F. R. WYNNE, M. A.

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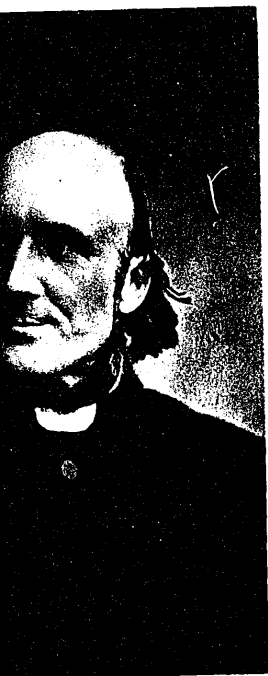
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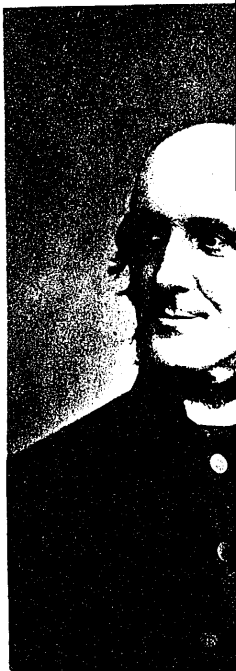




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*Achille Daunt.*

SPENT IN THE S

A MEMOIR

OF THE

VERY REV. ACHILLES D

*DEAN OF CORK.*

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS  
DIARIES, AND SERMONS

BY THE

REV. FREDERICK R. WYLLIE

*Author of "The Model Parish"*

INCUMBENT OF ST. MATTHIAS

London :

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

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MDCCCLXXIX.

E SERVICE:

MOIR

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LES DAUNT, D.D.,

CORK.

FROM HIS LETTERS,  
SERMONS.

HE

R. WYNNE, M.A.,

*odel Parish," etc.*

ATTHIAS', DUBLIN.

at :

STOUGHTON,

TER ROW.

XIX.

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*The Profits from the sale of this book are to be given to the  
Fund for building and endowing the "Daunt Memorial  
Church."*

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## P R E F A C E.

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THIS book had to be written. There is a demand for it which could not be left unsupplied.

A loved leader, a noble standard-bearer in the Christian army has fallen. A thousand hearts cry out for some record of his life, some comprehensive description of his warfare and work.

There needs no apology, therefore, for the appearance of the Memoir. It is simply a necessity. Nor need I apologize for my being its writer. This, too, has been a necessity. I was asked to undertake the work by one whose desolation gives her a right to command. Sorrow has its enthronement. The mourner's wish is a law to her friends. Certainly, no one who loved her husband as I did

could refuse her request. And I feel that it was natural that she should turn to him who has entered into her husband's labours, to describe the work whose results are under his daily observation.

I wish to acknowledge my obligations to the many friends and correspondents who have supplied me with materials for the Memoir. One correspondent especially, whose words often appear in the following pages (and her ideas oftener still) has been my earnest fellow-labourer from the first in the effort to have her brother's life truly pictured. Many letters from other hands I have received, which I should have been glad to have inserted in full, only that it was thought better that no letters should be so put in but his own. My friends must not think, however, that their kind contributions have not been used nor appreciated because they are not directly copied. When the rain falls we lose sight of the individual drops; but they are not wasted. The leaves are all the greener for them, and the colours of the flowers more vivid. I have carefully studied all that has been sent in to me, and my readers must thank my unnamed corres-

pondents for any pleasure or profit they derive from my book.

I have been earnestly charged to make the Memoir not a flattering panegyric, but a plain and honest history. It has also been impressed upon me by the sorrowing family that their one great object in wishing the story of how he lived and what he did to be told, is that his work may be perpetuated, and more or less carried on after his death by the account of his life. Both these desires I have striven to carry out by describing the man simply as I have found him. If few faults are recorded, it is not that I have concealed any, but that few have been discovered by me. If he appears in this Memoir a man of special singleness of mind and heavenliness of character, it is not because I have exaggerated his graces, but, I sincerely believe, because God gave them to him. The study of his life has been a great pleasure, and, I trust, an upward drawing force for myself. If it brings as much profit and pleasure to any reader as it has to the writer, my labours will be amply repaid.

F. R. W.





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CHAPTER I.

*A FRONTISPIECE.*

“ Thrice blessed whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure.  
What souls possess themselves so pure?  
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?”

—*Tennyson.*

## CHAPTER I.

### A FRONTISPIECE.

A FEW years ago, a poor shoemaker, lately arrived in Dublin, was walking over "Baggot Street Bridge," when he was struck by the appearance of a gentleman who passed by. He thought him, to use his own words, the most "beautiful gentleman" he had ever seen. He was so much interested in his face and air that he turned round and gazed as long as his eyes could follow. That gentleman, whose personal appearance so fascinated the poor country shoemaker, was, as he soon afterwards found out, the pastor of the district in which he had come to live. His name was Achilles Daunt.

A very remarkable man to look at he certainly was. There was a wonderful flash in his eye. There was a grand massiveness in his brow. His profile was cut in lines both of delicacy, fineness, and power. There was a deep intensity in his gaze; and yet it softened in a moment into the

most loving tenderness, or the sweetest and brightest playfulness. His face was pale and worn. At an early age his head was nearly bald. He looked like the picture of some "wrapt poet," or some "seraphic saint" of ancient days.

In his aspect there was a curious mixture of youth and age. At first you would take him almost for an old man. The pale, strongly-marked face, bare head, and grave countenance, gave him a venerable air. But if you accosted him there was a magic change. The eyes sparkled, the countenance lit up and gleamed with the brightest of smiles, and it was a young fresh heart that spoke in the genial, joyous face, as well as in the cheery voice and the cordial grasp of the hand.

And like the face was the character of the man—intense in convictions, fervent and passionate in energy, and self-devotion, and at the same time, tender, and affectionate, simple and frank as a little child.

The testimony of everyone who has had anything to say to Achilles Daunt combines in declaring that he was the most *winsome* of men. He possessed, in its perfection, that "most charming of arts—the art of pleasing." He had abilities and mental acquirements of no common order; but it is universally felt that the influence and power he wielded were far beyond anything that his talents



could have won. It was something more subtle, more precious, more rare than force of intellect, that gave him his sway over our hearts. "In my experience of life," says one who knew him long and well, "I have never met anyone like him as a friend—so true, so confiding, so sympathising, so unselfish." Far and wide I find the same witness borne: "Such a friend I never had." "He was my closest, most trusted and valued friend." "I thank God for having given me the joy of his friendship even for a little while." In every form, and by all kinds of people, from bishops, judges, and college professors to school-children and poor old women, I hear the same story as to the delight and value of the Dean's friendship. I enjoyed the privilege of great intimacy with him for several years. Amidst the bustle and thronging work of his Dublin life, I used to be surprised at the heart-leisure he seemed to have for me, and the way he would, from time to time, manage to have long walks and close confidential talks with me, in the intervals between his engagements.

In bygone years, after leaving the University, I remember that I was sometimes painfully chilled to find friends, who used to be intimate and dear in college, less affectionate, less warm and responsive, than from past intercourse I had expected. I soon learned that it was but the natural and

almost necessary diverging of human paths. It was that pang the poet speaks of,—

“When first we feel, with secret pain,  
Our lives henceforth have separate ends,  
And never can be one again.”

The old friends had their new work, new interests. Their hearts and minds were full of pressing business, constant effort, care and pleasure. Not from unkindness, but from pre-occupation they seemed to be cold.

Quite a contrary surprise from this beginning of the sad *désillusionnement* of life I found in my intercourse with Achilles Daunt. It was a surprise how his love could be so fresh and cordial. Knowing that he was almost an idol to his vast congregation; knowing how constantly he had to be before the public—what incessant calls of every conceivable kind there were upon his time and thoughts, it came upon me always with something of wonder that his heart seemed to open itself out to me with such confiding, almost eager affection. The same pleasant surprise was felt by almost all who knew him. Well does a correspondent express this feature in his character,—

“It is a rare gift to be a popular man, and to be quite unspoilt for private friendship. And it is rare, too, to give your best to the public, and to be able to give

something better than the best you give to the public when quite withdrawn from observation. Few men have been so loved as Achilles Daunt, but he made you *feel* that, in some special way, you had a place in his heart and in his prayers."

Those who read these pages, and did not know the Dean themselves, may feel a suspicion that all this show and appearance of affection was not genuine—that, perhaps in manner and voice and look, he *acted* a love he did not feel. When his expressions of love extended to so many, there could not have been as much for each, they think, as he made appear. Such a suspicion is never felt by those who knew him. There was in his beaming countenance and cordial words and ways to you the unmistakable ring of reality. He made one feel how narrow and mistaken are the ideas often entertained of the nature of love—as if it were a limited, material thing, of which, when some is given away, less is left behind. All true observation shows the exact contrary. The power of loving is strengthened by its exercise. The affections of the heart going out in their tenderness and interest come "back to their fountains again like the rain, and fill them full of refreshment." Every object unselfishly loved and cared for, instead of blocking up the heart and leaving less room in it for others, really draws out the

soul's infinite capacities and gives it more affection, more sympathy, more thoughtful love, with which to cherish further objects. As we love we become like Him whose name is Love. Bounds expand and limits disappear as we approach to the similitude of the infinite One. He who calls the stars by their names numbers the very hairs of our heads. In proportion as His image is formed in our hearts love becomes both wide in its range and intense in its individual application. First and chief among the "fruits of the Spirit" is love. It is in God's child not only a natural capacity earnestly exercised, but a divinely given power coming down in its glory and nobleness from the Father of Lights.

Here was the secret of our departed brother's wonderful lovingness. He lived in close communion with the infinite God. He studied the life and words of the Lord Jesus so earnestly, that His tender and unselfish character stood out before him continually as an object of unconscious imitation. That Holy Spirit promised so freely to all who pray for His indwelling, was daily and hourly sought by him and found. No wonder he went out from his house every day with his heart overflowing with affection, and yearning to help and benefit his brethren. Issuing straight from the holy Presence, his face could not but

glow with the reflection of the beauty on which he had been gazing.

The lover of the "meadows and the woods and mountains," could say with sincerity,—

"In me, the meanest flower that blows  
Awakens thoughts that dwell too deep for tears."

And is it any marvel if one who walks close with the Maker, Redeemer, and Lover of men, finds an intense interest in every human face, and a pathos in every human history, and an unspeakable yearning of affection swelling up in his heart towards every human being who is brought into any relation with him.

So it was with Achilles Daunt. The little child, whose fair head he stroked, and whose soft face he petted; the old woman, to whose long story he listened so patiently, and on whose withered countenance he smiled so genially; the shy girl, with her wistful gaze, half wishing and half fearing to speak, whom he so quickly put at her ease; the young man, diffident and awkward, but cherishing aspirations after the higher life, whose hand he grasped so cordially; the earnest worker for the Lord, into whose hopes and fears, and joys and trials, he entered with such affectionate sympathy;—each had a special beauty and interest for his eye and a special preciousness to his heart. There was no feigning

of a love which he did not feel, but simply a showing what he did feel.

Self-consciousness, reserve, and conventionality of manner, sometimes seal the lips and chill the countenances of other servants of God, even when their hearts are yearning with love for their brethren. But the character we are contemplating was too simple and direct for anything of the kind. He was too self-forgetful to find difficulty or awkwardness or shyness in expressing the Christian affection he actually felt. Out of the abundance of the heart his mouth spoke.

And, after all, the strongest proofs of the reality of loving words are loving deeds. And of loving deeds the life of Achilles Daunt was full to overflowing. In generosity of gifts he was lavish almost to a fault. No doubt his kindness was often imposed upon. But his shrewd practical good sense enabled him continually to see what was the best thing to be done for the really poor, and never, till the day of revealing of secrets, will it be known how many who were desolate indeed were sent on their way rejoicing by his timely help. Literally true, I know, was a sentence spoken of him in the pulpit of St. Matthias' after his death,—“to many in this congregation he was the best earthly friend, to some he was the *only* earthly friend.”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Sermon by the Rev. W. E. Burroughs.

But gifts of money, many who have money are willing to give. There are other things, which cost more, and are more rarely given. Time, trouble, thought, attention,—Achilles Daunt was as generous of these as he was of his gold. He would spare himself no trouble nor exertion when there was any practical help to be rendered. He would think and plan what was best to be done, rapidly strike out some promising scheme, and throw himself heart and soul into its execution.

And what he gave was not a mere momentary flash of interest, a transient and spasmodic exertion. "He never," said one who worked with him much, "lost sight of any one." With most of us in busy positions, there is a great danger of losing sight of those whom we may at one time try to benefit. Like the waves, ceaselessly following each other on the sea-shore, come the cases requiring attention, thought, and pity. We gaze for a while; we listen with sympathy to the sad, surging wail of their human trouble. But are we not apt to let them, as quickly as those retiring waves, pass out of our mental view and be forgotten? And so, are not many of our efforts for the temporal or spiritual good of our brethren in a great measure wasted for want of being followed up? There was an intensity and reality in the lovingness of the subject of our memoir

that guarded him from this danger. He did not merely speak the kind word or do the kind deed to satisfy his conscience, and then pass on at his ease. It was the good of his poor brother or sister he longed for. His heart burned within him with affection for the sorrowful, the needy, the anxious one; and so he could not rest till some real result had been achieved.

And the strong grasp of his tenacious memory helped his loving heart. A wonderful memory it was! Faces, names, circumstances, seemed after one glance to be indelibly photographed on his mind. Most of the young people who crowded to his various classes he could address not only by their names, but by their Christian names. His eagle eye could distinguish every face in his vast congregation. And few who were once noticed and known were ever forgotten. Thus those in whom he was interested found a permanent place in his heart. With little notes, kind messages, and, when needed, with more substantial remembrances, he followed, often for years, those whom he had helped with words or gifts in time of trial.

His ability to carry out his loving intentions was greatly strengthened by the power he had of enlisting suitable fellow-labourers. Few men did so much work as he did. Fewer still induced so many others to join in his work. He fought in



the front ranks, and gathered in recruits for the army at the same time. If he wanted a thing to be done he knew both whom to ask to do it for him, and how to ask so as not to be refused. A grand company of earnest workers he gathered around him, many of whom are still, with unabated energy, striving to carry out the efforts for good he set in motion years ago.

But, nevertheless, he had to be, and always was, an essentially hard-working man. Hearing his life described by those who were intimate with his family circle, we are reminded of the words of the Evangelist: "There were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat."

Before breakfast was finished, the stream of applicants for his help, his counsel, his sympathy, began its flow towards his house. Those who could not come in person poured in their letters. "I send you a line," he writes one morning to a valued friend, "though I have twenty-five letters lying before me yet unopened." His home was for him no place of rest, but a busy workshop for the Master, where late and early the anvil rang with the loving words and loving efforts of the untiring labourer. And if there was work indoors, need I say what incessant work there was out of doors too. Visits to the sick and sorrowing; classes

of children, of men, of young ladies, of Christian workers; sermons and lectures; mission services and tours; Bible readings; addresses to schools and classes. All this had to be carried on, not only in his own parish, but all through Dublin, and, indeed, all through Ireland. For he was really, not so much the pastor of one limited parish, as the loved and loving helper of the whole Church throughout our land. Indeed, his friends were often distressed at the number of engagements he undertook, and strove to keep his activity within narrower bounds. But it would have been as easy to check the mountain torrent, as it sweeps over its rocky bed, as to stay or check this fervent evangelist in his labours of love. People blamed him sometimes because it seemed as if he could not say "No." They thought it was almost a weakness, that he could not bear to refuse an invitation to go here, there, anywhere, far or near, to visit a sufferer, to console a mourner, to preach to a congregation. He was accused of wearing himself out unnecessarily. Not from weakness of purpose, but from strength of love and zeal he acted so. It is not my place to inquire whether he was right or wrong in his idea. But his idea was that every call from human brother or sister wanting spiritual aid was a call from the Master in heaven; and so, both his love to his Lord and his love to his brethren

irresistibly bade him to go. He wore himself out early no doubt. But it was a noble exhaustion! The sword was soon hacked, and bent, and broken, but glorious was the battle that it fought; swift and strong were its flashing strokes; grand were the victories it achieved. Would that we had a little more of this self-sacrifice! The danger to most of us lies in the opposite direction. For the sake of life we may lose the objects of living. If we had more of our brother's burning zeal our lives might be shorter in years, and yet larger and fuller in all that is worthy of the name of life.

But amidst all his fervour and fiery labour Achilles Daunt was perfectly simple and childlike. Children always loved him, and were won by the mingled playfulness and seriousness of his ways. He generally left some quaint and striking sentence for the special edification of the little people. "Now remember," he would say (for example), drawing the demure damsels and shy boys to his knee; "remember the three H's—Head, Heart, Hand. Head to think of the Lord Jesus; Heart to love Him; Hands to work for Him." For many long years, such little pithy sayings of his have stuck in the memory of children as nails fastened in sure places; and I have heard grown-up girls and sturdy boys describing how they never

forgot Mr. Daunt's three H's. And there was about him a pleasant, sparkling humour, among grown people as well as children, that made him always delightful. He was like our own Erin, with "the tear and the smile in the eye." The rapid changes from grave to gay, and gay to grave, made his earnestness seem more real. There was no affected solemnity in his manner, no heavy sanctimoniousness. He was bright, genial, and merry at one moment; the next, speaking with the deepest intensity and pathos; in both expressing simply what he felt really.

The same simplicity and frankness which marked his intercourse with his fellow-creatures he seemed to carry with him in his relation to our Father in heaven. He received the kingdom of God "like a little child."

Many servants of our Lord are enabled to have a very strong real faith in the unseen. But it is sometimes faith after hard battle, perhaps after long and often recurring battles. They are given the victory, but they come out of the conflict scarred and stained. And from time to time the old wounds open again, and their spiritual progress is thereby retarded, and made somewhat painful and halting.

There is no trace of such a period of struggle in the life of Achilles Daunt, as far as I have

been able to learn its history. He seems from the first to have been like a little child clinging to the Father's hand. There was such an instinctive response of his moral nature to the truths of revelation that it no more occurred to him to question them, than to question his own existence. Not a hint is there in any of his journals or letters, that he felt in his soul the faintest vibration of the storm of doubt and inquiry that has been sweeping around us so fiercely.

Some have thought that his powers of usefulness were narrowed by this wonderful simplicity of belief. A recognition of the difficulties that puzzle the minds of thinking men; tokens that he knew what they were, understood them, and had mastered them, would have given him, they imagine, access to the vast number of minds in the present day who are wishing to believe, but finding it hard to hold fast the old faith amidst the perpetual doubts and questions suggested by the movement of modern thought.

To such minds the sweet and simple Bible teaching of Dean Daunt was only like a pleasant nursery song, awakening happy old associations, soothing them with the music in which thrilled the echoes of the ideas and convictions of bygone years; but failing to teach or guide their mature understanding, or to supply them

with strength for the intellectual battle of to-day.

Criticism to this effect I have often heard. But the great Leader of the Church militant has various agencies for carrying on the strife against evil and error; and different gifts are entrusted to His different servants; and one is enabled to work one way, another in a different way. Each has his own function, and we must not be disappointed if even the most favoured worker cannot do every kind of work. His special office is, no doubt, better fulfilled from his inability to busy himself in others. And it may be that the simple unquestioning child-faith of Achilles Daunt, brought peace to many a doubting mind, which the most skilful controversialist would have failed to set at rest. Truth is often apprehended by the heart and conscience, even when the understanding struggles in vain to grasp it. The weary thinker, amidst his puzzles and perplexities, hears a still small voice, in accents whose reality he cannot doubt, whispering, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." Who could make that voice re-echo more distinctly than our affectionate, single-minded, simple-hearted brother?

Be this, however, as it may, such was the character of Achilles Daunt. Spending a little while in his society was like going into a sanc-

tuary. He communicated to you his intense consciousness of the unseen Presence. He felt, and he made you feel, that the Lord was a living Friend, as real and as close as if you could stretch forth your hand and touch Him. He was often excited, eager, enthusiastic, full of schemes and ideas of various kinds for the advancement of God's cause; but underneath all you felt the rest and calm of the Holy Place. How well we remember, after every consultation or conversation, the natural way in which he would say, "Come and let us ask the Lord about it." And then he would kneel down and speak to our Father in heaven just as if he was looking into His face. There was always in his prayer earnestness, confidence, affectionate reverence, and, at the same time, the greatest plainness and directness. He told the Lord exactly what was wanted because he felt the Lord was there, and it was to Himself he was speaking, and not to some imaginary audience to which he had to make fine speeches. And he would rise up from his knees with the light in his eye brighter, and the smile on his lips sweeter, after the refreshment and comfort of the prayer. And we who had joined with him would go on our way to the bustle of our work again, feeling as if heaven were somehow nearer than before, and the cares of life lighter, and the

service of the Master a more precious reality. He was like the child

“With light upon him from his Father’s eyes,”

and all who came close to him were illuminated by the sweet radiance.

This simplicity and intensity of faith combined with the affectionate lovingness that we dwelt on just now gave the Dean a power in preaching that is difficult to describe. Every one in Ireland knows his popularity. His name acted like a charm. Churches were crowded to overflowing; multitudes were gathered together as if by magic wherever and whenever it was announced that Achilles Daunt was to speak. All kinds of people, —strong men, tottering old women, fidgety boys, little children, hung upon his lips. In out-of-the-way country places, in rude fishermen’s hamlets, in stately cathedrals, in fashionable city churches, it was just the same. Every ear was strained to hear the voice of the honoured preacher.

Reading such records of his sermons as have been preserved, gives very little idea of the impression actually produced by his preaching. Written reports of extempore speaking, no matter how carefully taken down, fail almost always in securing the exact words said. Something of the freshness and aroma is lost. What is written is a copy of what was



spoken, but a copy in stiff and formal characters of what was dashed off by the free hand of the master. The words and letters are nearly the same, but the whole thing has a different look. And, moreover, what was given by the preacher in this case was something more than definite ideas which could be put down in black and white. Those who listened to him felt that he was pouring out to them his whole being. Not a series of thoughts, but a living soul, panting and palpitating with eager affection, came forth in those passionate appeals, that irresistible pleading of the preacher with his people. There he stood, his apostolic face lit up with a heavenly enthusiasm, his dark eye flashing, his every gesture quivering with the intensity of his emotion, his beautiful deep voice filling the whole building with its grand music. Who could help being touched and warmed by the glow of his earnestness? You might forget the precise words he said, but the feeling he wanted to kindle within you, the penitence, the love, the trust, the self-devotion towards the One Person whom he lifted up before your eyes—this could not but be remembered and sympathised with, unless your heart was harder than adamant.

And the feeling he always wanted to produce was heart interest in the Lord Jesus. It was deeply impressed upon him that his mission was to make known the Saviour of the world to human souls.

"*Whom* we preach," he could indeed say, "warning every man and teaching every man, in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."<sup>1</sup>

Every sermon of his tended to this one great end, the manifestation of God in Jesus Christ. It was a favourite expression with him that what he had to set before his people was a living Person, and not a set of theories or views. His own heart burned and glowed with affection towards the unseen Lord. The Divine Human Being was as real to him as if he could lay his hand in His ; and what he laboured and strove for in his preaching was that the souls of his listeners should be illuminated and vivified by personal contact with Him whom he had found to be the strength and joy of his own life.

It has often been said that there was not much exposition of Scripture in his sermons. It was there in the highest sense. The great truths revealed from God to man, and handed down to us in the inspired writings, were caught up and re-echoed by him in a voice that brought them straight home to the conscience and heart of his hearers. He seems to me to have taught very much as the apostles themselves did, speaking to the people of the Lord Jesus, telling them what He was and what He did. Do we not feel that much of what is called "ex-

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<sup>1</sup> Col. i. 28.

position" of Scripture is in reality obscuring of Scripture? Instead of having the central ideas the inspired writer is impressing upon us grasped and set forth broadly, to be lived on and acted on, the attention is distracted by microscopic observation of subordinate details; the grand passage is frittered up into little pieces; thoughts that the writer never thought are pressed out of the sentences, and instead of being allowed to carry home the divine lesson with which the soul of the inspired one swelled as he wrote, we are loaded with the expositor's own poor human ideas, into which he has twisted the words he is expounding. The Dean's exposition of Scripture, on the other hand, was a proclamation of the revelations of Scripture in language that could be "understood by the people." The details of his sermons were often forgotten, but the text was always remembered. He caused the text to be thought of, to be felt, to take a place among the motives of life; and that is the best possible "exposition." The passages he preached on are marked with pencil lines in many a Bible, but with ineffaceable lines of spiritual emotion they are marked deep down in a thousand hearts.

Solemn and earnest as was his preaching, it was nevertheless remarkably bright and varied. The same pleasantness and charm that pervaded his ordinary conversation lit up his sermons. "The Dean was never dull,"—even those who criticised his

sermons acknowledged this. The earnestness of many of us, although real, may be heavy. Our very anxiety to reach and stir the heart may give an over-strained intensity to voice and manner and countenance that is fatiguing to our listeners. The Dean never erred thus. The flash of genius about his thoughts, the play and animation of his vivacious nature, made it impossible for him to be monotonous. The tone of his sermons rose and fell with the varying feelings of his heart ; and, as a stream is sometimes still and calm, sometimes fierce and impetuous in its onward rushing ; as a piece of music sometimes rings its melody in the liquid treble, and again crashes into the solemn thunder of the bass, so the flowing and musical eloquence of Achilles Daunt changed from calm statement to solemn warning,—from pleasant and humorous narrative to passionate pleading,—from gentle persuasion to earnestness of appeal almost fierce in its intensity. He sometimes made his hearers smile, he often made them weep ; but he never made them sleepy.

Thus he was, in the best sense, a “popular preacher.” It was easy to listen to him : it was pleasant to listen to him. You could follow his discourse without strain on the attention or weariness to the mind. Children and poor people, the uneducated or only half educated, could understand him and be touched with the thoughts he brought

before them. And men of higher mental calibre, after the toil and bustle of the week, were refreshed and rested by ideas, which were simple, and yet beautiful,—ideas, which though not profound, were yet always holy, true, and deeply profitable.

A “popular preacher” he certainly was, and a high honour was given him by the Master in making him such. For of that Master it is said that “the common people heard Him gladly.” Crowds followed Him from village to village, over the mountains, and even over the waves, to listen to the gracious words that fell from His lips,—to be touched and awed and comforted by that teaching, so plain and fresh and homely, and yet so edifying and practical, so straightforward and real, yet so grand and sublime. What dignity can be greater than likeness to Him in anything! Our departed brother, we believe, had been granted to catch something of His Spirit in meekness and lowliness of heart, in self-devoted labour for the help of human beings, in living trust towards the Father in heaven. He had the honour of sharing his Master’s aspirations and his Master’s sympathies; need we wonder if he had the honour of sharing also His popularity among the simple-hearted. “The people heard him gladly.”

Such was he whom we mourn,—a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost, full of love for God and love for his brethren, gifted with the “golden

mouth" of eloquence, but gifted also with the higher endowment of a childlike heart.

By what steps the Master led him, in what works He used him, with what blessings He enriched him, it will be the object of this memoir to describe. Many may look at these pages after the hand that has penned them is cold in the grave. It is the author's earnest prayer, that all who read the record of so noble a life may be warmed by the glow of its enthusiasm, and that they may go forth stronger to work for their Master, more quiet in their confidence towards their Saviour, more tender in their affection to their brethren, for their study of the history of Achilles Daunt.

## CHAPTER II.

### *PREPARATION FOR THE WORK.*

"'Tis strange how thought upon a child  
Will, like a presence, sometimes press—  
And when his pulse is beating wild,  
And life itself is in excess—  
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,  
Are all with ardour straining high—  
How in his heart will spring  
A feeling, whose mysterious thrall,  
Is stronger, sweeter far than all :  
And on its silent wing,  
How, with the clouds, he'll float away  
As wandering and as lost as they."

—*Wills.*



## CHAPTER II.

### PREPARATION FOR THE WORK.

ONE summer evening, in the year 1833, a little boat was quietly gliding over the waters in the beautiful harbour of Kinsale. Two or three people sat in the boat; among others a nurse, dressed in a rough country cloak, carrying an infant in her arms. Suddenly a wild shriek was heard. A great fishing-boat, pulled madly along by its crew in the eager excitement of a race, struck the little boat, sunk it in a moment, and left all who had been in her struggling for life in the water. In the confusion, no one took notice of the poor woman and her tightly-grasped charge, till, holding the baby as high as she could over her head, she cried out frantically, "Won't anyone save Mr. Daunt's child?" The little one was snatched from her arms, but her self-devotion nearly cost her her life. Encumbered as she was with her heavy cloak, she had twice gone down, and was sinking the third time when with much difficulty she was rescued.

The infant held in the arms of that poor woman was Achilles Daunt. He was the eldest son of Achilles Daunt, Esq., of Tracton Abbey; a gentleman of old family and old property in the county of Cork. The name of Achilles has been handed down in the family from father to son for many generations. There is a tradition among the tenants that no eldest son will succeed to the estates unless he is called by this name.

The subject of our memoir was born on the 23rd of August, 1832, and was from his birth dedicated to God and to God's work by the heart-prayers and heart-wishes of both his parents.

Not long after his entrance into the world, he was deprived of his mother's care for some months by an attack of small-pox, with which she was seized. This loss brought him to the verge of the grave. When he was allowed to be taken home again, he was only a wreck of his former self. Many a time it was thought that the poor feeble life would be cut off early. But "man is immortal till his work is done." God had a great work for this little one to accomplish, and through perils of sickness as well as "perils of waters" he was preserved.

Those who knew him as a little child speak of his almost unparalleled sweetness of disposition, and winning, loving ways. But his thoughtful and imaginative disposition made him sensitive and nervous.

Tracton Abbey was situated close to an old graveyard. Often the long train of an Irish country funeral would be seen winding thitherwards through the hills, and the wild cry of the Irish "keene" would rise and fall with its weird wailing on the air. These sights and sounds used to throw the little delicate child into paroxysms of terror. His father was so tenderly anxious for his welfare and comfort that instead of rebuilding the family mansion, which had fallen into disrepair, in its former position in the grandly wooded old demesne, he decided on building a residence on a rising ground commanding a lovely view just outside the town of Kinsale.

At four years old the little boy had learned to read ; at seven he might often be seen stretched on the floor with an open newspaper spread under him. In this peculiar position he studied the politics of the day, which had an extraordinary fascination for his mind. He was familiar with the names of leading members of Parliament. He also took a keen interest in observing all those changes of weather, coming and going of clouds and storms, which are the events and topics of conversation in a little town whose harbour is crowded with the brown sails of fishing-boats, and at the corners of whose streets groups of their crews are constantly gathering together.

So grew up the little boy in the quaint old Irish

sea-port, learning sweet lessons at his mother's knee, and sweet lessons too in the blue waters and the breezy hills, and the bold rocky promontories that could be seen from the windows of his home. Thus early he became what he was to the end of his life, an ardent admirer of Nature. The freshness of those Atlantic breezes, the verdure of those Irish fields, the depth and solemnity of those still waters,—shadowed by their steep, lofty, rugged shores,—left their mark on the thoughts and feelings of the sensitive child. Doubtless his vehement eloquence in after years, his poetic imagination and the freshness and simplicity of his thoughts, had in them some traces of the old child days by the sea-side, and of the impressions, sometimes of wild grandeur, sometimes of sweet and lovely quietness, then stamped upon the child's heart.

At the age of eleven he was sent to a boarding-school in Bandon. But after a few months he was brought home suffering from a severe rheumatic attack, which so exhausted his delicate frame that for a long time he could hardly be allowed to look at a book. After this, his parents, dreading to send him away from their immediate care, decided on keeping him at home and letting him learn what he could at the Kinsale Endowed School. The master at the time was the Rev. E. Prodrie, a man of considerable classical attainments. Here the

delicate, but bright and talented boy, made rapid progress, and, notwithstanding all the interruptions to his education, commenced his distinguished course in the University of Dublin at the early age of sixteen.

Boys seldom speak much about their emotions, so that we have little information as to the progress of his spiritual history during those school days. But there is reason to feel assured that the life that blossomed so beautifully afterwards had struck deep root even then. Indeed his conscience was so sensitive, his idea of the beauty of holiness so lofty, that the feeling of his own unworthiness caused him, it is believed by his friends, much deep misery at this early period. Careful observers of boy-nature may often notice traces of such pain of conscience under the rough and noisy exterior of many a high-spirited youth. Young Daunt possessed it almost to a morbid degree.

He often spoke afterwards of the solemn impressions produced on him at the time of his confirmation. We have no record of the exact character of these impressions ; but his recollection of his own experience quickened his sense of the value of the rite and of the preparation for it. For in his ministry he threw the most intense earnestness into his instruction of the candidates for confirmation. He looked upon that period as

one of the great turning points or deciding epochs in their history ; and in his classes and lectures he strove for those young people as one who indeed "travailed in birth for them till Christ should be formed in their hearts."

His outward life during the boyish years was graceful and beautiful to an unusual degree. He was the essence of kindness and politeness to the aged and infirm. His grandmother, an English lady, was a great invalid. He was so watchful of her little wants, so careful in his attention to her little comforts, that she used to say "That boy's courtesy comes indeed from the heart." He was also a lover of poetry in a way not common in one so young. A highly educated and cultivated relative of his lived by herself in the neighbourhood, and many a pleasant talk she used to have with the bright boy in her secluded home on the beauties of their favourite, Shakespeare.

After his entrance into college, his periodical returns for the vacations were always hailed with joy by his younger brothers and sisters. He was full of fun and wit, and made the house ring with his joyous mirth. And he invariably brought home from the distant city some little gift to each member of the family : even the servants were not forgotten.

His spirits at this time were so exuberant that

his letters home, brimming with drollery and comic allusions, caused some anxiety to his father, who like many other good but mistaken Christian people, was perhaps too much inclined to look upon fun and hilarity of manner as necessarily associated with frivolity of character. In truth, this spring of high spirits was a precious possession to its owner. And many a trouble and vexation in after years was more easily borne, and more lightly cast aside, owing to the pleasant humour which could see the comic side even of annoyances. His merry smile used to chase away the frown of displeasure or sigh of oppression.

And under the sparkling surface were growing and deepening at this time intense convictions and earnest feelings. All through his college course he was studious, laborious, and attentive to the ordinances of religion. His notes from the first show a sympathetic and intelligent appreciation of the sermons he listened to in various churches. But there seems to have come a certain crisis in his spiritual life during his college years which is not recorded in his journals, but of which he spoke often to his intimate friends. He was passionately fond of the drama, and used to go often to the theatre. One evening, after coming home and taking up his Bible for his usual evening reading (feeling that the scenes he had just witnessed made

it a little irksome to do so), his eye lit on our Lord's words: "He that is not with me is against me." The passage seemed to seize him with an iron grip. It made him stand face to face with his own conscience. In accents that would not be silenced it pressed on him the question,—Am I with Him or against Him: thoroughly on His side or standing aloof; and therefore counted among His enemies? Then and there he battled the matter out in his heart, and did not rise from his knees till he had resolved to dedicate himself wholly to the Lord, to take his stand boldly and decidedly as His servant, and never again to enter a theatre.

Some would call this crisis his "conversion." I should rather call it a fresh starting point in his upward course. There can be little doubt that he had been in vital union with his Lord from his early childhood. He had grown up leaning upon God as a Father: "looking unto Jesus" as his Saviour. But at the period we have arrived at, the fire that was long smouldering, or burning with an uncertain flicker, burst forth into a bright and ardent flame—a flame which from henceforth seems all through his life to have been "shining more and more unto the perfect day."

In 1851 he gained a classical scholarship. In 1853 he came out at the Degree Examination, Second Senior Moderator, and Gold Medallist in



classics. He was also awarded the Vice-Chancellor's prize for English poetry in the year 1851. He finished the composition of his poem while on a visit to London with his father to see the great Exhibition. On returning to Dublin the day before the compositions were to be sent in, he found he had left his paper behind in his London lodgings. The other competitors heard of this mishap with joy, thinking that a formidable rival was taken out of their way. But the loss of the manuscript proved no gain to them. Young Daunt's clear and unfailing memory did not require paper to preserve the utterances of his muse. He sat down in the evening, wrote out the long poem *verbatim* from remembrance, sent it in next morning, and carried off the first prize.

These successes were due not only to his ability, but also to his studious habits. His college diaries show a large amount of careful daily reading. A friend who lived with him for several years as his "chum" in college tells me that they used to regulate their studies by a very severe time table. They used to rise at 5 a.m., breakfast at 7, go together to college chapel after breakfast, and then read steadily till 1 p.m. Every evening before going to bed, Daunt was in the habit of devoting a little time to religious reading, meditation, and prayer. He found, however, that he was so apt

to be overcome by drowsiness at bed-time, that he slightly changed his plan, and regularly retired for his devotional exercises at about 8, before he began to grow sleepy, and then returned to his work till bed-time.

He was much interested in the College Theological Society, and took an active part in its debates. He was so much beloved and honoured by its members, that he held for a year the distinguished post of auditor to that important society.

Besides his severer studies the young man read and digested at this time a large amount of lighter literature, history, poetry, and fiction. He notes down in his diary the names of the books he read, with occasional remarks as to their characteristics. He gives the list of one year's light reading thus :—

“During the summer months (1852) I read the following works, viz :—

1. Allison's ‘History of Europe’ (Epitome).
2. ‘Letters from Palmyra,’ by Ware.
3. ‘The Old Curiosity Shop,’ by Dickens, C.
4. ‘Lalla Rookh’ and ‘Irish Melodies.’
5. Boswell's ‘Life of Johnson’ (*Ex-parte*).
6. ‘Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Negro Life in America,’ (a most interesting work by Mrs. Stowe).
7. Portions of Roger's ‘Italy,’ ‘Chamber's Miscellany,’ Dickens' ‘Bleak House,’ Nos. 1, 7, etc.

## WINTER.

“‘Rienzi’; ‘Nicholas Nickleby’; ‘Life of Anderson’; ‘Johnson’s Poems,’ etc.; ‘Irene,’ etc.; ‘Alton Looke’; ‘Adventures,’ by Hawksworth; ‘Hyperion’; Sheridan’s ‘Dramatic Works’ (‘The School for Scandal,’ ‘The Critic’); ‘The Virgin Widow’ (Henry Taylor); Campbell’s ‘Pleasures of Hope’; Longfellow’s ‘Evangeline’; Blair’s ‘Lectures’; ‘The Gold Digger,’ by Mackenzie.”

He and some congenial companions formed together, during the later years of college life, a little literary society, which they called the “Chit-Chat Club.” They met at each others’ rooms, and discussed the books of the day. We have not many records of their proceedings, but later events will make us smile at the young gentlemen’s patronizing approval of a much discussed writer of that day, B. d’Israeli:—

“Talked of D’Israeli, his writings, oratory, etc. ‘Henrietta Temple’ contains many fine passages. Unanimously voted the Right Hon. Gentleman a very admirable character, and great man, notwithstanding the Reviews.”

Daunt appears to have always had on hands at least one book of history and one of poetry. In poetry he especially delighted. He carefully read and appreciated the poets of every school, from the “grand old masters” to the gentle singers of the lakes, and the more passionate and deep-toned teachers of our own day, Tennyson and Browning,

whom he often quoted. During the college years that we speak of, the music of Byron and Moore seems (as is so often the case at that age) to have entranced his almost boyish heart. But his real favourite, to whom his judgment gave the highest place, and whose thoughts became largely incorporated with his own was Wordsworth. Ardent lover, enthusiastic admirer of outward nature as he was, he could not but recognize, as the truest exponent of his own heart's feelings, the poet who has been crowned by universal acclamation as the "Poet of Nature."

A great part of our student's autobiography at this time is occupied in describing his various rambles through the lovely scenery that lies within such easy reach of Dublin, and makes it such a charming residence for the lover of Nature.

Some of the streets of this crowded and busy city remind the traveller of Innsbruck—the picturesque capital of the Tyrol. The long and narrowing street-perspective is closed by a mountain range. Beyond the houses and the carriages, and the bustle and movement of the city turmoil, you see the blue quietness of the everlasting hills. Over these hills, through their lonely valleys, amidst their rough granite boulders, and away through the fair land of hill and dale that lies beyond in the county of Wicklow, our student had many a ramble. These

are described in fresh and graphic language on the pages of his diary. There breathes through his narrative the good-humoured jollity of the school-boy with an undertone telling of the growth and development of the man's thoughtful, observant, and poetic temperament.

I annex in the following chapter several of these bright little stories of a day's ramble or a week's sail. Some of my readers may, perhaps, look upon them with impatience, in their anxiety to arrive at the records of the deeper after-life. They may think it almost trifling to detain those who want to study his great work among immortal souls with the accounts of his boyish amusements.

It seems to me, however, that if we want really to learn from a man, it is well to study not part of him, but the whole of him. And in Achilles Daunt's development as a Christian man, these days amidst the beauty of sea and mountain had their influence. They helped to form the character we admire. They were part of God's education of His servant.

There is often with those in whom the religious faculties are largely prominent, a tendency towards what used to be called "the Manichæan heresy," a looking upon matter and material things as if they came not from the Father of Spirits, but from some rival and opposing power—a tendency which has

found its result in mediæval asceticism on one hand, and in puritanical "severity" on the other. The tone of religious thought under which young Daunt was brought up, and by which his mental habits were trained from first to last, might have fostered such a tendency. He belonged, by all his associations, to the strictly "evangelical" school. If one who loves and honours them on the whole may venture to criticize his friends, I should say that a certain narrowness—a condemning of things that God has not condemned, a judging by a kind of traditional religious standard, a laying down of somewhat conventional lines of demarcation between things religious and things "worldly," is a not uncommon characteristic of the "thoroughgoing" members of this party. There would have been a danger of the young and ardent devotee having his mind cramped and his usefulness diminished by such Manichæan pietism. I do not say that the danger was entirely avoided, but I do think it was considerably counteracted by the wide range of his literary studies in college days, and by his intimate and affectionate converse with outward nature, both then and throughout his whole life. The influence of that undefinable education through thoughts and sights of beauty, through contact with the ideas of many minds, through the receiving with reverent love the gifts that God has given by the

various channels of art and literature and poetry, which we now describe under the general name, "culture," has a powerful effect in softening traditional prejudices and in pulling down the "idols of the cave." Much of young Daunt's time in college was spent in the acquisition of this "culture"; and if in after times he was a man of wider sympathies than the theological party he belonged to; if he was a connecting link in this country between all parties; if he was received, honoured, and loved by the adherents of every school; if his words in the synods of our Church were always listened to with hushed and sympathising attention by both sides of the house, it was due not only to his ardent personal piety and to his affectionate, single-minded character, but in some measure also to the reasonable and enlightened tone of mind, which was fostered by liberal University culture.

Towards the close of his college course there seems to have been a temporary wavering in his mind as to entering the ministry. The thought of the tremendous responsibility to be undertaken filled him with awe. His sensitiveness of conscience made him dissatisfied with his own spiritual condition, and his vivid faith made him feel with painful intensity the solemn importance of ministerial work, the calamity of ministerial failure. His grandfather, Mr. Heard, an influential member of Parliament, was

anxious that his talents should find a career at the Bar, while his parents still cherished the hope that their son would give himself to that higher career to which their hearts had from the first devoted him.

We have no record of how long the struggle lasted, or of what considerations brought it to a conclusion. We only know that there was a struggle, a time of anxiety, a time of uncertainty, and afterwards a clear, final decision. Many a rejoicing spirit before the Throne now thanks God, we doubt not, for the decision to which he was led. From this time uncertainty passed away. He had a work before him, awful but glorious ; he believed he was called to it by the Spirit of God ; he looked his work in the face, and sought with all his heart, by communion with God and study of His revelations, to prepare himself for it. "His mind," says one of his family, "seemed a channel through which swept a perfect torrent of feelings and desires, all rolling on unceasingly towards one end—the saving of souls, the glory of God."

Here we pause for a while in our history : we look back with a certain "*serrement de cœur*" to that beautiful page in the story of a short earthly life. We think of the little circle of happy friends, the merry group around the chamber fire or strolling through the college quadrangles, making the old



building ring with their boyish laughter ; we think of the fresh loving heart, and the genial, playful humour, the bright, flashing eye and pleasant countenance of the young student who was the centre and the life of the little *coterie* ; we think of his step, so free on the mountain, and his smile, bright and joyous in his home ; we think of all the hopes formed with regard to him, and all the blessings he brought with him : and as we remember that the step is now still, and the voice silent, and the laughter hushed for ever in this world, we feel we can only say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord."



CHAPTER III.

*THE STUDENT'S RAMBLES.*

“God lent him the heart of a poet,  
For his use and help below,  
And blessed it with all earth’s beauties,  
From the dawn to the sunset’s glow:  
Pledges (to crown their fairness)  
Of the love that could paint them so.”

—*L. K.*

## CHAPTER III.

### THE STUDENT'S RAMBLES.

AFTER hours of mental work, it is a refreshment to open the door and ramble out into the fresh country, letting the sweet air cool the heated brow, and the pleasant and varied sights of nature bring change and relaxation to the mind. We shall do so now. Having tried to study together how the moral and spiritual powers entrusted to our friend were gradually ripened and developed, we shall lay these severer thoughts aside for a moment, and go out with him over the heathy mountains and over the dancing waves, and then come back, rested and refreshed, to take up again the important lessons of his life.

This chapter will be devoted to extracts from his college diaries, describing some of his various youthful excursions by sea and land.

“TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, *March 28th*, 1853.

“Easter Monday is always enjoyed as a holiday by those whose business renders it difficult for them to

emerge from the smoky streets of the city, save only on a few stated occasions. Hence the various means of exit from the good city of Dublin were very generally put into requisition by crowds of pleasure and health-seeking defectors from the shop, the office, the school, and the college; amongst the representatives of which latter place, A. Daunt, junior, might be seen seated in a second-class carriage appertaining to the train that emerged from Westland Row Station at 9 o'clock, a.m., 'bound for' Kingstown (fare, fourpence). Thence, *i.e.* from Kingstown, this illustrious personage (who, be it remarked, was equipped with a cap, a decidedly second-rate coat, a pair of gloves that gave free access to the air and light of heaven, and a no-ways fashionable stick)—thence, I say, our traveller proceeded per 'atmospheric railway' to Dalkey, and having crossed Killiney hills, descended into the valley beyond, and on to Bray *à pied*. The birds singing merrily, the sun shining gloriously, the sea and sky vying with each other in blueness and brightness,—all looked beautiful, though spring seems yet to tarry. The good people of Bray seem much impressed with religious sentiments—albeit motley and discordant. Here are two chapels (R. C.); two Episcopal churches; one Scots' ditto, and one Methodist Meeting-House. From hence to Kilmacanage, at the foot of the 'Great Sugarloaf,' which is a very fine mountain, and exceedingly imposing, its very peaked form and precipitous sides causing it to appear more elevated than it really is. Ascended for a few hundred feet to see the view, which was very splendid. Many of the interior peaks had the

snow still shining on the summits and sides. The descent proved the most difficult part of the enterprise, owing to the vast quantities of loose pieces of granite which lie about the great precipitancy of the hills. (All 'downhill movement' not quite so easy as I generally supposed it to be.) A few tosses ensued. Thence on to Enniskerry through the beautiful glen called the 'Dargle,' one of the most delightful places I ever beheld. The fine trees—oaks, pines, etc., are often wrapped in the most luxuriant ivy, which makes them look like innumerable old, ruined, ivy-mantled castles. The great charm of the spot to me was the perfect stillness, and the total seclusion here afforded. The broken nature of the ground, and the fine trees, with the gloomy mass of the Sugarloaf in the background, together constitute a scene that will amply repay a visit. Proceeding onwards, arrived at Enniskerry, an improving little village, lying snugly in the bosom of a sunny valley. Powerscourt demesne lies a mile or two beyond Enniskerry. Refreshed the inner man here at a very neat hotel, called (I think) Miller's; had a substantial luncheon of mutton-chop, bread and butter *ad libitum*, porter, and vegetables, for which I was charged ninepence! Set off again, after a short rest, on foot for the city. Passed through the 'Scalp,' a remarkable fissure between two high hills, nearly perpendicular, and strewn with huge blocks of granite and quartz. Progressing, arrived at Dundrum, where 'took car' to Dublin, where I arrived at 5.30 p.m., having accomplished a journey of thirty-two miles—twelve by vehicle, twenty on foot—at a cost of two

shillings, including refreshments. Altogether a pleasant day."

"*April 1st.*—Commenced a revised system of reading to-day, to be tested practically for one week, viz.: Rise at 6.30; 7—9 a.m., classics; 9—10, breakfast, etc.; 10—12, classics; 12—2, ethics; 2—5, exercise; 5—6, dinner; 6—9, miscellaneous; 9—11, divinity; 11, bed. This plan to be strictly adhered to for one week as aforesaid. If it then appears desirable to be adopted."

#### GLENDALOUGH.

"In August made a pilgrimage to that delightful locality which I had heard and read so much of, and wished so much to see, Glendalough, or the 'Seven Churches,' as it is vulgarly designated. Started with a friend, per Enniskerry van, at 4 p.m., and after a pleasant drive of two hours nearly, reached the pretty little town, or rather village, of Enniskerry. Here we were transferred to an 'outside' in company with a testy old tourist, who not having engaged a seat previously, was requested to give place to those who had; which he refusing vigorously to do, a 'row' ensued, in which, however, right and might being both for once leagued against the old gent, he had to strike colours, and in a storm of rage we beheld him join himself unto a Romish ecclesiastic, whose route coincided with his own, and proceed on his way, and 'we saw him no more.' After a very perilous journey over steep mountain roads, during which the overloaded machine gave audible evidence occasionally of its being in a somewhat crazy state, a circumstance not calculated



to impart any additional zest to 'the pleasures of hope' with which we looked for the termination of the jolt, we reached Roundwood, a straggling, but neat village in the valley between the ridges of high hills which skirt the mountain region. Here we got to bed at a comfortable little inn, where everything was clean, and the fare very satisfactory. The evening was beautifully fine, and previous to retiring we took a stroll in the neighbourhood, enjoying the cool, fresh mountain breeze, and the bright moonbeams, radiant with happy smiles and unclouded joy (as I thought). It was very delightful. We rose at half-past six; breakfasted, and set off on foot for the Seven Churches, which, we were told, lay six miles off, although I think the distance was underrated, for it cost us two hours and a half or more smart walking to reach the place. However, the varied beauties which presented themselves to us on the 'line of march' prevented any feelings of lassitude. We passed Annamoe, a sweet little spot, embosomed in rugged hills, where is to be seen an old mill, possessed of some interest for me from the fact of its having been the scene of a miraculous escape on the part of Lawrence Sterne (Poor Yorick!) from under the mill-wheel, where he had fallen. From Annamoe we tramped on to our destination, and on reaching the pretty little hamlet of Lara, obtained a fine view of the valley of the Seven Churches set in the dark rugged mountains which overhang the lake of 'Gloomy Shore.' No great distance from 'Lara Bridge' we reached the 'Seven Churches' or at least five of them, and the round tower, which is a very fine specimen, and is, I was informed,

110 feet high. There are one or two fine stone crosses in the 'consecrated ground,' and some of the ruined churches are very interesting, especially 'St. Kevin's Kitchen,' a sort of oratory, I should suppose, of the 'holy man' in 'days of yore.' The belfry of this curious edifice is an exact miniature of the round towers in shape and design, which would lead me to conjecture that the towers too were originally erected to serve as large belfries to some religious establishment hard by. We crossed the river close to the abbey grounds, and proceeded to the lough, *i.e.* the upper of the two which are united by a stream, which some miles farther down figures in the well-known 'Meeting of the Waters.' Some of the mountains which encircle the lake are very grand and rise almost directly from the water's edge. St. Kevin's bed is a cavity in the rock forty feet above the lake, and is usually a prominent point of interest with tourists; but our time was limited, so we forebore invading the *quondam* 'sanctum' of the hard-hearted saintly man. The scene which here presents itself to the follower of Dr. Syntax is very delightful, and the grim solitude of the glen, renders it in the highest degree romantic and congenial to my ideas as to what constitutes the picturesque. The city which is said to have existed here in old times, and which was the chief seat of Irish learning, is supposed to have been situated below the lower lake on the banks of the river extending to the site of the ruined churches, round tower, etc. After gratifying our curiosity, and having had our expectations fully realized, we retraced our steps to Roundwood, where we had some luncheon,

and procured an outside car to convey us to Newtown, Mount Kennedy. The road to this place crosses a range of high hills, from the top of which a fine view is first obtained of the interior of the country, with its mountain ranges, valleys, etc., and subsequently, on the easternmost side, a most splendid prospect presents itself, embracing the country between the hills and the Irish Sea, studded with villas, parks, villages, rivers, winding like threads of silver through wooded glens, seaward, and beyond all the Irish Sea, stretching away for miles with its motley fleet of craft bound up or down the channel, etc. Altogether this view is very magnificent. We reached Newtown just in time to secure places in the coach which leaves at 3.30 p.m. for Dublin. The road lay through the pretty valley called the 'Glen of the Downs,' a favourite *rendezvous* of picnic parties, etc. Reminded me (although on a much grander scale) of Ballintober Glen near Kinsale. We reached Dublin safely at 5.30 much pleased with our expedition."

#### THE WESTERN CRUISE.

"*August 19th.*—Sailed on a cruise to the West Coast. Left Kinsale at four o'clock. Wind S.W. Old Head at nine, bearing E. and by N. Wind, light from W.

"*20th.*—Wind freshened up towards dawn from S. and by W., with rain. Off the 'Mizen' at seven. About nine o'clock wind died off and shifted to W.N.W., which prevented the boats lying up to the Dursey's head; so bore up for Bearhaven. Anchored off Castletown about 2 p.m. I was much pleased with the place; very wild and moun

tainous scenery. 'Hungry Hill,' which is 2,200 feet high, rising out of the bay to the nor'ard; and Miskish, a gloomy-looking hill of imposing aspect, overlooking us to the W. Castletown appears to be a thriving place of good size.

"21st.—Beautifully fine. Weighed at 9 o'clock a.m. and stood up the Haven. Wind very light. At twelve anchored off Lawrence's Cove. Procured, after some trouble, a supply of fresh water. Dined at three o'clock, and started for a lake on Hungry Hill to test its fishing capabilities. Landed below the mountain. Engaged a guide, and scrambled up a gorge on the eastern side of the rocky mass—in some places nearly perpendicular; here and there a 'shaky bog'; anon, a lot of rugged rocks, detached or in masses—altogether a tough piece of work. Reached the lake, which is about 1,000 feet above sea level, with the mountain rising perpendicularly over it in a very imposing shape. 'Failed to perfection,' and returned at 8.30 p.m., a good deal fagged. The view of the Haven by moonlight, and with its waters calm and sparkling as to-night they presented themselves, was very beautiful. High peaked hills enclose the harbour on three sides. On the N.E. the huge 'Hungry' loomed over the lake in dark, sullen majesty, its rocky top glistening in the moonbeams. All was quite still along the shores, and everything combined to form a very grand and very delicious scene.

"22nd, Sunday.—At anchor still off Lawrence Cove. Bear Island about midway between Castletown to the west and Adrigole to the east. Determined on proceeding by water to the latter place for divine worship. Reached the

harbour (which is very prettily situated directly under Hungry Hill, and surrounded by rugged-looking peaks on every side) about twelve, noon. The vicar soon arrived, and he kindly ushered us into his pew, with Mrs. —, an elderly lady of prim appearance. The little kirk soon filled, chiefly with persons of very humble aspect, mostly children, all clean and neat. I was not at all prepared to see so many poor people assembled. The clergyman gave a very good discourse, remarkably well suited to his congregation; and after the conclusion of the service, he and his lady hospitably invited us to the parsonage to have a 'little bit of lunch.' This we thankfully declined, and set out to return to our yacht. A large seal was basking in the water here (Adrigole) enjoying the warm sunshine; and everything looked fresh and pleasant. Altogether, Adrigole, and its little orderly church and congregation, left a very favourable impression on my mind. Turned in early to prepare for a start betimes in the morning.

"23<sup>rd</sup>.—Was awakened about 2.30 o'clock in the morning by the noise of getting under weigh. However, lay by for a fresh snooze. Went on deck at seven o'clock. Found that the vessel was off Bear Island in the bay. No wind and overcast sky. Attracted by the appearance of vast numbers of sea birds of various kinds, as also by countless shoals of fish. It was near six o'clock when we made Dursey Sound, a narrow, and somewhat dangerous, place, between the bleak Island of Dursey and the mainland; but being a great 'shortcut' from bay to bay we resolved to venture through, supposing that the ebb-tide, which

sets to the N., was still available. But on entering the strait, which is very narrow, we found a stream of flood literally rushing through 'the narrows.' Got the boat ahead, and, after nearly an hour's hard rowing, in tow; the cool freshening, we succeeded providentially in getting out, the night growing dark and looking dirty. Immediately bore away for the Bay of Kenmare, and at midnight anchored off Ardgroom Harbour. Went to bed quite knocked up from rowing, and, *præterea*, sick! Pleasant that!

† "24<sup>th</sup>.—Mem.: My twentieth birthday. I thank God for having spared me.

"Weighed this morning, and ran up to Rossmore Island. 'Came to' inside the point of the islet. Breakfasted; and, Mr. Mahony, proprietor of Dromore Castle, having granted us permission to fish the river Blackwater, went on shore and proceeded to act accordingly. Raining gloriously. The *debouche* of the Blackwater into the bay is very pretty. The torrent rushes under a lofty bridge (two arches) over which runs the road to Kenmare. Large trees hang over the cascade, and the gloom thus caused lends additional grandeur to the scene. Pursuing the stream upwards we met several votaries of the rod, all of whom reported themselves as unsuccessful, and so were we! Of course, down came the rain in torrents, and I was soon completely soaked. Dromore Hotel afforded some refreshment; and from this I set off *en route* to 'the Echo,' where I arrived quite drenched, etc., at four o'clock, and in an hour mounted dry attire, and was all 'right again.' The country round seems very wild; rocky mountains and

dreary bogs alternate in pleasing variety. But the people appear to be kind-hearted and well-behaved, intelligent, and hospitable. On the whole, my first impressions of 'Kerry Kingdom' were very favourable.

"25<sup>th</sup>.—This morning the wind veered round to N.E., and it soon cleared up. In consequence, at 9.30 went ashore, and having procured a pony and car, rattled off to Kenmare for supplies, R. having decided on trying his luck with the rod again. I found the road to Kenmare very pretty. It lies close to the river-side for almost the entire journey (six miles), backed by high and very wild-looking hills, which form the foreground of still higher and more rugged eminences. At the opposite side of the bay the scenery is similar, presenting one continuous range of dark, sharp-peaked mountains, with here and there a waterfall tumbling off the hill-side and shining like a sheet of silver in the sunbeams. Kenmare is a good-sized village, or small town. I noticed several tolerably good specimens of Kerry beauty of both classes here. Cars (public) leave this, I was told, for Killarney at 11.30 and 2 o'clock. After transacting the requisite business and making a fool of myself, as usual, returned to Dromore Hotel, met R., and returned to 'Echo.' Weighed and dined—two important operations—and ran down to Kilmacalloge harbour, at the foot of the Caha mountain. Anchored at 7.30 in the harbour. More rain. Wind, E. by S.

"26<sup>th</sup>.—Upon quitting the 'lower deck accommodation' found the rain quite cleared away and succeeded by hot sunshine. Started after breakfast for Glanmore Lake, nowise dismayed by recent failures in the piscatory line. This

harbour is very romantic in appearance, nearly surrounded by wild and rugged hills and mountains; some peaked and sloping, others rotund, and presenting actually perpendicular sides. The lake is in a very pretty valley, embosomed in these bold peaks. There are several small islands in the lake, and it is fed by several streams. I was, of course, unfortunate as a fisherman, but enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the glen very much. There were some wild ducks on the lake, and below it, on its outlet, there is an eyrie, I was told, on one of the cliffs overhanging this lough. Returned, desperately hungry and a good deal tired, at 6 p.m., to ship.

“Walked to-day, I reckon, about twelve miles.

“27<sup>th</sup>.—Weighed after breakfast, and proceeded down the bay for the purpose of spiller-fishing. The sky was clear, though dark masses of clouds rested ever and anon upon the peaks of the high hills along the north side of the bay. ‘The Reeks’ were distinctly visible, rising to the background in sugarloaf-like summits, pre-eminent above the surrounding hills; at one moment capped with dusky clouds, at another shining in the sunbeams. ‘Mangerton’ also was on view to the north-east. We ran across the bay to Sneem (a harbour on the north side, rocky to the east; the western side best anchorage), and landed on Sharkey Island close by. Shot a snipe and missed several. Wild boggy islet, possessed of no attractions. Our fishing lines proved unproductive, and we ‘bore up’ for our previous retreat, Kilmacalloge. Beautiful moonlight night. The dark shades of the gloomy mountains contrasted strikingly with the bright moonlit waves. In the harbour there is



good anchorage on the east and west sides of the islet, which bears about east of Collorus. Small fish seem very plentiful, especially whiting.

"28<sup>th</sup>.—The morning proving wet and of a gloomy aspect, we abandoned our previous intention of a trip to Kenmare or Killarney, and started for Bantry. About nine o'clock sighted the Skellig rocks, well known to the old maids of the South. The sea off Dursey Island was, as usual, very heavy. Wind S.W. Very severe sea-sickness was the natural result, which rendered the voyage somewhat dolorous. About 4 p.m., wind died away. So, despairing of reaching Bantry before dark, anchored in the sound of Bearhaven, under Hungry Hill. Fine moonlight night. Wind westerly.

"29<sup>th</sup>, *Sunday*.—Left Bearhaven for Bantry at seven o'clock. Light breeze, but subsequently freshened, which enabled us to arrive in time for service at Bantry Church, a long, narrow building with pretty tower, close to the quay. The congregation was large and the service was well read, and concluded with a tolerably good sermon. No organ, and bad singing. R. C. chapel a large, plain building, the *fac-simile* of that at Kinsale. Procured some refreshment at the 'Bantry Arms,' and walked along the Kenmare road to Dunnamark waterfalls and Reendonagan Lake. The road here commands a pretty view of the bay, bounded along its north-western limit by a range of high, bleak hills, which terminates in 'Hungry' to the south-west. The town of Bantry is (like most Irish towns similarly circumstanced) a poor, desolate-looking place,—blighted, as it were, in its infant bloom. New houses built, and left

untenanted to fall into decay. Lord Bantry's demesne, which fronts the harbour, close to the town, is handsome, but the aspect, north, is bad. The people here seem, notwithstanding their misfortunes, to be merry, good-natured, and, in short, of a genuine Irish cast,—a rather comprehensive definition, by the way, but, on the whole, a favourable one.

“30th.—Renewed my acquaintance with Bantry town this forenoon, a necessity for purchasing sundry articles having arisen. The canine species appeared to be in great force here, a regular pack of cur dogs snarling and growling, forming a sort of choral accompaniment to the harmonic strains compounded of the spirited abuse of rival market-women, the grunting of muddy swine, and other sounds ‘vocal and instrumental.’ The bay, with all its varied scenery, etc., is certainly very fine. But the rapturous strains in which I have seen its glories pourtrayed excited in me expectations which were certainly not realized, and I experienced another slight ‘shock’ on beholding, for the first time, that far-famed locality, Glengariff. That it is a pretty spot, very pretty, cannot be denied. But the scenery is not grand. The hills are rugged, but not lofty, and recede too much from the water to create the sensation of an imposing spectacle, which I had looked for. These remarks, however, only apply to the aspect of Glengariff as viewed by me from the water, not having as yet surveyed the beauties of the place from *terra firma*. There are two spacious hotels here, it seems, a post-office, ‘kirk,’ and other conveniences. Small fish of various sorts are, it would appear, very plentiful. With small hooks we took

nearly two hundred members of the finny tribe on board this evening in a short time, chiefly whiting and 'scads' of inferior size. Fine calm night; moonlight; wind N.W.

"3<sup>1st</sup>.—Set off this forenoon after breakfast (*à pied*) to see the country and the far-famed beauties of the 'rough glen,' which is the signification, it appears, of the name Glengariff. The road to Kenmare and Killarney leads through the glen from the door of the chief hotel (Eccles'), and is, *certainly*, exceedingly romantic and very pretty, winding along the side of a high, rocky hill, well planted with oaks and evergreens. Here and there a little lawn comes into view, with its bright green verdure encircled with a fringe of beautiful trees. Below the road is Lord Bantry's cottage and adjacent demesne. The house is a small and rather mean-looking 'cottage' structure; but the place is very handsome, the great charm it possesses being an infinite variety of scenery on every side—sublime and soft. This is certainly a very pretty spot. From the top of the hill a splendid panorama of Glengariff, with its harbour and islands, and Bantry Bay, with Whiddy and the neighbouring islets, gratified my organs of vision immensely. On the other hand the Caha mountains rise in solemn majesty, forming a very fine *tout ensemble*. Proceeding onward, we reached the 'Tunnel,' thirty perches in length, emerging from which we found our persons in the 'Kingdom of Kerry,' and, on taking a look, perceived that the landscape had of course undergone a complete change, embracing a much more extensive and less interesting, though still in a degree grand, because mountainous, range of country. On this road we met no fewer than ten conveyances, crowded with

passengers *en route* to Killarney. Close to the mouth of the tunnel, on the Cork side, is a cottage, the inmates of which seem to drive a thriving trade in goats' milk and other beverages of more stimulating nature. Having had our 'see,' we retraced our steps in 'a little moisture,' which began to descend apace over the mountains, and soon arrived at its destination—the skin. Considerably cooled by the 'genial fluid,' we proceeded through Lord Bantry's grounds to Glengariff harbour, and boarded our floating dwelling, where a fresh suit of 'small' and other clothes was had in requisition, being rendered essential by the fact of our having undergone a most thorough drenching. After dinner we plied our lines with success as great as that which attended us yesterday, with the addition of two hake.

"*September 1st, '52*, made its appearance amid a torrent of rain, accompanied by heavy squalls of wind from the S.W. Put to sea, however, in hopes of reaching Bearhaven ere night-fall. But we had hardly cleared the harbour of Glengariff when the wind increased exceeding much, and rain with sleet descended in abundance. Our little vessel bore up against it gallantly for a while; but, as 'discretion is the better part of valour,' we determined on 'bearing away,' so accordingly did, and reached our anterior position off Garinish, where we remained 'snug' for the night. Wind S.S.W.

"*2nd.*—The weather having in some degree moderated, we put to sea this morning. Experienced a desperately heavy sea, and had a breeze off the 'Mizen Head.' The tide-race here is very rapid and long, which, when the wind is

strong, creates a disagreeable, and often very dangerous, sea. Desperate nausea ensued in my case, and I was fairly exhausted when we reached the little port of Crookhaven, a few miles east of the Mizen Head, where we anchored at 7 p.m. The village appears from the water to be a neat place. Adverse winds frequently make this a welcome haven to merchant vessels, the roadstead, I hear, being often crowded with wind-bound vessels. There is a church here which is, I am told, well filled on Sundays; and mines of a very valuable description of copper ore have been recently opened close to the village, which, if permanently worked, will contribute no doubt to the rapid advancement of the place. But, at present, the necessities of life can hardly be procured here, and are generally brought from a distance: *e.g.*, bread, which we managed with difficulty to procure 'at a premium,' was, we were told, brought from Skibbereen, many miles off. The country round appears to be very rocky and barren, little or no cultivation being discernible.

"3rd.—Desperate rain all the forenoon. Cleared up towards mid-day, when we went on shore, much exhausted by the preceding day's voyage, and visited the copper mines which have been recently opened, or rather re-opened, here. I procured some specimens of ore, both here and also at an old mine, now neglected, near the village of Goleen. The former were the more valuable, and their value, I was told, increased in proportion to their being of a deep, sparkling blue colour. This is a very rich lode, I was informed; but its extent is the question. Goleen is a neat hamlet. The component houses of it are well-built, slate edifices, many of

them newly erected. And here I perceived, to my astonishment, 'The Shamrock Hotel' on a neatly-finished sign-board,—an hotel at Goleen, a novelty in Ireland certainly ! There is a church here also, and a new chapel in the course of erection. Returned to Crookhaven, and, after a slight repast, loosed for home at nightfall, or after the wind died off. After much tossing off Cape Clear, we arrived at the Old Head at 1.30 a.m. I saw, before dusk set in, the island of Clear, and, south of it, Fastnet Rock, on which a lighthouse has been recently built. On the 4th, at 5 a.m., we reached our moorings in Kinsale Haven, much tired. This was Kinsale fair day, a gala day in the old town, and a general era of whiskey-drinking, jigging, and other polite accomplishments, a good deal of squabbling, bloody noses, intoxication, though not on so extensive a scale as formerly. Several scenes of a racy character occurred, especially that of a tipsy fellow, sitting on a door-sill in the dusk, protesting that he was comfortably ensconced by a fire,—and others."

#### THE BRAY EPISODE.

"*April 3rd, '54.*—Left Dublin by car at 4 p.m. and took up my quarters at Bray for a few days. Most exquisite little place this appears to be, as far as situation and scenery go. The Wicklow Mountains, commencing on the one side with 'Shank Hill' and 'Three Rock Mountain,' and ending on the other in Bray Head, form a magnificent amphitheatre, while the central valley or rather plain, is diversified with hills and glens, some rugged, others wooded, forming a delightful concentra-

tion, as it were, of the choicest gems of scenery. Among these the beautiful glade called the Dargle is especially deserving of notice, and the secluded loveliness of the place is at some points beyond description. Found my quarters very comfortable; the old lady hostess very polite and civil; and the retired appearance of the rustic retreat, amply realized by subsequent acquaintance, was very refreshing to 'a city exhausted Mopesman.'

"*April 4th.*—Was awakened by the shrill vocal melody of a vigorous band of the feathered tribe, who, taking up a position close to the lattice, gave vent to their warbling propensities in good earnest, headed by a noble thrush. After having studied with effect for two or three hours, I walked up to Bray Head through Mr. Putland's demesne. The view from the hill top was eximious, embracing the sea on the one hand, and the splendid valley of the Dargle, with its 'circum-amplexive' wall of splendid mountains on the other. Hares and rabbits appear to be abundant here. I also saw a couple of grouse. Lord Meath's demesne, between Bray Head and the lesser Sugarloaf, is handsome, and the plantations, particularly, are very picturesque. The air here is bracing and salubrious. Much improved in health already.

"*5th.*—Walked this afternoon to Kingstown, and from thence by train to Dublin, where I took up my quarters for the night. *Nil novum.*

"*6th.*—Breakfasted in 'Botany Bay' with C——, and travelled to Kingstown, per train, and thence *à pied* to Bray. Rested for some hours, and after dinner sallied forth to scale the lesser Sugarloaf. Reached the top, 1,150 feet,

at seven o'clock, a few minutes after sunset. The view, in the mellow evening light, of the surrounding hills and the sea was glorious. The cone of this montacle is very rugged, and strewn with rocks covered here and there with heath, which makes it very disagreeable as a climbing excursion. Descended after enjoying the prospect, and reached my quarters, after a moonlight walk, rather tired.

"*Friday, 7th.*—Having been emboldened by the expedition of yesterday afternoon, to essay 'greater things,' I set off to ascend the 'Great Sugarloaf,' 1700 or 1800 feet high, one of the most remarkable mountains for its size I have ever seen, standing as it does alone, like a huge giant interposing his awful bulk between two valleys. There is a hamlet of neat houses, with a pretty little R. C. chapel, called Kilmacanogue, at the foot of the mountain. I heard that the ascent was more practicable at the opposite side towards Enniskerry, but I resolved to go 'straight ahead,' and accordingly scrambled up a ravine to the lower shoulder of the 'Loaf,' and after three quarters of an hour's hard work among quartz-rocks, bogs, and loose stones, got to the top, where a grand panorama rewarded my exertions. Roundwood was visible, the mountains round Glendalough, and the top of Lugnaquilla (the monarch of the Leinster Mountains, 3,050 feet high) rose over the Douce range majestically. All the coast as far as Arklow Head was discernible, and the Welsh mountains were also in sight. Powerscourt waterfall, Glencree Valley, and other points of interest were all visible. After luxuriating, 1800 feet above the sea, on



the food for the eyes and mind thus provided by kind nature, and on food for the body, in the shape of bread and cheese provided by myself (secondarily), I applied myself to the most difficult part of my task—descending. After many slides and scrambles ‘on all fours’ over loose rolling stones and yielding bog turf, down nearly perpendicular declivities, I got safely to Kilmacanogue, and reached Rock Cottage at 5 p.m. much delighted with the enterprise of the day.

“8th.—Continued studying to considerable advantage, and in the afternoon was joined by C—— for dinner. Afterwards we strolled about the neighbourhood till tea-time, enjoying balmy breezes and exquisite moonlight, etc.

“9th, *Sunday*.—After breakfast, and before church, we walked to Bray Head, above Kilruddery Park, and enjoyed the view and the fresh breeze exceedingly. There is a new road running along the head on the land side, which affords pedestrians an easy means of reaching a point favourable for obtaining a good view of the inland scenery. Afterwards we proceeded to Bray parish church, which is on the Wicklow side of the river. There is a chapel of ease newly built on the north or Dublin side. There was a large congregation of the poorer class of Protestants, albeit respectable and devout, a feature which I love to recognize in any parish. The sermon was thoroughly good, and the liturgy very well read. After service we explored the lower part of the Dargle, the loveliest spot in which glen or series of glens it would be difficult, I think, to specify. We ascended a bye road in the direction of Old Connaught (the late Lord Plunket’s

demesne), and lighted on two rude specimens of Irish antiquities—a very old stone cross or rather crucifix, and what appeared to have been a font roughly hewn out of a block of granite, and placed on a modest pedestal by some pious hand. Returned by the lower road to Bray, much pleased with the day's exercises.

“10<sup>th</sup>.—To-day we set off for Dublin, per the car that starts at 9 a.m. Dined at College Commons, and returned to Bray per Kingstown and Killiney afterwards. Walked from Killiney under a flood of moonlight that shed a charm indescribable over a scene always beautiful—Killiney Bay and the Vale of Shanganah. The walk from Dalkey to Bray occupies one hour and forty minutes, equal to about six miles and a half.

“11<sup>th</sup>.—Made a complete circuit of Bray Head, and was surprised to find it a perfect mine of curiosities, owing chiefly to the railway works, which are being vigorously proceeded with on the sea side of this immense mass of bluff, and almost precipitous rocks which overhang the Irish Sea,—much in the same manner that Penmanmawr does on the Welsh side. The footpath is frequently hewn out of the face of the cliff, and the aspect of the place is very grand. There are two or three tunnels on the line of the railway, through different brows of the head. The works are very interesting. Some of the rock which they had to cut through is of an exceedingly hard description, like old red sandstone and quartz interfused. The cliffs are perpendicular in some places to a height of two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet. The long grass renders it dangerous to walk too freely on the upper ledges. A Mr.

Pennefather, I was told, fell over in this way, and lost his life.

"12<sup>th</sup>.—Took a comparatively short walk to-day, by Windgate and Templecorrig. On the road to Delgany had the pleasure of seeing some Wicklow beauties—both of the class human and the class scenic. No rain has fallen since I came to Bray, and the country looks parched. A few heavy drops to-day raised hopes which were doomed to disappointment.

"13<sup>th</sup>.—Grasped my hat and cane at an early hour this morning, after breakfast, and sallied forth to possess myself of a seat on the Wicklow coach; but having just had the felicity of beholding this lumbering piece of machinery rattle off loaded to repletion without participating in its evolutions, I resolved to mount 'Shanks's mare,' and accordingly trudged off valiantly towards the Sugarloaf, after having passed which, in due time I reached the celebrated 'Glen of the Downs,' which is well worthy a special visit, though just now it is not seen to the best advantage, the foliage of the trees being not as yet developed. It struck me as being like our own glen at Tracton, but on a larger scale—in some minor points, I think, even inferior to it in beauty. Emerging from this magnificent scene, and ascending a hill, I came in sight of Altidore, a most lovely demesne at the foot of the 'Downs Mountain' (1200 ft.). Farther on, at a Dr. Delamere's (a boarding-school), is a very large rookery—I daresay the largest I ever saw. A little boy, belonging to the place, said that 'the young gintlemin would sooner have the young crows than any mate you cud give 'em.' And that numbers of

the wretched little victims are perpetually tumbling out of their nests, when they are triumphantly seized and baked by this rookiverous community!! About a mile and a quarter farther on is Newtownmount Kennedy, a good-sized village, but of an Irish cast rather, which is not frequently the case here in this part of Wicklow. The situation is pretty, and there is a nice-looking church. There was no R. C. chapel visible, nor indeed from Bray till I reached Ashford did the *pleasing spectacle* present itself; and except at Bray, the phenomenon was on a small scale. At Newtown the people were remarkably civil, coming quite up to the *Munster* standard of warm-hearted kindness, while they are far better clad and more respectable looking than their Southern compatriots. The children too here, as well as at Bray, are remarkably intelligent, and in most instances, well taught (for Ireland). Beyond Newtown I had a view of a very picturesque glen called Dunran, which is formed by a deep indentation being made, as it were, in the side of a very high and rugged hill. The glen is wooded, and looks very well. Two or three miles farther on is the celebrated 'Devil's Glen,' which I had not time to examine minutely, but was enabled to satisfy myself that its attractions have not been exaggerated. Its great depth, gloomy and awful, with a cataract foaming over a precipice at the upper extremity, and the overhanging woods, all combine to lend their charms to this magnificent spot. Close by, at the side of the glen, is the demesne of Mr. Tottenham, which is very fine and most beautifully situated. I walked without let or hindrance down through the grounds to Ashford Inn. The bridge of Ashford connects the oppo-

site banks of the river Vartry, which traverses the Devil's Glen, and falls into the sea at Wicklow, which is three miles farther on. The place is very prettily situated, the country round cheerful looking, and yet not devoid of wildness; and the accommodation at the 'Glen Hotel' (which mine host obsequiously insisted on showing me all through) exceedingly respectable and good generally. There I rested for three quarters of an hour and had some refreshment; and having ascertained that the last coach for the day had passed by, and there being no alternative save to sleep here or walk back (thirteen miles), I decided on again taking to the road, though somewhat footsore. And on reaching the Glen of the Downs struck off to Delgany, which is a most delightful little village, the very picture of cheerfulness (reminding one of Goldsmith's 'Sweet Auburn'), with its thatched cottages, flowering hedgerows, and neat church rising over the surrounding trees. However, my dream of terrestrial excellence was somewhat rudely broken by the sudden onset of a drunken man, who flourished a stick, loudly declaring himself to be a 'good Protestant' (which I was sorry to hear under the circumstances), and it was with some difficulty I got rid of the miserable being. From Delgany I proceeded to Windgate (between Bray Head and the hill opposite, and capitally so styled), and from thence to my quarters at Bray, which I reached a good deal tired, after a walk (since morning) of about twenty-seven miles—the longest, by two miles, I have yet accomplished.



CHAPTER IV.

*THE YOUNG CURATE AND YOUNG  
RECTOR.*

“Still let it ever be thy pride,  
To linger by the labourers’ side;  
With words of sympathy or song,  
To cheer the dreary march along  
Of the great army of the poor,  
O’er desert sand, o’er dangerous moor.”

—*Longfellow.*



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE YOUNG CURATE AND YOUNG RECTOR.

IN 1855, the hands of the Bishop of Killaloe were laid upon the bowed head of Achilles Daunt, and he received authority to exercise the office of a deacon in the Church of Christ. He was ordained for the curacy of St. Matthias', one of the largest and most crowded churches in Dublin. The incumbent at that time was Rev. Maurice Day, now the beloved and honoured Bishop of Cashel.

Between Mr. Day and his young curate there commenced then a close and loving friendship, which was a support and comfort to Achilles Daunt all his life. St. Matthias' Church, and the institutions connected with it had become, under Mr. Day's earnest ministry, a centre for a wide-spread spiritual work in Dublin. Into this work the young curate threw himself with all his heart. The church is peculiarly situated. It stands on the border line between the rich and poor districts of the city. Its pews are filled with the well-dressed inhabitants

of the streets and squares ; but all along its many aisles and free seats are crowded in motley array the poor from the lanes and alleys of the neighbourhood .The pastoral charge of its ministers embraces, therefore, all kinds of work. They have to be equally familiar with the luxurious drawing-rooms of the wealthy, the little back parlours of the middle classes, and the garrets of the destitute. No better sphere could have been found for the beginning of our ardent young clergyman's ministry. He had the guidance and sympathy of a rector whose efforts had been signally blessed. He had experience of varied kinds of work among all classes of people.

With his whole heart and soul he took part in the efforts carried on at St. Matthias' during the seven months he remained its curate. Those months have left a trace which all the changes of twenty years have not effaced. I often hear the elder people of the congregation speaking still of the love and burning ardour with which "young Mr. Daunt " preached and spoke and taught among rich and poor. And I doubt not that amidst the jewels in his crown on high, worn for ever, will be souls that he won for Christ in this first outpouring of his youthful zeal for the Gospel of the Lord Jesus.

But he was not allowed to remain long as a curate. Through the influence of his grandfather,

Mr. Heard, who represented Kinsale, the living of Rincurran, adjoining to Kinsale, was offered to him by Lord Carlisle. This was not done without careful inquiry on the part of the Lord-Lieutenant as to the character and qualifications of the young man on whom he bestowed the Government patronage. When Mr. Daunt went to the Castle to return thanks for his appointment, he was received with the greatest courtesy and kindness by Lord Carlisle. At the close of the interview his Excellency said, "The only return I expect from you, Mr. Daunt, is, that when you are praying for the Lord-Lieutenant it shall be from the heart."

We can easily understand how mingled were the feelings with which this promotion was received. It was a sore trial to leave the happy and deeply interesting work at St. Matthias', and to part from its valued rector. Indeed, there seems to have been a considerable struggle in Mr. Daunt's mind as to whether he ought to go at all. But his parents were at that time in great affliction owing to the loss of their second son, a lieutenant in the 30th regiment, who had just died; and here was a living close to his home, close to his mourning parents, offered to him without any seeking on his part. He felt it was a plain marking out of his path, and so he trod it, although at first with somewhat reluctant and hesitating steps.

And much as he loved his parish of Rincurran in after days, and earnestly and heartily as he worked in it, yet during the whole of his ten years there, he had, I am informed, an uneasy feeling that he was hardly in his right place. He could not help being conscious of the powers God had given him. He had tasted the joy of pouring out his heart's convictions to listening and sympathizing multitudes. It was hard for him to be satisfied to spend the best years of his life labouring in so small a sphere. The very strength of his wings makes the eagle fret in his cage.

It is recorded of an old German philosopher that he was never weary of walking up and down his little garden. On being asked why he confined himself in such narrow limits, he answered : "The space here is truly very narrow, and very short too, but (and he looked up to heaven as he spoke) it is infinitely high." No matter how small the sphere in which the minister of God labours, he can say the same. The work among immortal beings, the work on which depends in a very real way "the issues of life and death," must ever be a work of infinite loftiness. To be allowed to preach the everlasting Gospel to the humblest "two or three" gathered together in the name of the Lord Jesus is a privilege of which an angel might

be proud. And Achilles Daunt felt this ; and his labours were as hearty, as joyous, as enthusiastic, among his little groups of cottagers and fishermen as among the dense crowd of his city congregations. The question in his mind was not as to the comparative value and interest of work here or there, but simply as to what was the work to which he was really called. Was it right for him to stay in the small sphere ? Was it his duty to look for opportunities of more extended usefulness, or was it his Master's will that he should wait in his quiet position till an external call should come ? It was but one form of the question which has to be practically solved by every servant of the Lord,—“ How far am I to allow external circumstances to mould my decisions, or how far am I to mould my circumstances by the decisions of my judgment ? I want to follow the leading of Providence ; how far am I to recognize it in what happens outside myself,—how far in those deeper transactions which go on within ? ” It is plain that whichever way the answer is given, there is danger of self-pleasing and self-deceit. There is need of honesty of purpose, and prayerful and thoughtful circumspection.

Mr. Daunt practically decided that in his case the outward circumstances led him to a different kind of position from what his judgment would have chosen, and that the Lord's will, manifested

by those circumstances, was that he should remain there. But his anxious, and almost over-sensitive, conscience suggested to him often the question, "Is my decision right?"

There are very many who bless the Lord that he decided as he did. To his own family, his residence near them and among them, brought unspeakable comfort. He was passionately loved by his younger brothers and sisters. He was "their guide, their example, their helper and adviser in every good work." Through his influence, united to the holy teaching of father and mother, the whole family were led, one by one, to hear and obey the divine voice which whispers "follow Me."

The parish of Rincurran adjoins Kinsale. It includes half of a street in the town. It juts out, a large irregular promontory, into the sea; bounding with one of its sides the harbour of Kinsale, and with the other breasting the waves of the Atlantic. Along the deeply indented coast are several villages which shelter most of the population of the parish. On a rising ground near one of these stands the parish church. The road which Mr. Daunt travelled Sunday after Sunday, from his home to the church, winds along the sea shore. You look down the beautiful bay and in the distance you see the blue line of the boundless ocean, where—

“The great ships go to and fro,  
Bending and bowing o’er the billowy wave.”

The huge American steamers, outward or homeward bound, are to be continually descried sweeping past, forming a sort of link between life in this little quiet corner, and the life of the great world beyond.

Very ardently did the young rector exert himself in the duties of his new post. His father joined, with great delight, in the efforts made by his son. He gave him the help of his mature judgment, his earnest piety, and his extensive knowledge of Scripture. All sorts of plans were set in motion for the spiritual benefit of the people. And just as a horse soon shows by his action that he is mounted by a strong rider; as a ship quickly tells, by her behaviour, that she is handled by a skilful pilot; so the remote Irish parish soon showed, by many tokens, that it was directed by a loving and energetic pastor. A thrill of new life seemed to run through every part of it. The schools, the congregations, the prayer meetings, became crowded to inconvenience. The church had to be enlarged to make room for the worshippers. A new building had to be erected in one of the villages for religious meetings. Often, on fine Sundays, a quaint procession could be seen winding up the hill to the church, carrying the

benches, used in the Sunday-school, for the accommodation of the over-flowing congregation; and then, when aisles and forms were filled so that they could hold no more, the people sat down outside to hear what they could through the open door and windows. Grand and beautiful sounded the tones of the deep-voiced preacher to this crowd of eager listeners, with the blue sky for their canopy, and the blue surrounding sea for the adornment of their temple. Never, I am told, in all his ministerial career, was his eloquence more striking and more thrilling than in those early days to his simple congregation at Rincurran. "No sermons have ever since," says one who was a young listener then, "made the same impression upon me, nor any days of more apparent success approached these times of startling energy and burning zeal."

But the subject of his sermons then, and the main character and aim of them were the same as what we know in later days to have brought so much comfort and blessing. Among the ignorant fishermen, among the peasants and labourers of Rincurran, he held up the same one Great Name that he proclaimed among the learned and fashionable city crowds. He knew that there was no motive to righteousness which could effectively stir those rough natures and dull minds except such



as were connected with Him who came to be the Saviour of all men. So from the first, the love of God in Christ Jesus was his theme. With happy application of simple Scripture texts he made his hearers feel how much they were beloved and thought of by their God, how free and full was the salvation He offered, how mighty the help promised, how glorious the reward made ready. He spoke straight to their hearts with all his own heart. He spoke of the great truths that are plainly revealed from God to man. He spoke them so that a child could understand, and so that the deepest philosopher might take a fresh interest in what was said.

The very first text which I find noted in the first page of his Rincurran diary is John xv. 9: "As My Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you; continue ye in My love." He notes how vast must have been the length and depth and breadth and height of God's love to Christ Jesus; how stupendous the wonder that with just such a love He loved "His own that are in the world." "And oh," he continues, "if sinners but thought of that 'love wherewith He loved us' would they slight the Saviour as they do? And should not the thought of this stir His people up to continue in that love, to be 'constrained' more by it, to have it ever actuating them—the main-

spring of their souls and lives—to live in it, and by it, as the *element* we *move* in.”

This first note, struck in the record of his feelings and aspirations in his new sphere, is the key-note to which all his thinking and teaching seem to have been attuned. The love of Christ constrained him to unceasing labour and self-devotion. He strove that it might constrain his parishioners to peace and joy of heart, to holiness and purity of life.

It was not only by preaching he carried on his endeavours. He was both too wise and too loving to be satisfied with speaking to the people in masses. He had manifold agencies at work to reach individuals and different classes. He knew how true were the poet's words as to the winning of souls :—

“Cast after cast, by force or guile,  
All waters must be tried.”

He was ingenious in devising, and earnest in carrying out, various plans for his poor peoples' benefit. One of the little sea-side villages under his charge was almost exclusively inhabited by fishermen and their families. Some among these, by their thriftless habits and godless lives gave Mr. Daunt continual anxiety. He soon found that the only hope of permanently benefiting them was to get hold of the young people, and strive to

bring them up to a higher ideal of life than that to which their elders had been dragged down by life-long associations, and the traditions of generations. He accordingly devoted all his energies there to the work of education, elevating the minds of the children by careful training in secular knowledge, and touching and ennobling their hearts by the teaching of the Bible.

Work of this kind was as difficult as it was necessary. Many of the young people, used by their parents as mere drudges, brought up amidst the coarse surroundings of fishermen's hand-to-mouth life, had grown up in utter ignorance. Big boys and girls, almost men and women, prematurely wise in knowledge of evil and knowledge of hardship, with minds and souls a blank as to anything beyond their animal existence—what a Herculean task to sweep away the defilements from their poor young hearts, and plant there the germs of divine purity and heavenly aspiration! To this task Mr. Daunt applied himself in right earnest. An anecdote may illustrate his kind, patient, wise, and persevering way of working, and show how, under God's blessing, his intense love for souls triumphed over difficulties all but insurmountable. I give the story in the words of a sister who was familiar with all its details :—

“He had taken into his house, as kitchen maid, a girl of sixteen, the daughter of a poor widow, not indeed for the value of her more than doubtful services, but in order to rescue her from degradation, ensure her attendance at the parish school, and himself teach her at family prayers. Night after night he heard her stumble through her verse in turn with the other servants, correcting her with much gentleness, and striving to instil into the poor, dark mind some idea of the nature of sin, the value of her soul, and the love of the Saviour. But alas! all seemed in vain. Every other member of the household was worn out with her untruthfulness, her duplicity, her utter indifference to all good influences. Over and over again she was sent away in disgrace for some act too flagrant to be passed over unnoticed, or some words of impertinence not to be listened to in silence. Then the master, restless and unhappy at losing sight of her, would, by some kind message, win the stubborn nature round to come and beg his pardon, and be once more reinstated in his favour. At last prayer began to be answered. Ellen’s word began to be believed, her carefulness depended on, her honesty unquestioned. Her Sunday-school teacher felt cheered at the manifest improvement, and spoke of her awakening intelligence with thankfulness. She began to serve with love the dear master whose patience she had well-nigh exhausted, and steadily, though slowly, to advance in the respect of her fellow-servants. One night, after we had risen from our knees at family prayers, Achilles called her to him, and said, ‘Ellen, here is a present for you,’ and, handing her a small sum of money, continued, ‘it makes me so happy to

see you trying to be better.' The poor creature burst into such a storm of sobs and tears that she was unable to speak. He and I looked on silently, until at last we could not refrain from mingling our tears with hers. 'Ellen, what is the matter?' he said. 'Oh, sir, it's because I am so wicked,' she sobbed out. From that night, thank God, Ellen was won.

"An awfully sudden death in the neighbourhood seemed to impress her much shortly after this. The solemn event was improved upon by the faithful admonitions of Ellen's Sunday-school teacher, and by Achilles' sermon on 'Be ye, therefore, also ready.' A week passed away, when one morning Ellen appeared to have become suddenly ill, being scarcely able to lift up her head with pain. She was sent home to her mother, who lived near at hand, and the following morning was perfectly delirious in brain fever. There was nothing for it but to send her to hospital, as the mother's miserable home was crowded with cousins and other relatives. On the way, nothing availed to quiet her frantic state but 'Ellen, Ellen, the master is coming!' when she would lie down again in the cart perfectly still. It took four people to hold her all that night; but after a few days the fever abated, consciousness returned, and she was able to greet with a bright smile the dear master who stood at her bedside. He took out the well-known book, and began, 'I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number,' until he came to 'These are they which came out of great tribulation,' when, looking up eagerly, she exclaimed 'O Sir, "and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."' "

He left her in a little while, and, though very weak, she was apparently recovering. But the next morning Ellen was dead. The nurse said: 'At eleven o'clock in the night, sir, I heard her snoring heavily, looked at her, and saw she was nearly gone. I woke her and said "Ellen, say 'Lord Jesus receive my spirit.'" She turned her dying eyes upon me, the poor tongue just faltered "Lord," and she fell back dead.'

Mr. Daunt's confirmation classes formed a sphere of spiritual labour, intense in its effort, and precious in its results. He was very impressive, very solemn, and yet full of affectionate tenderness with the candidates. A young girl who had attended some of them, spoke to one of his family in great distress on the subject: "I don't know what to do; I long to go, I ought to go. But when I am there I feel ashamed of myself, for I can't help crying all the time."

He instituted special classes for servants. I find mention of the beginning of such a class in one of his diaries, but no particulars as to its progress. Indeed his journals give little information about his work. They are rather notes on Scripture subjects—running commentaries on the Bible, than histories of his own life. The record of his labour is engraven on the hearts he helped and comforted, but little of it is written on any visible page. It is from the memory of his friends and family that the parti-

culars given here are chiefly gathered. But among the few jottings as to his own daily doings, we find this characteristic mention of the servants' class :

"*May 17th*, 1857.—Commenced the servants' class to-day, at 3 o'clock ; ten altogether present. May God give a blessing for Jesus' sake."

There are frequent mentions of his little village prayer-meetings at a place called Cove. They are described in a few touches like the following :—

"*May 18th*, evening.—Meeting at Cove. Although the evening was threatening, the room was very full of attentive hearers of the word. God grant that they may be doers also ! 1 Pet. iii. closing portion.—Times of Noah. Ark type of Christ, etc. Hymn, 'Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes.' May the Lord bless our coming together to the welfare of souls for Jesus' sake."

"*June 29th*, evening.—Meeting at school house more crowded than for some time past. Some unable to find room and obliged to leave. Oh, that He who disposed so many to come, may leave a blessing behind in the awakening and saving of precious souls."

"*Dec. 14th*, evening.—Meeting at Cove. Evening very wet and stormy in addition to being dark. However, on reaching our place of meeting I found about thirty-five to thirty-eight persons assembled, a very cheering assemblage. The attention was very great. Joined in singing 'Guide us, O Thou Great Jehovah.' The subject for the evening was Eph. i. 8—9. May God use His own word, however

feebly and unworthily expounded, to the salvation of souls. May He leave an abundant blessing behind Him, for Christ's sake."

"*Monday, Jan. 25th*, evening.—Meeting, as usual, in the School, but, from the hurry of a prayerless day, comparatively speaking, felt very dead, and unimproving to those who came to hear and learn. May God pardon my many negligences and ignorances and use me. Such poor, blunted arrows to reach the hearts of sinners!"

He records these meetings very often, as his diaries go on. I find frequent mention of two things which may have been noticed in the foregoing extracts: remarks on the wildness and inclemency of the weather on many evenings, and lamentations over his own deadness of spirit. A double picture is thus brought before us. We see the little school-house, in the rude sea-side village, crammed to overflowing with the rough country people, their eager faces lit up by a few flaring candles, as every eye is fixed on the speaker, and the rugged countenances are softened and melted by his simple eloquence; while the stormy gusts eddy around the building, and the rain sweeps up in sheets from the neighbouring Atlantic. There is storm without, but there is holy peace within. That is one picture.

But a glimpse is afforded us also of the inner life of the gifted speaker. The contrast



there is reversed. There is calm without, but storm within. Words of peace and encouragement to others. An aspect of brightness, and almost of triumph. Distress and anguish often within. A sense of humiliation and failure—a struggle for a high life near to God—a sad consciousness of missing the lofty aim, and being dragged down to a low and commonplace level. Peace outside—the peace of the messenger, with feet beautiful on the mountains, bringing glad tidings. But storm within; the intense and often baffled efforts of the earnest man of God to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ—the old, and yet ever new, struggle between the flesh and the spirit. Such is the second picture.

It is not without hesitation that I call attention to these simple and heartfelt expressions of dissatisfaction with self. There is a sacredness about such private utterances that we ought to shrink from intruding on. But I feel that these lamentations over deficiencies, standing in his journal, are only the written record of what he continually expressed to his friends in conversation. The story of his life without some allusion to them would be misleading. I am sure that if he knew that the history of his good deeds was being narrated he would wish it to be told also how imperfect and sin-stained he felt them to be.

And it is well for us who are toiling still at the same great work as he laboured in to see that under the apparent spiritual success of our brother there lay that deep sense of failure—that consciousness of days and hours of comparative prayerlessness and deadness of faith that often wearies and depresses ourselves. Many of the extracts which are to follow breathe the same self-accusing spirit. He who penned them is now among the great multitude “who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Those who knew and loved him best on earth feel sure that it would not be against his will to have given to his fellow-soldiers these little glimpses of a struggling spirit in its hours of weakness and partial defeat, as well as in its seasons of joyful energy. We must, therefore, let readers of his history share the confidences that he gave so freely to his companions. The study of his life will thus be a more practical help. As we follow his efforts together, and try to learn the secret of his power in doing good, we shall recognize in the labourer, not a faultless and ideal hero, but a “man and a brother,” struggling with infirmities as we do, falling often as we do, but rising again, as we too may do, by clinging to the outstretched Hand, and in His strength pressing on to victory after defeat, and triumph in the midst of failures.

The services in the little church of Rincurran were, I am told, particularly warm, bright, and attractive. The rector loved to have hearty congregational singing. He insisted much on the people joining with voice as well as heart in the worship of God. It was not with him a mere asking, and then groaning and lamenting that what he asked was not performed. It was a throwing of himself, with such hearty interest into the matter that his enthusiasm communicated itself to others, and they seemed to do it of their own accord, rather than in obedience to his request. A young officer, who used to attend Rincurran from the garrison at Charlesfort, was heard observing, "I can't help singing and answering the responses in Mr. Daunt's church. No one could."

It was his habit to have the Holy Communion sometimes celebrated in the evening; and "words fail," says an eye-witness, "to convey an adequate idea of the solemnity of that silent company in the little church over the sea, with the shades of night fast approaching, and the moonlight streaming in through the windows, his well-known earnest tones the only sound which broke the stillness."

In his personal intercourse with his parishioners, Mr. Daunt was intensely conscientious. He deeply felt that he was appointed to watch over their souls, as one who must give account. His sense of accep-

tance with God, and of the fulness of pardon and love lavished on him by his Father in Christ Jesus, did not diminish his consciousness of the reality and solemnity of his responsibility as a steward of the manifold grace of God. Some may think that he was almost morbidly sensitive in conscience. There is, doubtless, among Christian people, a danger in two opposite directions. There is a danger of such a sensitiveness as may cause them to be painfully and unnecessarily scrupulous, making out for themselves imaginary sins and imaginary duties, bringing them into agonies of self-questioning and self-reproaching, when their Father in heaven would rather see them pressing on their way with a light step and glad heart. This is one danger—the danger of having an anxious, fearful, and somewhat servile spirit instead of a spirit of happy and child-like confidence.

But there is another danger, more treacherous if less painful—a readiness to take matters too easily, a shrinking from the exertion of careful inquiry beforehand as to what is the right and the wrong, and careful searching afterwards as to how far we have followed the one or the other ; a laxity in our walk, a want of intense circumspection in it which, under the pretext of confidence in God's acceptance of us, really hides self-indulgence, indolence, cowardice, and, above all, a want of whole-hearted love to our

God, and intense desire to know and do His will. So many of us are tempted to this latter easy-going fault that the observation of Achilles Daunt's earnest conscientiousness may act on us as a bracing tonic.

He was "instant in season, and out of season" in his work. He grudged himself any time for relaxation. At first, before the body gave signs that it would not bear such pressure, he gave up entirely his favourite exercise of boating. He dearly loved a sail or row with a brother or sister along the bold shores of the bay, or out into the great, boundless ocean. But in the beginning of his Rincurran ministry, he refrained from the boat altogether. "No, mother," he has been heard to say, when maternal solicitude for his health pressed him to take the exercise, "while the souls under my care are perishing, I have no time for amusement." A mistake in judgment there certainly was in keeping the bow always strained, as he was soon forced to discover. But a grand determination shows itself also, from which he never swerved even unto death, to spend and be spent for the good of his brethren.

His conscientiousness is illustrated in a vivid though painful way by an incident which we shall see alluded to in his diary, and which has been thus related to me by a member of his family :—

"Never shall I forget the agony of mind he endured through having fallen asleep after getting a message from a

dying man who had been asking for him all night. It was about 4 o'clock a.m., and the servant knocked at his door, and merely said, 'Alson is very bad, sir.' Achilles heard her somewhat indistinctly, went to sleep again, and on waking two hours afterwards, and hurrying to the house found the man dead. He seemed almost beside himself all day, though he had been with him up to 9 o'clock the evening before. He then made a solemn resolution that he would never rest until he saw the widow and orphans provided for, which resolve he carried out to the utmost of his power. He obtained for the mother and younger children a pension from Government (the man was in the Coast-guard), and for years never lost sight of them, and never ceased to benefit them, and help them by every means in his power. He would often revert to the severe lesson learnt then. When asked 'Why do you allow every one to impose upon you—to take up your time—to stop you?' 'It may be,' he would say, 'something of tremendous importance. Who knows? I dare not refuse to listen or go.'

This earnest and conscientious ministry, both public and private, was not without its effect. The rough hearts were gradually touched. Gleams of spiritual light broke through the dense ignorance; and the faithful pastor had the happiness of seeing several of the aged poor pass away to the unseen world with the smile of peace on their faces, and the words of hope on their lips, through their knowledge of that salvation he had proclaimed to them. "Of course," says the loving relative who so often

speaks through these pages, "he made mistakes, he was imposed upon, undertook more than his strength was equal to; and his energetic and (to the elderly people) startling innovations were sometimes objected to, on the score of being deviations from the old paths which 'did very well.' But all these, and similar objections, vanished by degrees, and old and young submitted to his winning and holy influence."

The sphere of work at Rincurran, though in one sense small, was enlarged and varied by several circumstances. Mr. Daunt was chaplain to the garrison at Charles Fort. The crowded harbour gave him many precious opportunities among sailors; and in the summer and autumn visitors came to the sea-coast for bathing and change of scene. Some of these returned to the neighbourhood year by year, attracted not merely by the fresh breezes, and views of sea and rock, and jutting headlands, but almost more by the charm of Achilles Daunt, and the joy and refreshment of the services and instructions in his little church.

The work among the soldiers used to seem to him discouraging. The frequent removals of the men, the difficulty of following up impressions and seeing that they deepened into heart conviction and life change, made him desponding and low about the result of his garrison ministrations. But

observers outside saw success where, in his anxiety, the worker himself only saw failure. Very many and deeply interesting, I understand, were the tokens of the reality of his influence for good over the soldiers who came under his ministry even for a little while. And their families, and the families of the officers, carried away, sometimes, a life blessing from the teaching of their young chaplain.

An incident of the kind I give as it has been given to me. Some of my readers perhaps will not altogether sympathize with the tone of the conversations described. It will jar upon their taste. They will fancy the expressions mawkish and conventional. Not being brought up in a school of religious thought in which spiritual emotions are openly spoken of, they will almost shrink from such baring of the heart's secrets in company as is narrated here. The expression, "I have found Christ," uttered by an excited lady in a drawing-room, may seem to them to savour more of ranting fanaticism than of healthy Christianity. We must not, however, let fastidious taste interfere with our study of the phenomena of actual life. In whatever language it may be expressed, there is nothing so real in the history of a human soul as the spiritual crisis delineated in this little story.

In the autobiography of the great philosopher, Goethe, he describes a certain stage in his intellec-



tual development in these quaint words: "Then, first I became conscious that I was an I." The perception of his own personality was, to him, an epoch. It is an epoch when, from being a mere sentient and receptive organism, taking in impressions of pleasure or pain from without, as the flower takes in the dew, or the sea anemone its nourishment, a human being recognizes his separate individuality, and learns that he is a living person.

But surely, a greater epoch it is when that human being becomes conscious of the personality of his God. When the expressions used to denote the Great Being, outside himself, cease to be mere conventional words and names, and speak to him of a Person, whom he feels to be as real as his own existence; when that Person becomes to him, not a vague abstraction to be believed in as a theory, but a Friend to be clung to, a Saviour to be trusted, a Father to be loved; when the doctrines, so long familiar to the ear, as to the pardon of the penitent, and "peace with God through Jesus Christ," become joyfully recognized facts in his own experience, then surely a momentous era in the man's life-history has begun. Sometimes such an epoch is reached with a startling suddenness. The fuel may have been gradually, carefully, and slowly put together, but one flash

of fire sets all in a blaze.<sup>1</sup> A long train of outward and inward circumstances may have led to it; but, in an instant, the transition may be made from dreaminess and uncertainty, and vague longings, and distracting hopes and fears, to a vivid perception of the happy realities that have been plainly revealed. Cannot the sympathising imagination understand the joyous, though it may be somewhat wild, ring of the "Eureka!" at such a time? Would it not be pedantry to stop to weigh and criticise the particular expressions used? Must not the thoughtful judgment, as well as the generous heart, acknowledge that staid and formal statements would be inadequate to give vent to the feelings of one who has just gone through so momentous a mental and spiritual revolution? With this caution let us read the following little narrative:—

"Sometimes artillery were stationed at Charles Fort; and a Christian lady, wife to one of the officers, after

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<sup>1</sup> "When heaped upon the altar lie  
 All things to feed the fire,  
 One spark, alighting from on high,  
 The flames at once aspire ;

"But those sweet gums, and fragrant woods,  
 Its rich materials rare—  
 By tedious quest o'er lands and floods,  
 Had first been gathered there."

—*Archbishop Trench.*

leaving for another Irish station, in a little time returned for the benefit of the sea air, bringing with her a friend—wife to another officer in the same battery—newly married, and apparently caring nothing at all for the things of God, though gentle and sweet and amiable in every other respect. Week after week the two might be seen (the one led by her devoted companion) sitting side by side in the house of God, or at the prayer-meeting; but no sign was visible of any change, or any apparent interest evinced in the eternal truths so earnestly and faithfully proclaimed. At last, both accepted an invitation to spend an evening at Mr. Daunt's house, to meet some Christian friends; and, from their bright, happy faces, as they entered the little cottage drawing-room, it might be readily gathered that they had some good news to relate. And so indeed it proved; for, after the usual greetings, the elder said, turning to her friend, 'Now, —, will you tell what God has done for you?' So the younger lady began, in a calm yet glad tone, to detail to all present how she had found the Saviour. She said, 'You must know, Mr. Daunt, that though I kept my feelings to myself, since coming here and attending your ministry I have been greatly troubled about my soul's salvation. When I heard your loving invitation, so often repeated, to come to Jesus, I just longed to obey, but could not. The very first step seemed out of my reach. At last, the other night, as I lay awake in my bed, restless and miserable, I thought I would repeat "Just as I am"; and when I came to the fourth verse some voice seemed to whisper in my ear, "This is coming to Jesus; this saying, 'O Lamb of God, I come,' from the heart, and He will in

nowise cast out." Such a flood of light as filled my soul ! I saw the whole thing ; and after a little time of such joy as I never felt, I went to sleep with the mountain of sin and unbelief which had weighed me down, all gone. But when the morning came my peace seemed as far off as ever, my joy of the night a delusion, Satan suggested that it was all mere excitement, no reality. But, by the help of God's Spirit, I was able to see that this was a temptation of the evil one, and that if it were even all a delusion, I was just as welcome to come again, and "be in nowise cast out." So I did again cast myself at my loving Saviour's feet, and my peace is with me again, and I am so happy.' After this she grew in grace daily. But a fresh trouble made her downcast. Her husband was still on the downward road, and this wrung her heart. 'He is so good, so loving,' she said, 'but he does not know what I know ; and yet before we were married he had a deeper sense of religion than I, for I have overheard him in my father's house praying aloud.' We could only encourage her to cast this burden on the Lord, and pray on in faith. The two friends shortly after left Kinsale, taking with them a servant belonging to the neighbourhood, who returned home in a few months, and came to see me. I almost immediately enquired for Mrs. ——. 'Oh,' was the answer, 'I never saw such a Christian lady. She has parted with her jewels to get up a school for some poor children ! and, strange to say, her husband, the Captain, is as good as she is now.' Once again we heard of them through another young officer, himself a faithful soldier of the Cross. 'Captain —— !

I have good reason to know of him. He was the instrument in God's hands of the conversion of one of my dearest friends.' This young officer was a native of Kinsale, and was brought to a knowledge of the Saviour through an accident which cost him the sight of one eye. During the confinement to his room, in perfect darkness, which ensued, he began to think how he had been all his life living for himself; and on his recovery, he devoted all his energies to the service of the Saviour, whom, he felt, he had neglected so long. Of him Achilles used to say, 'W. N—— lives more in the sunshine of God's presence than any Christian I know.' The last sermon he ever heard from Achilles was on leaving home for Jamaica (where he died, about six months after his arrival, of yellow fever), on 'Jesus Only,' which two words were to be seen hanging on the wall in his room, as he lay on the bed of death. Thus the wave of blessing rolled on."

So glided by the years at Rincurran. They were years of incessant outward activity. Three services, and three sermons every Sunday—lectures, meetings, classes, house visitings from day to day—the little sea-side parish perpetually astir with the hum of busy work. But we perceive the secret of the pastor's success, not in all this outward labour, but in the intensely earnest spiritual life, of which it was the outcome and the expression. All he did seems steeped in prayer. Every entry in his diary seems almost a conversation with his God. He describes what he is doing; he seems

to tell it to Him ; and in telling to sue for blessing and for pardon. Each interpretation of Scripture passes by a sweet natural transition into an aspiration or a thanksgiving. His very letters to his friends appear written, as an old divine says, a sermon ought to be written, "on the knees." He and his curate, Rev. J. Cooke (a valued and intimate friend) meet every day at each other's houses, alternately, to pray together for blessing on their work. Is it any wonder if work carried on in this spirit is successful work ? The amount of study of Holy Scripture that accompanies his work and his prayers is a constant source of his power. Every day he has his meditation and his delight in the testimonies of the Lord. His journals are principally a record of the daily impressions made upon him by his daily Scripture portions. These jottings show that he was not satisfied with superficial reading and sentimental reflections on the words of the English version, but that he was a close student of the originals, both of Old and New Testament, and of the best and most thoughtful commentaries then published. Thus, being continually enriched himself out of the rich treasures of inspired teaching, he was able to give to others, not tawdry tinsel, not mere flashy talk, but solid and valuable instruction. His words were strong and wise, because they were the echo of

what he daily listened to from his God ; they were tender and loving because they came from a heart overflowing with human affection ; they were convincing and irresistible, because they were spoken by one who, as he spoke to men with his voice, spoke to God with his heart, and so sent forth his words anointed with the unction of the Holy Ghost. And certainly, if it is true that,

“ He prayeth best  
Who loveth best,”

the supplications for the good of his people perpetually poured out by the tender-hearted and sympathizing Achilles Daunt, were not unheard nor unanswered by the Father in Heaven.





CHAPTER V.

*"THE PASTOR'S INNER LIFE."*

“Then fearless walk we forth,  
Yet full of trembling, messengers of God :  
Our warrant sure, but doubting of our worth,  
By our own shame alike and glory awed.”

—*Keble.*

## CHAPTER V.

### "THE PASTOR'S INNER LIFE."

SINCE the first few pages of the preceding chapter were written a very interesting packet of letters from Achilles Daunt has been discovered in an old writing-desk. They chiefly date from the period of the St. Matthias' curacy, and the appointment to Rincurran. They are, most of them, written to his father, who seems to have preserved them with tender affection. It is touching to see the sweet simplicity with which the grown man, the already distinguished man, writes to his father. Now that both writer and receiver of the letters have been laid in their graves, it is touching to think of the full confidence with which the son wrote them, and the clinging fondness with which the father kept them for all these long years. There is nothing very striking or original in the letters; but I am sure that my readers will feel with me, that they are very beautiful. There is, I think, an intense pathos about these yellow sheets,

carrying with them the impress of a child's love, and a man's deep earnestness. They bring before us also in an interesting way the young preacher's great diffidence as to his own powers. I had heard of this from those who knew him in his early days. I heard of the "fear and trembling" with which he used to stand up before the congregation of St. Matthias'. His letters show how genuine was the modesty with which he perceived the faults of his own compositions, and how heartfelt was his reverent appreciation of his rector's teaching. Even in later days, he had far more of this self-distrust than anyone would have guessed from his fluent style and brightness of manner. His severest critics could not have judged his sermons more hardly than he judged them himself. The constant admiration lavished upon him did not blind him to his own defects. I have heard him speaking with great discouragement and distress of sermons that were listened to by eager crowds. There is a nervousness that arises from morbid self-consciousness, and is only one of the protean forms assumed by a vanity hungry for applause. And there is a nervousness that arises from the earnest contemplation of a lofty ideal, and a humble consciousness of the vast distance between what has been reached and what has been aimed at. The reader can judge from which of these causes Achilles Daunt's diffidence proceeded.

It would be easy to point out the many beautiful qualities of mind and heart which find their expression in the son's letters to his father and mother. It is needless to do so; as needless as it would be to describe to your friend the fragrance of the flowers you are putting into his hand. Give him the flowers; that is enough.

We give our readers these letters, written so long ago, and yet fragrant still with earthly and heavenly love. Those who never looked into the writer's face, nor grasped his hand, will feel their hearts drawn, as they read, into a happy intimacy with his earnest and manly, though still almost boyish heart.

Following the letters are extracts from his Rincurran diaries. They bring before us the deep inner life that kept pace with the vigorous outward life that has been described in the preceding pages.

As we study both, may our own lives be brought into closer conformity with the one grand life which our brother so earnestly strove to copy.

LETTERS TO HIS FATHER.—1855.

*"Thursday, Evg., Sept. 14, '55.*

"DEAR P.,—In order to be as good as my promise, so far, in letting you have 'a little and often,' I cannot

more agreeably employ this 'after-dinner' half-hour than in having a chat with you.

"Parish work, which you ask about, has not devolved upon me to any overpowering extent as yet, Mr. Day having insisted that visiting should give place, this week, to sermon writing, and the latter not having progressed, I think, one whit the better, as I feel just as if all the meagre stock of Divinity I ever could lay claim to has vanished out of my cranium. And though I know (you will excuse this vulgarism in taking up the third sheet, as I cannot discover any blotting paper) what I would like to say, I cannot arrange my thoughts at all to my satisfaction.

"I hope I shall be enabled to forget self altogether in the pulpit. If I could, all, I trust, would be well. I have been living on Mr. Day almost (except as to dinners) for the last four or five days. He says he thinks from the bottom of his heart, as far as he can see, that the 'right man' was never in the 'right place' until now. I feel glad to hear him say he is pleased. His whole heart and soul is absorbed in the work. Yesterday, we went to see the archbishop, and ask for a licence, which he granted without any demur. Did you hear from J——. Perhaps they may not send him out at all now. That was glorious news, certainly, from Sebastopol. Only twenty-six officers, they say, were killed out of the whole English force,—quite enough to deplore, however. The 56th, I believe, were engaged. I am sure I join heartily with your hope that there will be a national acknowledgement of God's late mercies. In private, mean-

time, let us offer our humble tribute of thanksgiving, and ask God to give us, as a nation, a due sense of His great goodness, and our unworthiness.

"Write whenever you have time, and feel so inclined. I am rather lonely, poring over my poor attempt at sermonizing.

"I am in treaty with one Mrs. H——, a widow (Protestant) lady for lodgings on Leinster Road, and will continue, for a while at all events, to dine at Commons.

"Best love to M——, and all, including '*specialiter*,' F——, M——, and F. G——, whom I am sorry to have missed.

"You can't complain of this.

"Ever your very affectionate son,—A. D."

*"Monday.*

"DEAR P.,—Monday is a day of more leisure, generally, than the other days of the week; but as I cannot possibly write to all the good people who have made me their debtors by writing to me in the first instance, I think I will just do what will be most agreeable to myself—write to you first. I had a letter from Aunt K—— on Saturday, in which she said you were gaining ground steadily, which it gave me great comfort to hear; and also that the rest were progressing towards health. It is a great cause of thankfulness to me, and, I am sure, to you likewise, that in God's mercy it is so. I feel myself so thankless at times, compared with what I ought to feel, that I know not what to say. It is a great mercy to be able to say heartily with David, 'What shall I render to

the Lord for all his mercies towards me.' I am every day more sensible of God's special goodness, in placing me in the ministry of His cause under such a kind friend and true Christian as Mr. Day. His conversation and walk are, indeed, such as becomes his profession, and such as one may well 'mark as an example.' Such a powerful sermon as he preached yesterday I do not remember to have heard from him since our first acquaintance, and seldom, if ever, from anyone else. It was on the epistle for the day—Rom. xv. ver. 4 and 13—on the preciousness of Scripture as suggesting the grounds of our 'hope'; on God, as the 'God of hope'; on the peace and joy of believing; and the power of the Holy Ghost. It was excellent indeed, and most impressive. The thought occurred to me how you would have enjoyed it. The power with which the 'peace and joy in believing' was set forth before those whose hearts told them that they had neither part nor lot in the matter was very awakening. I preached in the evening (when we had a very good congregation considering the snow), on Eph. iii. 8: 'The unsearchable riches of Christ,' and felt great pleasure in being able to speak with more energy and self-forgetfulness than before, though I could not but be sensible how far I was from realizing fully the unsearchable riches of which I was speaking to others. The people were very attentive, and I hope God may have blessed what was said to the souls of some present. We had Communion Service in the afternoon, and two Sunday-schools, so that the day was well occupied.

"There is snow on the ground here, and the frost is



severe, and cold intense. Our 'Coal Fund' is being put largely into requisition for the poor."

"2, WELLINGTON TERRACE, *Saturday Evening*.

"DEAR P.,—As I suppose you have returned from Limerick by this time, I write you a few lines under super-scription to Kinsale, availing myself of the leisure afforded by Mr. Day's kindly undertaking to finish a sermon which he had half written on Eph. i. 22, and preach it for me to-morrow evening. This I am glad of for many reasons, more especially as I think it essential for the evening congregation (which is, in a good measure, distinct from the morning one) to enjoy some 'strong meat' now and then, instead of my poor milk and water sermons; and also, because it gives me more time to think over, and digest for future use, some little Scripture and other matter which I have not half as much time for as I ought.

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"We (Mr. Day and I) continue, thank God, to work very happily and unitedly. I would regret very much having undertaken the responsibility of a post such as this, were it not that I think it was marked out for me by the overruling power of God; and that, therefore, in humble reliance on His all-sufficient grace, I ought to try to 'do what I can' here for His glory.

"As to preaching, I must say I feel very much disheartened at times, when I look at the way in which I have been occupying the poor people's time, and putting self so much into the matter, both in composing and delivering what ought to be nothing but Christ and for Christ. However,

I earnestly pray that God may enable me to think, and speak, and act altogether for His glory more and more fully each day; and I trust that a prayer which has His glory for its object may be, ere long, richly granted. I should then feel happy indeed.

"We have a very large congregation both morning and evening. But I do not like to see so much of the church occupied by the more respectable classes. They, to be sure, too, have souls to be saved; but that 'the poor should have the Gospel preached to them' seems to be one of the grand characteristics of our Lord's own 'holding forth the word of life'; and the poor people often say to me, they would go to church, but they do not like to be mixed up with 'all the fine people that go there.' I should certainly prefer a curacy where I had more poor parishioners than here. However, there is abundance to be done, if we only have the heart to do it; and, to be under Mr. Day, and with him as I am, is worth a hundred counterbalancing advantages elsewhere."

"DEAREST P.,—On receipt of your letter this morning, Mr. Day and I held another conference, when I determined to wait on his Excellency again to-day, and finally accept his offer. I have just returned from the Castle, where I had a repetition of yesterday's kind reception. I told the Lord-Lieutenant how much we all felt his kindness, and the handsome terms in which he had expressed himself; and that you felt so much pleased at the appointment; at which he appeared greatly delighted, and said very earnestly, —'And it gives your father much pleasure then that you

should be down in Rincurran?’ I said I knew it did. He asked what Mr. Day thought of it, how many brothers and sisters I had, etc., etc. I never met anyone in a position of dignity so kind and affable, and most good-natured. When I was leaving, he said,—‘Well, I shall direct the patent to be made out for you — ; and *you will have occasion to use the prayer for me, you know, often now, so do not let it be with your lips only.*’ I said I assured his Excellency that I had offered it already many a time from my heart, and would continue to do so, and that I humbly prayed that God would pour out His Holy Spirit more and more on his Excellency, as the best wish I could give him, that he might be guided in all things and made a blessing to Ireland. I could not help saying this to the good man, he seemed so earnest; and he said,—‘My dear sir, I thank you very much; God bless you.’ So we parted. It really cheered my heart to have such an interview. Say to grandpapa, meantime, again, how very much I thank him. His letter of to-day I felt the kindness of more than I can say.

“A. D.”

“10, ADELAIDE ROAD, *Monday.*”

“DEAR P.,—I earnestly pray that the Lord may raise up obstacles to my going to Rincurran at all, if He will not go with me, and if He does not see it to be for His eternal glory and the people’s good. If I did not see some strong reasons to suppose I ought to go, nothing would induce me to leave this at present. As for pecuniary considerations, I thank God I feel my soul is raised above them by His grace.

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"B—— and I had a long conversation yesterday on religious subjects, before and after dinner, and it will gratify you to know that he expressed himself anxiously, and in a way that evinced that he has thought over these things a good deal. He has taken to me very affectionately, and I hope, with God's blessing, to be the means of helping him in many ways. Be assured of it, God will not shut His ears to our prayers on his behalf. I preached at St. Matthias' at noon (for the first time—Mr. Day being away at Trinity Church) on 'He that is not with Me is against Me,'—a very solemn subject. I thought the sermon, before preaching it, one calculated almost to do more harm than good. But I was helped beyond measure in the pulpit, and you would have been gladdened to see the deep attention of the congregation as I told them, with as much earnestness as I could, the absolute necessity of being decided, and on Christ's side, if they cared for their immortal souls; and then told them of the freeness of Jesus' invitation to them to come and be on His side; 'for the Spirit and the Bride say Come; and whosoever, will let him take of the water of life freely.' I think I never realized more the privilege of being commissioned to deliver the message, and point out that it is a matter of life and death to accept it; and, further, that in this matter there can be no half measures, no laying hold of Christ with one hand, and the world and sin with the other. 'With' or 'against' Christ—that is the case of every one. I trust God may be pleased to bless it to souls. There were about one thousand people present, or more.

"Remember, God would not do so much for us (and

we can see His merciful hand even in our trials) if He did not tenderly care for us. And, with this assurance, what joy and comfort it should afford us to be able in simple faith to commit all to One who is both able and willing 'to do for us exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think.' Very few have more cause for thankful confidence in God than we. What a beautiful lesson is taught us in the third chapter of Habakkuk, verses 17 and 18!"

"DEAR P.,—My heart sinks within me at the thought of leaving the people here, and dear Mr. Day, even though it be to be near you all. I feel more and more averse every day to leave this, my first charge in God's vineyard; and if I did not firmly believe that God had made my way too plain to be mistaken, elsewhere, I never could get away from this, nor ever would I desire to change. Such kind-hearted parishioners and such Christian sympathy I did not look for, even at the hands of One who is 'wont to give more than either we desire or deserve.' It grieves me to think how little I have done, and how miserably shortcoming I have been and am, notwithstanding all these privileges and advantages. Thank God I can see some fruit, for I have reason to believe that my labours have been blessed of God to arouse some few, and to comfort others who were weak in the faith. But while I bless God that by His grace 'I am what I am,' and that 'His grace bestowed on me has not been (altogether) in vain'; I cannot but feel how much more I might have done. How much we need to offer that prayer in the Litany—

'That it may please Thee to forgive us all our sins, negligences and ignorances.' I can see many—very many—difficulties and drawbacks to my usefulness, situated as I shall be at Rincurran. My heart fails me sometimes when I think of these things. May God give me faith to lean on Him, and commit all to Him who always leads His people by the right way."

"DEAR P.,—As I have to pay ever so many visits, I cannot write more than these few lines to-day (this being my third letter). I felt exhausted on Sunday. It was a very sultry day, and we had thunder here. My subject for the evening (Prov. iii. 17) suffered, I fear, greatly from my not being able to enjoy, or enter into it.

"Mr. Day has now nearly decided on my successor. He will, I trust, make good (by God's help) my many and sore shortcomings here. I have been taking comfort to-day from Rom. xv. 13. May you too, find it a precious portion.

"I am thankful to know that all are well at home. May God enable us to feel as grateful as we ought for all His benefits.

"A. D."

"DEAR P.,—I must not let Monday pass without writing a line. Now that my stay here is drawing to a close, I feel a good deal disheartened, and I cannot but say I am sorry to leave this; it has been, with all its drawbacks, so happy a sphere of duty. I can never look back on my work here without feeling how miserably deficient my

labours have been. But the recollection of the past nine months' duty at this post will ever be a pleasant one; and, in the poverty of my faith, I shrink, at times from the sea of difficulties which I can foresee awaiting me in my new post. May God enable me to be faithful to Him.

"Poor B—— left this on Saturday morning. He dined with me, the preceding evening, and we had a good deal of talk together. I earnestly join my prayer with yours, that God would 'deliver him from the evil.' It is comforting to remember that, as it was with the palsied man (Mark ii.), who was healed by the Lord because 'He saw their faith,' that of the persons who had brought him, so we can do much for those we care for, by the prayer of faith. A very excellent young clergyman, a friend of mine, whose family resides in London, has promised (as he is going over next week) to find B—— out, and introduce him to one or two steady young men, suitable as companions, and who may be of great advantage to the poor boy. I would commend this to you as a *matter for prayer*; because, on the friends he may make, depends, humanly speaking, in a great degree his spiritual welfare. And when we humbly make use of means, we may ask our Father to bless them. Do not forget to provide some kind of lodgings for me (I leave choice of house and all to yourselves). I am anxious about this, because, however I might enjoy being with you even for a while, I feel more and more that it would be impossible for me to write or study, as God's cause requires, without having, for a few hours each day, a privacy and retirement which on the 'Hill' I could not so readily secure.

"We had a very nice congregation last evening. Mr. Day was away, but an English clergyman read prayers, and I preached, as usual, very much to my dissatisfaction on Eph. iii. 15, taking up—1. The admission to be one of this family by birth—new birth—all 'born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, etc., but of God.' 2. The family likeness which all have,—all more or less (as the result of the Holy Spirit's work) like God (Col. iii. 10). 3. All the family are clothed alike; all wear the same dress, the spotless robe of the righteousness of the Lamb of God—the best robe' (Luke xv. 22). 4. The family includes babes in Christ, as well as adults in grace (comfort to weak believers) 5. All have one common home, where all shall meet in their Father's house (John xiv. 2), and some are at home already; some are yet going home; the way may be, and often is, a very rough one; but none shall perish on the road; all shall meet a welcome, and then be for ever with the Lord. I spoke chiefly for God's people. May He give it a blessing to their souls.

"Give my love to dear M—— F——, M——, and all the rest, and hoping, if God spares us, that we shall soon meet,

"Believe me, etc.,

"A. D."

LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER.—1855.

"2, WELLINGTON TERRACE,

"September 25th, '55.

"DEAR M.,—I was very sorry to hear by yesterday's post from F—— that poor J—— had been attacked with



something like measles ; but, at the same time, as the doctor thinks no danger to be apprehended, I trust, please God, it will all be well, and for the best. If it is nothing but measles, I think we may with God's blessing, rest assured that there need be no ground for apprehension. Mr. Day, when I mentioned the matter to him, at once proposed that I should go to Limerick, and that he would preach twice on Sunday. I have written to P—— at Limerick to say so ; and if he at all wishes it, or thinks it advisable, I shall be off to assist him in taking care of poor J—— and of himself, because it would not do to have him exhausted by sitting up for any length of time. However, I feel confident that there will be no need of either of us much, if it be even what the doctor thinks—measles. Do not make yourself uneasy by fancying what may not be the case at all. Remember you have a duty to perform to all at home, and to me too, and that is to keep yourself as strong and well as possible. It does not befit the character of one whose whole trust is in 'Our Father which is in heaven,' who can say that from the heart as well as with the lips, to be anything but cheerful and confident. If there is any one precept in God's word, which more than another we should try and realise, it is, 'Have faith in God.' I feel very great comfort at times from reflecting on past mercies received. They are an earnest always of future blessings. We may always hope to receive in proportion to what we have got ; and surely we have received very much at the hands of a kind Providence.

"Mr. Moore, curate of St. Bride's, a very good and kind man, who called to see me yesterday, joined with me

in prayer for J——, and Mr. Day did the same afterwards.

"If P—— (who has not written to me at all yet) lets me know by to-morrow's post (as I expect) what his opinion is, as to my being useful, I shall be off by the 4.30 train. I quite agree with F—— that this may be all overruled for the best by a kind Providence, that he might be spared some terrible trial at the seat of war. It seems as if he was kept from going out for some gracious end. Now do not forget to be cheerful and happy as possible for all our sakes.

"Best love to all, especially F—— and M——, also F. G——.

"God bless and keep you in His love always.

"Ever your very affectionate — A. D."

"2, WELLINGTON TERRACE, LEINSTER ROAD,

"September 25th, '55.

"DEAR M.,— I am more and more delighted with the church, the people, and above all the rector. I really think that Providence, by a special kindness, brought us together to work for His name's sake and glory. The people are very kind, and give me a very cordial welcome everywhere, since I spoke from the pulpit, which is a sort of general introduction, your position and 'dignity' not being sufficiently established until your public teaching has commenced.

"There is a very great deal to be done in the way of visiting; but I like plenty of work, as it makes one feel more happy, and makes you forget all your own little pains and aches, etc., when you see so much worse

wherever you go. There are not many sick people, I think, at present only four or five, that I know of; but whenever I am required to visit more, I shall be ready.

"Such an attentive congregation as I had on Sunday evening I have seldom seen. I only heard two or three coughs, and by keeping within twenty-five minutes, their attention was not impaired to the end. Mr. Day preached a beautiful sermon in the morning on Heb. xiii. 8, one that you would have delighted in; and in the evening I preached from St. Luke xxii., and first clause of the 44th verse, taking our Lord Jesus Christ as our example in his sufferings, and in connection with 'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself,' etc. I chose this subject, partly because the evening congregation includes a number of poor distressed people who want to be cheered and comforted; and I endeavoured at the same time to make it applicable to all 'as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.' Then showing, by our Saviour's example too, the inestimable value of prayer, as God's appointed means of 'obtaining help, and finding grace to help in time of need.' I felt a great deal more at home in the pulpit than before, was able to look up off the paper at the people and was enabled by God's assistance to forget myself more, which was a great blessing."

"TRIN. COLL., *Jan. 3rd*, '56.

"God is giving me, I trust, more strength for the work. To Him be all the glory if He blesses the word by my mouth. I would sooner have souls for my hire than an archbishop's mitre."

"Monday.

"DEAREST M.,—I have been out since 10.45 a.m., visiting, etc., and have just ten minutes to spare before dinner; so you shall have a short letter to say how things generally are going on. I was never more shocked than to hear from you and Aunt K—— both, by to-day's post, of poor ——'s death. Oh! for one who had had the care of immortal souls laid on him, and who neglected it, to pass into the presence of the Almighty! I felt that to die in any state almost would be preferable. What a solemn text that is,—'I must work the work of Him that sent me while it is yet day; the night cometh, when no man can work.' That is constantly ringing in my ears. Better die in a hovel, with wretchedness around, and with Christ for your portion, than have it said to you, 'Son, thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things,' etc.

"I attended a very solemn death-bed on Thursday evening. 'How can the sins of ten years be repented of?' the poor dying man asked. He was a young officer of militia who had just got a commission in the Line. I have strong reason to hope that, before he died,—three hours after I left him,—he had a good hope in the Saviour's precious blood. It was a solemn scene, indeed. Oh, that we were all ready! not knowing the day in which the Son of Man cometh.

"I am glad to hear of dear father's progress. Very best love to him. I feel glad, too, that you are sending something as a Christmas box to dear Mr. D——. He deserves, as you say, the best you can give him."

“WELLINGTON TERRACE, *Thursday*.

“DEAR MOTHER,—I am, thank God, very well. There is a good deal of sickness in the parish ; but I feel that I am in God’s hand, and that, wherever duty calls, I am not to refuse to go. My preaching is the great difficulty. I feel I can hardly ask God to bless the poor, scanty expositions of His truth I am setting forth from week to week. However, I think too, that a minister may look for a supply at all times proportioned to his need with great assurance, and that is, in itself, a comfort.”

“10, ADELAIDE ROAD, *Monday*.

“DEAR MOTHER,—It was a very happy addition to my Monday morning’s rest and enjoyment to receive your letter. I had one from B—— by the same post, telling me what I felt very thankful for, that he passed his examination and was soon to be set to work, he believed, in the Victualing Department at Somerset House. I feel assured that our gracious Father will sustain and preserve him among the trials and snares of his new position ; and the first great step in his establishment in all good things, as you said, is to be kept from idleness, and given some regular work to set about. May He, who both has the power and the will to bring us to Himself, make B—— one of His, and give him ‘an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith that is in Jesus.’

“I cannot leave this until Saturday week, probably (D.V.), as I have to see many, and my heart, I may say, lingers about poor old St. Matthias’. As for poor Mr. Day, he seems to have taken my leaving bitterly to heart, and

appears as if he could not bear to think of the time for departing. I preached on Gal. vi. 14 last night, and at the close spoke a little extempore about my being soon to have the privilege no longer of pointing their precious souls to the cross of Jesus, as all that a poor sinner can glory in, and, as one told me, 'there was not a dry eye in his part of the gallery,' and the church was nearly full,—about eight hundred people, I suppose, present. The schoolmaster came over just now to give me a copy of an address which the children of the schools are to present me with on Thursday evening, after our school-feast, which takes place that evening, and told me (a secret until now) they had subscribed among themselves, and bought a copy of 'Scott's Commentary,' in three volumes, to be presented to me, as the address says, 'as a small token of their love and gratitude.' May God bless to many souls among them any instruction I may have been enabled, by God's grace, to afford them during my stay.

"I must conclude my letter now, as a friend has come to dine with me.

"Best love to dear P——, M——, F——, and all the rest, and hoping soon to see you all,

"Believe me,

"Your most affectionate son,

"A. D."

#### TO A BROTHER.

"MY DEAR 'B—— 44.'—Go steadily to your business, and don't care one fig for what other fellows do. 'Tis generally better to do what most fellows don't do. Give

an hour or two over and above your usual study hours to reading and self-improvement. And, above all, read a little of the Bible every day. You will always feel more comfortable after it. And if we forget God, mind, He will, of course, forget us, and all will go wrong. Again I say, Get on as fast as you can; and don't give as an excuse, Oh! such a fellow gets on well without reading much! Ay; but then, if he got on well I would like to get on better, and shame this sort of gents.

“God bless you always is the wish of

“Your brother ACHV.”

#### EXTRACTS FROM RINCURRAN DIARY.

“*Monday, May 11th, '57.*—After union in prayer (Scripture Readers, etc.) paid some visits at 7 p.m. according to appointments. Went to Charles Fort to meet the soldiers (Captain Johnston having kindly permitted the use of his lecture-room), and aided by Mr. J——’s kind exertions, Corporal G—— had an assembly of twenty-two men prepared to hear God’s word. I read John iii. 1-18, and spoke as plainly and earnestly as I could on—1. Nicodemus’ coming by night—yet accepted and instructed by the Saviour. Encouragement here to anxious but weak-hearted people. 2. The New Birth, nature of, and necessity for it. 3. God’s free love typified in the brazen serpent lifted up among the perishing Israelites,—a figure of Christ, God’s only begotten Son ‘lifted up’ for perishing sinners to look upon and be saved. The men were very attentive. We separated after prayer together. Oh, that God may give a blessing to His own

word, for Jesus' sake. Johnston and myself afterwards spent the evening together with Major B——. Some very pleasant conversation, part of Rom. x., and prayer."

"*June 11th.*—Morning. Rose at 6.15 a.m. Prayer at 7.50. Read Psalm lix. 1. A prayer for deliverance from cruel enemies. 2. A review of their bitterness and enmity. 3. Looking up—an assurance of help, and recollection of the refuge always nigh. 4. Exultation of soul,—a joyful elation of spirit, and song of thanksgiving for past mercies vouchsafed. I feel assured that in the darkest season, under the most trying and alarming circumstances, the simple review of past gracious dealings will ever rejoice and reassure.

"Gk. 2 Tim. i.—There is a tone of distrust,—a manifest want of full and hearty confidence towards Timothy apparent throughout this epistle, as Alford remarks.

"From this the Christian minister may learn to be diligent in guarding against coldness or apathy,—to seek to be ever stirring up the gift that is in him, and to remember that God has not given us the spirit of cowardice, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. Much power and grace is placed at the disposal of a Christian minister. He is misspending his talent, laying it by in a napkin when he draws sparingly on the power available."

"*July 9th.*—Paid two visits, read and prayed with Alson, who was taken ill on Monday night. Poor man seemed to be very ill; attended to what I had to say. Called in Furlong at 8.30 p.m.

"*July 10th.*—Deeply grieved this morning to know that while I delayed in coming to see poor Alson of



the Coastguard, he had passed away to give account to God. Oh, that I should be so unfaithful. May my God and Father in mercy lay it not to my charge. I earnestly pray God to enable me to be more faithful in watching for the souls committed to my care, and oh, that in His strength, I may hereafter be more devoted, more diligent, and above all, more prayerful in ministering among the people entrusted to me. The sinful habit of sitting late at my books has thus given the enemy advantage over me, it may be. My heart sinks in me at the thought of the loss of a precious soul, and to the hurt of Christ's holy cause, in my hands. It affords some little satisfaction to have been by his bedside in prayer, and with the message of salvation twice yesterday. If I but knew that the Spirit had applied the things spoken to his soul! O Lord, my God and Father, grant me forgiveness for Jesu's sake, blot out past negligences and ignorances, and give me newness of spirit, true love, and watchful devotedness to Thy holy cause as long as I am spared, for Jesu's sake, my Saviour. Amen.

"Resolved, in God's strength, henceforth to retire early to rest, to watch more unto prayer, and to live more to Christ's glory in singleness of heart.

"I have now completed a year in this parish, and on looking back, among many and grievous failings and unfaithfulnesses, there is much cause to be thankful to the Giver of all good for the encouragement afforded in the proof that His servant's labour has not been wholly in vain. A stir among the dry bones is evident. But of too many, far the most—it is evident that there is no life yet in them. Oh,

that the Spirit from above may breathe on these dead souls that they may live. My sincere desire and prayer is, that the year now commencing, if I am spared to see it close, may find me more faithful and single hearted in serving Christ and winning souls, 'that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.'"

"*November 5th.*—Gunpowder plot. It seems to be a matter of thankfulness that the commemoration of this event is becoming obsolete. To think more of Christ, to call more to remembrance the work of the Lord Jesus for our souls, and to think less of the wrongs and evil deeds of men, would profit us more, no doubt.'"

"*November 12th.*—Psalm lxxxv. 'His salvation is nigh them that fear Him.' No difficulty to the true penitent in laying hold on salvation (Romans x.: The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart,' etc). It is laid at his door like the manna. Let there be but the contrite heart, the soul bowed down with sin, the tearful eye directed upward to Jesus, the smiting on the breast in spirit, while the cry to Heaven is, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' and His salvation is nigh to that soul. Pardon, peace, freedom from the guilt and from the power of sin, the spirit of adoption, the title to glory, eternal life begun, all are nigh. The work is 'finished,' and therefore ready to hand, to be had 'without price,' and therefore nigh. How blessed this truth! And it is 'His' salvation.

"1. Of His providing. Hear what He says: 'I have trodden the winepress alone,' and 'of the people there was none with me.' 'I looked, and there was none to help,

and I wondered that there was none to uphold.' 'Therefore mine own arm brought salvation to me.'

"2. Because like, and worthy of Him. 'My salvation shall be for ever,' for, 'Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an *everlasting salvation*.' As is the Lord, so is His salvation."

"*January 1st, Friday*.—New Year's Day. Prayer-meeting in the morning at eight o'clock, about sixty present. Psalm xci. and Rev. xxi. (part of). Divine service at noon; church well filled. Administered the Communion subsequently; eighty-seven communicants presented themselves. It was a very stirring and refreshing sight. I humbly trust that God's Holy Spirit may enable many to abide by the solemn profession then made, and give themselves, their souls and bodies to the Lord."

"*Sunday, January 24th*.—Rose before 6 a.m. Read Acts ix. Conversion of Saul of Tarsus. 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' 'Behold he prayeth.' 'Straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues that He is the Son of God.'"

"*January 29th*.—Job xxxiv. 'When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?' The peace of God has its springs far within, beyond the influences of the world's cares, 'a stranger intermeddleth not with it.' How sweet a reference to this, the promise elsewhere,—'Whosoever hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.' 'That which I see not, teach thou me.' The prayer of a trustful child.'"

"*March 11th*.—Phillippians i. May we not infer from verses 17, 18, etc., that though the motives be bad, yet, if

the great saving ordinance, 'Christ crucified,' be set forth, it will be a cause of joy to the true child of God. We sometimes hear Christ preached faithfully, yet the motives of the preacher may be questioned, and justly. Nevertheless, even this is a cause of thankfulness, because even such preaching God can use to the good of souls. Oh, that ministers of Christ had more of that burning love—that devoted self-denying absorption (*quasi*) into Christ and His cause, that Christ might be magnified in life or in death. Here was the one aim and longing desire of the apostle. His mind was made up; his confidence was fixed on either side, either to live or die. 'To me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' All my life, all my energies, all my time, all my talents and faculties, all are Christ's. My whole life, with its varied tissue of plans and impulses, of efforts and issues, may be summed up in one word—it is 'Christ.' From Christ I have derived my life; by the word of Christ I govern my life; for the glory of Christ I spend my life. Here is what the apostle means when he says, 'To me, to live is Christ.' And of such a life, the close can be nothing else than gain, than triumph. 'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' 'To die is gain!'"

"August 24th.—Ezekiel xxxiv. The woe denounced on the unfaithful shepherds, because they fed not the flock of God, but fed themselves. The charge here brought against the false shepherds, may not be exactly, in the same sense, imputable to the ministers of the people now, so frequently or directly. But, how many of those who profess to feed the people, feed but themselves! How

often does the shepherd minister to himself, feed his own vanity, catch at the applause of men, and seek to glorify himself! And as in Ezekiel's day, so now likewise, just in proportion as a minister seeks his own aggrandizement, whether in temporal things, or in self-glorification, in the same proportion is the flock neglected and eventually scattered and lost. How very solemn the declaration of God—'I am against the shepherds, and I will require my flock at their hand.' Of this awful responsibility may the Lord keep us ever mindful. Paul was alive to it when he said (Hebrews xiii.: 'Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves' for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account."

"*September 5th, '58, Sunday.*—Preached (with great coldness and heartlessness) on Hosea xiv. 4, 5, 6. One hundred and sixteen communicants subsequently met around the Lord's Table—the largest number that ever gathered together there in Rincurran Church for the 'breaking of bread.' Oh! that God may not suffer His gracious and glorious work to go back, but cause 'the little one to become a thousand.'"

"*September 9th, '58.*—I am, this day, three years ordained; and I have humbly to thank the Father of mercies and Giver of good, that he has enabled me to see some fruit of my labours during that time. Souls have been brought to Jesus. I have been enabled, heretofore, to maintain a consistent walk. To God be all the praise. May His glory be ever my heart's dearest wish, and my first object in all I do. I have proved the reality of a

Saviour's friendship ; I have proved the truth of His precious promises. Never once have I pleaded an unconditional promise of His—"Lord Thou hast said it"—and found Him to fail. One thing more my ministerial experience has taught me : that the redemption of souls is precious to the Saviour ; that He is more ready to use us to win souls to Him, than we are to labour in His harvest. May the Lord make His word to prosper in the hands of His servant manifold more for the time to come."

"*December 14th, '58.*—Psalm xxi. How constantly and decisively the word of God declares that the only true and lasting joy is to be derived to the soul, not from things on earth, not from anyone or anything in ourselves, or around ourselves, but from above—from the saving grace and love of God. It would cheer a sick man, lying on the bed of pain, restless, racked with anguish, helpless and emaciated, unable to enjoy the sweetness of nature, to bask in the warm sunshine, to breathe the fresh, pure air, how it would cheer and rejoice such a one to know for certain, that in a short time that disease would be removed, that pain banished, and the vigour of health and strength be restored, and the exhilarating freshness of convalescence be his again. It would cheer a prisoner, laden with chains, immured in a dark, loathsome dungeon, the prey of a wretched and intolerable solitude, to know that it was certain that in a short time he would be free, breathing heaven's air, walking a free man in his native land ; how the prospect would cheer his heart ! It would cheer and rejoice a poor man, struggling with the ills and miseries of poverty, to know of a surety that before long he would be raised from that

depth of wretchedness, and placed in the enjoyment of a happy affluence. But how far beyond all this is the joy, which is the portion, or may be the portion of the believer—a sinner saved by grace—when he can look forward to happiness the most exalted, peace the most unbroken, rest the most delightful, freedom from care, from sorrow, from sin the most complete, a never ending enjoyment of his Saviour's presence in glory. Oh! when by faith we can realize this in our souls—this being placed beyond the reach of all trouble and sin, beyond the reach of every dark, cloudy day of disquietude, in the never-to-be overcast sunshine of Jesus Jehovah's love—the being 'saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation'; well may the child of God then say, in the Psalmist's words—'Exceeding glad shall he be of Thy salvation.' 'Lord, that my joy may be full.'"

"*January 1st, 1859.*—New Year's Day. O Lord, grant that it may be a new year indeed, to me, in the renewal of my covenant with the Lord Jesus, in the renewed devotion of my heart and life to Jesus. God enable me to rejoice in the assurance that 'old things are passed away, and all things become new.' And may the gift of a new heart be prayerfully sought and obtained by many here this day. How blessed the word from above—'He which sat upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new.'

"Prayer meeting at 8 o'clock a.m. About forty-five were present, and we united in prayer and praise with, I trust, thankful and fervent hearts. St. Luke xiii. The Barren Fig Tree.

"Service at noon. Romans vi. 23. Seventy-one subse-

quently partook of the Lord's Supper. May it be a blessed re-dedication of ourselves to Him, 'whose we are, and whom we serve.' From many a heart may the prayer ascend, 'Thy blessing be upon Thy people.'"

"*January 28th.*—Recovery after late illness, a new cause of earnest thankfulness to Him, who not only 'forgiveth all our iniquities,' but also watcheth over the body, purchased to be the temple of the Holy Ghost; and until the 'house, not made with hands' is prepared for us above, 'healeth all our diseases.' May God ever save me from an ungrateful heart. How grievous a warning does Hezekiah's example set before us—'But Hezekiah rendered not again according to the benefit done unto him' (*i.e.*, his restoration to health). And so in Gospel history—'Were there not (said Jesus) ten cleansed, but where are the nine?' Lord, enable me to live more entirely to Thee, by Thy Holy Spirit's help. Amen."

"*February 8th, '59.*—Struck, in reading Matt. vi. to-day, with the simple beauty and power of that clause in the Lord's Prayer: 'Deliver us from evil,' in which the Lord seems to teach His faithful people how to give expression to that spirit of heavenward aspiration, of longing for the peace and blessedness of that state 'where we shall see His face, and never, never sin,' to which the apostle refers when he speaks of 'the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain,'—'and we ourselves also, who have the earnest of the Spirit, we ourselves, groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body.' 'He gave Himself for us,' we are told, 'that He might deliver us from the present evil



world,' for 'the whole world lieth in wickedness' (in evil, 'ἐν τῷ Πονηρῷ'); and to separate and save His people from this evil, was Jesus' mission. 'Because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.' And, 'having loved His own that are in the world,' Jesus loves them 'unto the end.' How beautiful the confidence of Paul, that his Father in heaven would answer abundantly the prayer which the Lord Jesus here puts into the mouth of His people. 'The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom.' And how full of heavenly comfort is the blessed assurance of the promise made of old: 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive be delivered? But, thus saith the Lord, even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered.' Praise ye the Lord: 'He will hear our cry and will save us.'"

"*June 18th, '59, Saturday.*—The class to-day attained its maximum as yet, fifty-three having been present. In the evening, our meeting was quite crowded, not less than seventy persons being present. Subject: 'The Fruitless Fig-tree caused to wither.' The Lord pour out of His Holy Spirit upon us, and enable us to bear much fruit."

"*June 27th.*—Visitation in Cork. Grieved to see the people becoming very much more careless and indifferent. Oh, that that same Spirit which is poured out, and is awakening the souls of so many in other places, may breathe life and salvation upon us likewise.

"Haggai ii., '*From this day I will bless you.*'"

"*August 23rd, '59.*—My twenty-seventh birthday. I would, this day, dedicate myself anew to God, and seek to glorify Him yet more and more, and live more entirely to His praise. There are many things in which one is prone to decline, and to recede, in a sense, from the sunshine of God's countenance, and holy and joy-giving presence. How apt to lose that diligent love for prayer, and that steady devotion to the study of God's word, which are the sinews of the great war, the main-springs of all holy living and heavenly mindedness.

"I would come now to Thee once again, O my Father, to ask Thee to forgive the sins of the past, and to bless me with Thy Spirit, for days to come; to lift my heart above the things of earth and time, and fix it yet more surely there where true joys are to be found. May I hear Thee, by faith, saying, and prove that Thou hast said, 'From this day I will bless you.'"

"*November 4th, '59.*—Psalm cxxi. 'He shall preserve thy soul.' The casket of clay that surrounds the jewel, may be, and is itself, precious. But the jewel within, the imperishable gem, the indestructible soul, is beyond all price, of unspeakable worth. Its safety is the chief concern, its preservation is of primary and momentous importance. And for that needed security God has made provision; for that He will answer who has placed on record this blessed promise: 'He shall preserve thy soul.' How very precious a promise this is when we consider—  
(1) The enemies of the soul, how many and how mighty they are. Our 'adversary, the Devil'; 'the rulers of the darkness of this world.' 'They be many that fight against

me, O Thou most Highest !' Well may the Christian say, 'The waters are come in unto my soul.' 'They that would destroy me, being mine enemies wrongfully, are mighty.' (2) The inherent weakness and helplessness of the soul itself. 'I am poor and needy' must ever be the believer's plea. But there is security in One mighty to save, for 'He shall preserve thy soul.' Oh, what music there is in this to a believer's ear. When cares threaten to oppress and temptations to overwhelm the spirit, so that it is bowed down to earth, and one is almost ready to faint, there comes a sweet voice of assurance from the Faithful Promiser, and it says 'Return to thy rest,' for 'He shall preserve thy soul.' When sickness and decay are making their corroding inroads on the earthly house of this tabernacle ; when bodily vigour is declining, bodily pain becoming more intense day by day, and 'the outward man is perishing' ; yet, the soul, undecayed, incorruptible, is, it may be, becoming more vigorous—held in the preserving hand of God ; for it is written, 'He shall preserve thy soul.' And when death comes with resistless might and lays its dissolving hand on the body of mortality ; and, claiming that body for its own, destroys it for a time ; yet, the soul, held in a yet mightier grasp, retains its imperishable beauty and rejoices in immortality ; for it is written, to the joy of the ransomed people of Emanuel, 'He shall preserve thy soul.' And the Faithful One who preserves that soul in sorrow and sickness, in temptation and in death, will continue that blessed guardianship to an eternal existence of life and glory ; for 'the Lord (says the child of God) shall deliver

me from every evil work, and shall preserve *me* to His heavenly kingdom.'"

"*November 13th, Sunday*.—Preached (evening) on Phil. ii. 16. A good deal tried by many things occurring to disappoint, amongst the people. Yet we are called to 'glorify God in the fires,' and to 'withstand in the evil day.' I can discern a coldness of soul, on my own part, which, it may be, has led to my being permitted to fall into errors of judgment, etc. Oh, for grace (in my heart do I long for it) to live nearer to my Father's smile. 'Lord, help me.'"

"*New Year's Day, 1860*.—We commenced the year at midnight with prayer. Thus the first act of the New Year was a solemn dedication of ourselves to God. At half-past eight we again met for prayer. Preached at noon from Haggai ii. 19: 'From this day will I bless you.' Seventy-five communicants approached the Lord's table,—three received into the Church from Romanism. Lord, may this be a year of holier living, more fervent love, more exalted hopes. May I be enabled, in the way Thou shalt direct, joyfully to 'take up my cross daily, and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.' The future is yet uncertain, and it is in the hand of mercy, which has woven the veil that hides that future. But though we know not what a day may bring forth, yet, 'surely (may I say) in the Lord have I righteousness and strength.' And 'surely (may I say again) goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' And though the things seen are temporal, and passing away, yet God hath made with me 'a covenant, ordered in all things, and sure.'"

"*February 6th, '60*.—Monday evening meeting. Con-

cluded our lectures on Ephesians. Much hurried, and not as much at the mercy seat, as might be otherwise.

*"February 7th.*—Some things to cheer to-day. To God be the praise and the glory. Refreshed by dwelling, apart awhile, on the text, Luke vi.: 'He is kind to the unthankful, and to the evil.' *Kind* He is to the rebellious and ungrateful in many ways. Kind, in that He makes His sun to rise, and sends rain upon them. Kind, in not cutting them off in their sins. Above all, kind, as He is revealed to us. Titus iii.: 'After that the kindness and love of God our Saviour towards man appeared,' etc."

*"May 23rd.*—In Psalm xx. the words occur, 'Grant thee according to thine own heart.' The heart's desires of the people of God are promised to them, conditionally, as we have it in Psalm xxxvii.: 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.' How difficult it is to keep this truth foremost; to make the Lord and His will and ways 'our delight'; to be able so to have every thought brought into subjection; brought into captivity to Christ, as to say in truth, 'I delight to do Thy will, oh, my God.' Oh, for grace, thus to be wholly 'on the Lord's side.'"

*"May 29th.*—Evening (Tuesday). Service in church. Congregation not large (sixty-three). Spoke on Daniel ii. 28: 'There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets.'

"Feel much my need of strength and entire devotion to God. Oh, that He may be very near to me, and make me wholly His own; that others may be by me drawn to Him.

*"May 30th.*—Heard to-day of some cheering proofs

that God is not without glory in His own word, and by His servant's ministry here. May that fruit be an hundred-fold, to His honour and praise."

"*August 1st, '60.*—Oh, that with me, it may be, of a truth, that 'former things are passed away.' Henceforth, Lord Jesus, may I live nearer to Thee, have my heart more above, derive my joys more from Thy presence, find my chiefest delight in Thy service, and in doing Thy will."

"*August 20th.*—1 Samuel v. The case of the Ark sent from place to place among the Philistines, and carrying calamity and destruction with it everywhere; whereas, to the Israelites, it used to be a holy protection; the mercy seat, where God and man could meet; a source of blessing, a possession full of joy and prosperity; illustrates the truth so forcibly declared by St. Paul, 2 Corinthians ii.: 'To the one, we (*i.e.* the preachers of the Gospel—the Gospel of Christ, in a sense) are the savour of death unto death, and to the other, the savour of life unto life.'"

"*August 23rd, '60.*—My twenty-eighth birthday. Text in church to-day, 'Ebenezer.' 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 'Hitherto,' for 'I endure unto this day.' Cast down, it may be, but not destroyed. Still able and willing to do my Lord a service. It is good to review the past. My 'Hitherto' does not suggest much that is happy, in many ways. It passes in review many unfaithfulnesses; many duties omitted; many selfish indulgences; many foolish negligences and indiscretions. It is, therefore, in a large sense, an humbling thought

this retrospect, this 'Hitherto.' But it is also encouraging. I can look back, and see how I have been guided, how I have been cheered and sustained.

'His love in times past,  
Forbids me to think,  
He'll leave me at last  
In perdition to sink.'

And, if 'Hitherto' inspires confidence and courage, it also should inspire thankfulness, gratitude for past blessings, to Him who hath 'Hitherto helped us.'"

"*May 3rd, 1863, Sunday.*—Much depressed. Wanting in faith, and hope, and love. But my God shall supply all my need, and will give me His Spirit. Preached to-day three times, on (1) Luke xii. 19, 20; (2) Matt. xxiv 50, 51; (3) John iii. 8.

"*May 4th.*—Reading Psalm xciv. Thoughts suggested by 'Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord. How very different from the decision of the world! which would say, Blessed are those that are exempt from affliction and chastisement. Yet, at the same time, it is not merely the man who is chastened that is 'blessed,' but he who is also 'taught out of God's Law,'—for in that word he learns that this chastening is not the expression of his Creator's anger, but the manifestation of his Father's love."

"*June 11th, '63.*—Have been thinking on the words—'Strong in faith, giving glory to God.' 'Prove me now,' is His own invitation.

"I often picture to my own mind a perfect character,—considerate, wise, high-principled, tender-hearted, wholly

uninfluenced by selfish motives. What delight it would give such an one to see his promises relied on, his assurances of forgiveness to those who had offended heartily embraced; to see even the most inveterate and grievous offender showing signs of amendment under the influence of his wise and good counsels; to find his readiness and his ability to deliver from troubles and extricate from evil put to the test, made full proof of with sincerity and confidence; to have, in short, cases, which were beyond the reach of any other remedy, committed trustfully to him, as to a good and great physician, to be dealt with in that way, by the application of that medicine, by which, and by which only, he has himself declared that the cure can be effected. Now, with what genuine pleasure, with what real joy, would such an one as I have imagined regard the appreciation of his character and motives under such circumstances. And in how much more exalted a sense and higher degree may we judge it to be so with Him who is 'the Rock, whose work is perfect,—a God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is He.'"

"*July 13th, '63, Monday.*—Ps. ii. A glorious picture of God's supreme majesty in the face of His enemies. Verse 8 reminds us at once of Satan's offer to Christ, side by side with the promise of Him who is able also to perform. For His they are, and to whomsoever He will He can give them.

"'Rejoice with trembling.' The two things are to be joined together. We have, in the same epistle, from the same pen, and addressed to the same people, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,' and 'Rejoice in the Lord always.' Here is another of the many para-



doxes that are to be found in the Christian's life and character. 'Having nothing, yet possessing all things; poor, yet making many rich; fearful, and yet full of joy; trembling, and yet rejoicing evermore.'

"*July 17th.*—Psalm vii. In reading Stier's 'Words' on John iii. 'The Holy Spirit,' he says, 'is the substance of the new kingdom. But while Christ lives on earth, He is not fully poured out. He is only present in Christ. Christ is the Life; therefore Christ must die, in order that the principle of life, released from His person, to which it is attached, may develop its energies around.' Just as, in her prophetic offering, Mary, perhaps unconsciously, signified the same great truth, in breaking the box of ointment and pouring it on Jesus' head. Just as many 'herbs, though scentless when entire, perfume the air when bruised.' Even so was it with Jesus. 'The Holy Spirit was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified.'"

"*November 25th, '63.*—Psalm cxxvi. Mingled sunshine and showers. Alternate smiles and tears. Such is always the Christian's experience. Progress onward and progress upward is always the aim and longing of the believing soul,—of the ransomed Church, as it is beautifully expressed in Cowper's hymn:—

'E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

'Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,' etc.

And so it is here. The Church can say 'The Lord hath

done great things for us, whereof we are glad.' And yet in the next breath, we have the prayer for larger blessings still, and yet more complete deliverance and victory. 'Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.' Thus is brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Unto him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly.' For the soul that has received the blessing of life, has implanted within an ever-expanding power, an hungering and thirsting after God, which He has created, and which He means to satisfy from Himself. Such is the spiritual covetousness, the holy avarice, so to speak, which God's renewing grace implants in the believer's nature."

"*February 21st, '64.*—Preached in the Bethel Church, morning and evening (2 Cor. ix. 15; and Jer. xii. 5). Have sought, and believe God will give—has given—a blessing this day. What a merciful thing of God to permit me at all to stand up and speak for Him and of Him. How earnestly do I desire grace to live to Him entirely. Spent a very pleasant evening with Mr. Dowling at 'the Bethel House.' He spoke of 'Stephen Grellett's Life' as a remarkable book, breathing a spirit akin to that of Paul. We spoke of the personality and presence of the Spirit as 'Christ's vicar on earth.' Just as the Lord Himself replies to Philip, 'He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father,' etc., and it is true as saith St. John, 'He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son.' Just so, the Spirit is emphatically 'the Spirit of Christ.' And we may safely say, he that hath the Spirit hath Christ; for it is the great work of the Spirit to 'take of the things of Christ, and show them to us'; to glorify

Jesus, and thus to make Jesus precious as a present friend, always near, always ready, and able to help and comfort and bless with the light of His countenance all who are His. If Jesus, such as He was in the days of the flesh, were now bodily on earth, of course He could only be accessible in the *one place*. But now, while He continues the same, He is present by the Holy Spirit, revealing Himself to the soul, everywhere and at all times, where and when His people are.

“To be filled with the Spirit then, is to be full of Christ ; the understanding to be exercised about Him ; the mind full of Him ; the affections full of Him ; seeking to have His mind, the mind that was in Christ Jesus ; making His glory our aim in all we do ; His love our constraining motive ; and in our daily life ‘walking in His steps,’ ‘taken knowledge of that we have been with Jesus.’ All this worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit. All this surely is implied in those words of the Saviour, when speaking of the Holy Ghost : ‘All things that the Father hath are mine ; therefore said I unto you that He shall take of mine and shall show it unto you.’

“How essential, specially in our time, to have clear, because scriptural views of the Holy Ghost, His Divine person and offices.”

“*March 6th, '64.*—Preached at noon in Trinity Church on 2 Cor. v. 17 : ‘If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature,’ etc. The nature and evidence of conversion to God.

“On my return home, found matters ( \* \* \* ) not as I would desire. Evening of much suspense and of answered

prayer in more than one way. Oh, how these things bring one face to face with God. And how blessed to know, at such a time, of Jesus, that 'This Man shall be the Peace when the Assyrian shall come into our land.' How happy to know at such times, when we are taught more of ourselves, that it is *as we are in Jesus*, God sees His people and deals with them.

"My God, help me to live more to Thee, and oh, make me like Thee by Thy Holy Spirit's power.

"*March 7th.*—A day of anxious care, and, in the evening, of much bitter thought. 'I remembered God, and was troubled.' But there is a bright side, and to that I look. 'Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake those that trust in Thee.' Thank God for that assurance. 'Ye are complete in Him.' 'Accepted in the Beloved.'"

The above entries refer to the severe and dangerous illness of his wife at her first confinement. A son was born, but the infant life passed away almost before it could be called life. There was cause for anxiety regarding the mother for some time afterwards.

"*April 3rd, '64, Sunday.*—Dublin. Preached at noon in St. Matthias', on 2 Cor. v. 17: 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature,' etc. Congregation very large, attentive, and solemn. Felt that God was helping, and expect what I have earnestly sought—a blessing to souls. In the evening, preached at the Molyneux. The congregation was a vast and crowded one, probably 1,200. Spoke on Mark vii. 20: 'From within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts,' etc., and the remedy, Ezek. 36: 'A new heart will I give you,' etc. The thoughts, their sinfulness, and their reward.

Be renewed in the spirit of your mind.' May God bless the harvesting of this day to the saving of many precious souls, for Jesus' sake.

"*April 4th.*—Have reason to hope and to believe that God has made my Sunday's sermons of use to some. May it be to the saving of souls, to Jesus' glory, and through His Spirit's power. To be empty of self and full of Christ; to be myself nothing, that Christ may be 'all,' is my constant prayer to Him whose 'grace is sufficient.'"

"*April 23rd, '64.*—Psalm cxviii. Very full of beautiful and comforting thoughts and experiences, and intermingled (as is often the case with such psalms) with prophetic glimpses of the Messiah, and His kingdom, as if to indicate more clearly that it is from and through Christ that all these streams of grace and comfort flow."

"*August 18th.*—Reading, Psalm iv. 'Thou has put gladness in my heart.' Here is the happy experience of the believer. It is the language of one who has made trial of God's love, who has 'tasted,' and thus seen that the Lord is good. It is not the language of expectation, or even of confident hope, but of experience. 'We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen.' And we may observe—

"I. The fruit of this experience—gladness.

"II. The seat of this gladness, thus experienced—the heart.

"III. The Author of it—God. He, even Jehovah, concerning whom it was said just before, 'The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself.'

"(1) The fruit, or result of the believer's experience,

—gladness; that which the world is ever seeking—and seeking in itself in vain! That which religion, above all things, is thought to destroy—true joy; that which is spoken of by the prophet Isaiah: 'They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.' That gladness they do obtain—even 'peace and joy in believing'; 'gladness,' such as they had who had found Him who was for a moment hidden from them. 'Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.' Even so it is now.

"(2) Let us notice the seat of this gladness. It is the heart. There it is that God puts it."

"August 27th, '64.—Reading, Psalm xvii.

"The spirit of firm resolve, and yet of humble dependence that alike characterize the believer are here strikingly exhibited.

"I. In verse three we have the steady resolve and firm 'purpose of heart' displayed. 'Thou shalt find nothing (in me), I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.' And in verse four, the means whereby he was enabled to act on this: 'By the word of Thy lips, I have kept me from the ways of the destroyer.'

"II. But coupled with this firmness of purpose is entire dependence on a higher power. 'Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.' Here is the true source of strength—with purpose of heart, and firmness of resolve, yet abiding in Christ."

"September, '64.—Something of the irrevocable—of loss which cannot be repaired, enters surely into all pathos:—

‘No more by thee my steps shall be  
For ever and for ever!’

The very smallest action, performed for the last time, touches us. The most homely scenes, from which we are for ever separated, have a magic power. And this potent influence is felt, and this magic power experienced more forcibly and vividly in proportion to the value of that which we have lost, or the importance to us of that from which we have been separated.

“How full of pathos of the highest and purest kind is the narrative of St. Paul’s parting from the Ephesian Church; as we have it in Acts xx. 25: ‘And now, behold, I know that ye all among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more!’ ‘He kneeled down, and prayed with them all; and they all wept sore,’ etc., ‘sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.’”

“*March 23rd, '65.*—1 Kings xviii. Elijah lay by, so to speak, for three years and perhaps more, hidden by God’s command, his usefulness apparently at an end, his mission a fruitless one; the land whose people he longed for, a barren waste, morally and physically. How trying must such a time of inaction and despondency have been to him! Yet it was of God. And when God’s time came, he was called forth to be God’s champion, and the instrument in God’s hand, of reviving true religion in the land. How true it is ever that ‘in quietness and in confidence is our strength.’ To bide God’s time is His servants’ wisdom, while ever ready to say at any cost, ‘Here am I, send me.’”

“1866, Dublin, *New Year’s Day.*—Spared to see another

year. Preached at St. Matthias' at noon, good congregation. Spoke on the thoughts suggested by the collation of the two passages Acts xx. 22, and Rom. viii. 28 : 'I go not knowing the things that shall befall me'; and yet 'we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.' It was a subject full of comfort to myself. Many present seem to have been impressed, and I do trust, by God's blessing, edified. Oh, for grace to be found nearer to Him whose presence is joy, and whose favour is life. Wearisome often is the conflict, but the end is assured victory.

"Our little daughter was dedicated to Him who gave her to us, this day in baptism, at St. Matthias' Church. Presented to Him in faith. May she be His by faith for her days on earth."



CHAPTER VI,

*MOVEMENT.*

“And I smiled to think how God’s completeness,  
Flows around our incompleteness ;  
Round our restlessness—His rest.”

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### MOVEMENT.

THE ten years at Rincurran were years of quiet and steady, though of intensely earnest labour. As the eye glances over the worker's journal, one month seems just like another, one year almost the same as that which preceded it. Sunday service and sermons, classes and prayer meetings, daily Scripture readings and meditations follow one another with "chime of ceaseless motion," like that of the waves which break upon the shores of his sea-board parish. Almost all practical work has this appearance of monotony. It is habitual and regular, rather than spasmodic. Each day may really have its deeply eventful drama; each effort may cost the labourer throes of heart struggle, accompanied sometimes with agonies of hope and fear; but to the observer from without, there only appears a steady and constant routine. In later years, in his Dublin ministry, there was such a pressure of multifarious calls on Mr. Daunt's time

and energies, that it was often hard for him to be regular in his round of duty. He was so distracted by urgent appeals for his services here and there, that his own people had sometimes to complain a little of the difficulty of depending on his presence among them at the times when they felt they had a right to expect him. It is pleasant, therefore, to think of the many years in which steadiness and regularity of work are the prominent features of his ministry. But there are interesting episodes during these quiet years. He left his little retired corner often, for expeditions either into other parts of Ireland, or into the wider world beyond our stormy channel. He went sometimes for health and relaxation; but generally he went charged with some religious mission. His excursions were change of work rather than cessation of work.

In August, 1857, he took a fortnight's run through Scotland. It seems to have been a pleasure excursion. There is often danger for the earnest Christian in such holiday periods; a danger of allowing the relaxation of daily work to be accompanied by a relaxation of the devotional spirit, and of watchfulness for opportunities of doing good. The schoolboy throws away his books in the vacation, tosses his cap in the air, and gives himself up to amusement. Do not grown men experience

something of the same feeling when the holiday comes? If the service of God is in any degree a service of bondage, if it is not the delight and joy of the heart, if it is not the great interest and pleasure, as well as the duty of life, the servant of Christ, on his holiday, will be in danger of imagining that he is released from the obligation of testifying for his Master, and that he need make no effort to win souls to the Saviour. He will consider himself "off duty."

The Rector of Rincurran recognized his responsibility to his ever-present Master, just as much out of his parish as in it. While his heart was glowing with grateful love to his Saviour, and deeply impressed with the danger and misery of a life of alienation from Him he could take no holiday from the work of an evangelist. He could not be silent on the subject that he held most dear.

Very instructive and suggestive are the few words in his diary with which he concludes the description of his Scotch tour.

"*August 14th.*—Reached home this evening, in the goodness and mercy of God, after a fortnight's absence. I trust the journey may not be unfruitful to the glory of God; that some seed scattered by the way may be found to have taken root in good ground, and, watered by the Spirit of God, bear fruit to the salvation of souls. Many precious opportunities have been afforded me, and, in humble

reliance on the aid of God the Holy Ghost, I have sought to improve them. (The Scotch farmer in train from Greenock—the young gentleman in the steamer up Clyde—people, and one especially, in the train from Perth to Glasgow—engineer of steamer, etc. In these cases God seemed to have opened a door. May the words spoken, and the tracts distributed, not be without a blessing from Him who giveth increase.) To be the Lord's mouthpiece, in speaking for Him the Word of Life, this is a great and glorious privilege. May the Spirit of God draw my soul nearer to Jesus, and nearer to Thee, Gracious Father, to be more devoted, more faithful, more wholly Thine."

He often went to Cork to attend meetings of clergymen, gathered together for mutual improvement and the deepening of spiritual life by means of united study and united prayer. From an entry in his journal which I annex, it would appear that the revival of these meetings in 1857 was suggested by himself. Few men so young would have thought of making such a suggestion to those who in age might have been his fathers. Fewer still would have combined the force of influence to set the movement going, with the modesty, the tact, and self-forgetfulness, to do so without offence to others, or appearance of putting self forward unduly.

"*Tuesday, November 17th.*—Went into Cork to attend a meeting, appointed to be held this day, for the purpose of further considering what steps should be taken for estab-

lishing a meeting of clerical brethren, with a view to mutual edification; provoking one another to good works, and stirring up, under God's blessing and the blessing of His Spirit, more life and earnestness about the salvation of souls. The Lord seems to have suggested such a course to me first, as His instrument; and should it be matured to the promotion of His glory, it will be an unfeigned cause of humble thankfulness to have been the means used to carry out, in the first instance, my Heavenly Father's purposes. There were present to-day, Hon. and Rev. C. B. Bernard (Chairman), Mr. Finney, Mr. Brady, Mr. Swanzy, Mr. Benn, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Dobbin, Mr. O'Sullivan, and myself. Opened with prayer. Fixed on next day of meeting (D.V.) January 19th. Subject to be, 'The influence of personal piety on true ministerial usefulness.' Mr. Clarke to be Secretary. Circulars to be printed and addressed to the Diocesan Clergy. (Lord, bless this work to Thine own glory, for Jesus' sake)."

In the year 1859 his attention was directed to the extraordinary religious movement taking place in the North of Ireland, generally called the "Revival." Like most thoughtful men, he was partly attracted and partly puzzled by what he heard about it. Was it a reality, or was it a delusion? Were hearts really turned from sin to righteousness, from self-will to God, or were brains only touched for the moment by an infectious disease, and nervous systems shaken by a wave of spasmodic hysteria? Churches and meeting-houses were certainly crowded

by eager worshippers. Careless men and women were awakened to feel the misery and danger of godless lives. The story of Christ's love, and life, and death, stood out before their minds as something as real as if it had occurred yesterday. Evil habits were, for the time, at least, broken through. Knees were bent in prayer, voices were lifted up in thanksgiving, barriers of sect and party were broken down ; there were sobs of anguish and remorse for wasted life and sins of word and deed ; there was joy, and almost passionate thankfulness for the good news of pardon through Jesus Christ. All this was good ; it looked like the work of that Spirit whose fruits are described as " love, joy, peace, long-suffering," etc. But the physical phenomena so often accompanying—the swoons, the unconsciousness, the evidently hysteric symptoms—were they only morbid consequences of intense emotion, or did they give to the whole movement the character of a bodily disease ? Mr. Daunt determined to form his opinion, not from hearsay, but from personal observation. He went on a tour through the North of Ireland for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the movement. I give the extract from his diary in full, feeling sure that whether the reader agrees or disagrees in the judgment formed of the nature of the movement, he will follow the steps of the observer with deep interest :—



"*August 4th to 10th, '59.*—Cork, Dublin, and thence to Belfast and North of Ireland, to judge for myself of the great and blessed 'Revival Movement.' To aid memory I have transcribed the few following rough memoranda.

"*4th August.*—Journey to Dublin.

"*5th.*—Spent this day in Dublin.

"*6th.*—Left for Belfast by 8.30 a.m. train. Arrived at 2. Evening at Mr. Toye's prayer-meeting. First direct evidence of the Revival, perceived, I thought, in the boarding-house, where there seemed to be a general desire for family worship, which I consented to conduct, having the whole household for my hearers.

"*7th, Sunday.*—Went to Christ Church at 11.30. Very large congregation. Incident as to Communion, mentioned by Mr. Gregg, was illustrative of the quiet, unobtrusive work going on. Open-air preaching at Eglinton Street fields, 3 p.m. Struck by the observation of an old soldier relative to his own former and present state, etc. In Sandy Row witnessed many interesting scenes.

"Policeman met, and conversed with by Fletcher. 7 p.m., Service at Mr. Hanna's Church, Sermon by Andrew Bonar, Luke xxiv. 8, mainly intended for, and addressed to the communicants of the day; but very solemn and applicable to all alike. The stillness and solemnity were, at times, overpoweringly perceivable. Felt very deeply impressed myself. McCheyne's biographer I was prepared to rejoice in, and be favourable to.

"*8th, Monday.*—Did not forget our prayer union at 8 a.m. Proceeded by steamer to Bangor. Mr. Hartrick's testimony. At Bangor was directed by a man (farmer or such

like seemingly) on the pier, to take the road to Newtown-Ards. ‘Men of Macedonia, “Come over and help us.”’ Lad’s witness in Bangor, ‘many taken bad.’ Fell in with an old farmer on the road. Striking testimony on his part of the reality of the blessed work going on. ‘Has the Revival done the people any good here? Is there less sin, less drunkenness, profanity, profligacy; in a word less wickedness than formerly?’ asked Mr. F—— on the road. ‘*Oh, a heap less,*’ said he.

“Called on Mr. ——, Presbyterian clergyman. Took us to see some of the many cases of conviction, etc., in his district. Visited, 1. A young woman. Seemed in deep distress, very weak, and scarcely able to speak: asked the minister to pray on her behalf for faith; seemed deeply moved. 2. A girl, a child of ten years, had her Bible and hymn-book under the coverlet; said she was praying for the pardon of her sins. Joined by Rev. W. C——, who asked us to visit a tailor named Kelly, who had been ‘struck’ the day previous (Sabbath). Found his case a very remarkable one. Had been a reckless Sabbath breaker, an ungodly scoffer at the work of God; and that very day, though spoken to earnestly as to his wickedness, he had gone into the country to spend an ungodly Sabbath, had been struck down in an equally ungodly companion’s garden, overpowered by the thought, ‘God has nothing to do with me, and I surely have nothing to do with God’; was brought home, and when we saw him, came eagerly forward to meet the minister; on rising from bed, declaring his changed views, and firm resolve to lead a new life, with the help of God. Seemed wonderfully subdued and peni-

tent. Oh, that God may make such instances of His sovereign power to be witnessed here too, amongst ourselves.

“Remarkable scene in the house where two young women were, who had been thus seized or stricken, including the case of one whose face bespoke her joy, and who declared her happiness, which was very great, to have sprung from finding pardon and peace through Christ Jesus.

“All grades and classes seemingly, were affected. The leaven works in the mass, pervading and transforming all alike.

“After visiting such happy scenes, the only way I can describe my feelings—mingled ones of wonder, joy, and thankfulness—is, that the state of things witnessed by me approaches nearest of all that I have ever even hoped to see to what I anticipate the Millennium will prove. Much that is spurious and counterfeit there is, and will be, inevitably. But that the hand of God is in the movement, none who consider it impartially can doubt. And when we see thousands turning from sin to God, from wretchedness to peace and joy in believing, we cannot but bless God and say with grateful hearts, ‘What hath God wrought!’”

In the last week of April and first of May, 1860, Mr. Daunt took a circuit through many parts of England to plead the cause of the Irish Church Missions. His notes are too hasty and disjointed for insertion here. But he seems to have been much impressed with the beauty of many of the churches in which he preached, and

the quaint interest of many of the old English towns. He expresses gratitude for the loving and cordial reception he met. In some places the churches were well filled ; in some there were but a few present ; but there seems to have been a general interest in his subject and in his way of putting it. Thus he describes meetings at Norwich :—

*“Monday, April 30th.*—Meetings at noon and 7.30 p.m. Not very large, but that in evening very hearty, many thanked me before leaving, shook hands warmly, and wished God-speed to myself and the good cause. I humbly trust that the Lord has been pleased to bless His own word in that city to some poor souls. May He grant it for Jesus’ sake. It is a joyful thing to me to feel and know that ‘God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are strong,’ and that ‘it is not by might nor power, but by God’s Spirit,’ He is glorified and souls are gathered.”

He mentions many towns which he visited, specifying the texts on which he preached, and recording, in almost every case, a prayer that God might reach and touch souls by his feeble words.

On the whole, the tour was made bright and happy by the cordial welcome given to him by his English brethren ; and his diary sparkles with pretty little bits of word painting as he jots down

his impressions of the quiet villages, and stately cathedrals, and the

“Rivers that water the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth,  
But reflecting an image of heaven.”

Some English friends who read these pages will, perhaps, recall to mind the visit of the young Irishman, with his striking countenance, his joyous manner, his intense earnestness, and his fervid eloquence.

More deeply than by any Acts of Parliament is the union of the sister Churches cemented, when thus from one field of work to the other the loving labourers pass to and fro to give and receive sympathy and help in the toil that is equally interesting to both, and to breathe up their prayers together to the Father on whose favour and blessing they both equally depend.

The more personal and domestic events in Mr. Daunt's life are, as I hinted before, either very slightly, or not at all, mentioned in his diaries. But with him, as well as with others, the changing lights and shadows fell upon heart and home. When he spoke, as he often did, to his people, of bitter trials and disappointments, he spoke of what he had known something of by experience. Over those private hopes, and fears, and sorrows, a veil is drawn which we need not try to lift. If

shadows sometimes gathered round the young heart, yet, with the affection of his parents and friends so warm, and their bright society so near, the sunshine generally predominated. And he had learned the secret of that sweetest sunshine, whose beams no earthly shades can chill.

In 1863 a new period of happy and peaceful home life began for him. He was married on the 24th February of that year to Katherine Mary, daughter of Rev. John Leslie, Rector of Castle Martyr. Anxiety for her health makes the lines of his journal tremulous here and there ; but she was spared to be his companion during the rest of his life's journey. She was enabled to support his tottering steps in his days of weakness and illness. She was granted to see the last glance of his eyes before they opened on eternity, and to hear the last murmur of his voice before it joined the angelic choir. Still she watches over his children and endeavours to carry out among them the work he had begun. To her desire to have his work carried on among the Christian public too, we owe in a great measure the information which is put together in this volume. May I ask its readers who appreciate the Dean's noble character and beautiful teaching sometimes to remember in their prayers her whom his life made so happy, and whom his death has left so lonely, that she may be enabled, though sorrow-

ing, to be always rejoicing, that she may be strengthened for her important duties, and that she may be taught "to live her life though blighted in her love."

As the years go on, Mr. Daunt's journeys to and from Rincurran become more frequent. His fame as a preacher was gradually spreading. In places where he had been once there was a longing to hear him again. The great religious societies besought the aid of his powerful voice and winning manner. He had "sown the earth wide with friendships"; and friends from all parts of Ireland, and many parts of England too, insisted on his coming to them, and joining them in their circle, or helping them in their work. His active mind thought little of the long journeys. It is almost amusing to find jotted down in his journal one day, "Kinsale," or "Cove," or "Scilly"—little villages in the neighbourhood; the next day "Bristol," or "Derry," "Plymouth," "Shropshire," or "Cheshire," as if he were hardly conscious of the miles of land or sea that lay between. Still he always returned to his quiet parish and his far away corner of the world with expressions of thankfulness, and his ministrations went on with unceasing regularity, and with deepening interest, except when he was occupied with these labours of love in other places. I do not see any trace of his mind being dissipated, or his ordinary work being

made uninteresting to him, by this frequent running to and fro. He seems to have gone to Dublin, London, Ventnor, or Dusseldorf, much in the same spirit as that in which he went day by day to Rincurran and Cove. He was the Lord's servant, and had to serve Him here or there, as seemed most expedient at the time, or, as he would have preferred to put it, wherever the Master sent him. He had his daily study and meditation, and generally his entries of Scripture comments, in one place as much as another. He tried to be (like our great Pattern) "about his Father's business," wherever he might happen to be. I do not mean that there was about him the slightest affectation of stoicism or indifference to external circumstances. He threw himself heartily into whatever was going on around him. He was merry and social in company : he was enthusiastic in beautiful scenery. His animal spirits bounded with change and movement. He went abroad "rejoicing in the joy of beautiful and well-created things." But, whatever might be the circumstances around him, the great objects of his life and effort were just the same. The surface of the spirit might reflect the things outside, but the still depths underneath would be unmoved. And, as the doing of his Lord's will was the main interest of his life, he found it just the same over the bleak fields or beside the surging waves of Rincurran, as among the pine



forests of Germany, or the pillared aisles of the English churches.

Twice during this period of his life, he took summer chaplaincies on the Continent.

In 1862 he went for two months to Dusseldorf. His diary for this period is carefully written up, so that I am able to give it entire in our next chapter.

The month of June, 1865, he spent as chaplain in Kreuznach. His diary refers to a smaller book in which the account of his ministry there is recorded. The smaller book, alas! could not be found among his papers.

But a greater and more permanent movement was approaching. I have mentioned that he never felt quite satisfied as to his being in his proper place at Rincurran. This feeling seems to have increased very much towards the close of the period we have been going over together. Many considerations combined to make him think that his work in the old parish ought soon to be brought to a close, and a new sphere entered on. There may perhaps have been something morbid in his ideas on the subject. As to this, it is not my office to pronounce an opinion. I know that he meant right; but whether he judged right I know not. But while he was in this state of mind—unhappy at the idea of manifold failure at Rin-

curran ; distressed at the supposition, that the door of usefulness was closing rather than opening more widely ; seeking to be guided to some larger, or, at all events, to some other sphere of service—just at this juncture there came from Government the offer of another living. It was the parish of Ballymoney in a distant part of co. Cork, vacated by the promotion of Dr. Butcher, F.T.C.D., to the see of Meath.

Mr. Daunt thought he saw in this offer the leading he was praying for. His family think that he acted a little hastily, and that he hardly gave sufficiently full consideration to the step he was taking. I only record what happened. I do not know whether pressure was brought upon him to decide rapidly. But he decided on taking the living, and immediately Rincurran was given to its present incumbent.

The only entries in Mr. Daunt's journal on the subject are these :—

*"October 6th, 1866.—Returned home (from North of Ireland) shortly before midnight. Found a letter of moment awaiting me. May be a leading of God or otherwise. Will wait and pray and see. May God direct."*

*"8th, Monday.—To Cork."*

*"9th, Tuesday.—To Bandon, and Ballyneen (post town of Ballymoney)."*

“17<sup>th</sup>.—After prayer this day, finally resolved on accepting Ballymoney. May it be of God, and therefore for His glory.”

He went over to Ballymoney soon after his appointment to inspect his new house and sphere of labour. His great anxiety was with regard to the opportunities he should find there for the exercise of his ministry. When he arrived at the rectory, he was informed with great pride by the man in charge of the premises, that there was a fine new house, and forty acres of prime land, and, in short, “every comfort that a gentleman could desire.” What seemed such grand intelligence to the hired servant, made the pastor’s heart sink.

The life of a comfortable country gentleman! This was what it appeared he had before him,—good house, good land, good pay; but where was the work? A lonely place, well supplied, indeed, with material comforts, but only a few Protestants here and there over a wide area intersected by bog and mountain; this was what he had chosen for himself.

Great distress of mind ensued. It is indicated by two or three touches in his journal, reminding us of the “fiery finger here and there” that Autumn lays upon the leaves.

The notes on Scripture go on as usual, but

among them appear the marks of pain and anxiety in a heart that is still essentially a trusting heart.

*"November 25th.*—As to temporal affairs, 'tossed about' these days ; but in Christ 'quiet from the fear of evil,' and able to find rest for my soul in Him."

*"December 3rd.*—Learning to be more humble, I trust, and to rely more implicitly on God's wisdom, power, and love,—  
'In quietness and in confidence your strength.'"

*"January 7th, '67.*—Annual School Fête. Large gathering of young people ; and accompanied by a ceremony gratifying but melancholy for some reason. Presentation of children's gift and Sunday-school children's ditto. The shadow of parting is casting its gloom over these days. Lord, may I live all the nearer to Thee, the unchanging One."

*"11th.*—This day resigned my dear old parish, after nearly eleven years' ministry among the people. 'That all may be ordered for good,' is my prayer and my trust. Our mistakes and inconsistencies may be, and, thank God, are, overruled for our own welfare, and for God's eternal glory.

*"12th.*—Am firmly resolved to 'forget those things that are behind, and reach forth unto those things that are before,' and 'press toward the mark for the prize.' May He 'whose I am,' enable me to 'go on from strength to strength!'"

The pain that is here indicated was, I have reason to know, even more intense than we should have gathered from the few hints in his journal. As he

wrote its leaves, he was more or less communing with God ; and it seems as if a calm used always to soothe his heart in that Holy Presence.

But the loving eyes that watched him in his daily life saw that he was now going through deep humiliation and distress. "Never shall I forget," writes an affectionate member of his family, "the storm that passed over him. His soul seemed torn asunder at his own unfaithfulness in leaving one comparatively easy field of work for another still easier and better paid. It was a terrible struggle, which those who witnessed felt utterly powerless to aid him in. It was something unapproachable, something which only Christ Himself could quell with 'Peace, be still.'"

There are those who might sneer at this description of his distress. "The young man," they would say, "had just got a capital living. He need not have taken it unless he liked. Why is he fretting about his good fortune, and moaning about the comfortable provision he accepted with his eyes open?" Such hasty and unsympathizing criticism would show little knowledge of the difficulties and struggles of a sensitive heart and delicate conscience. Weakness there may have been in not more thoroughly grappling with the facts of the case before decisive action. Let those cast the stone of reproach who have never made a similar

mistake, who have never found out, after a decision, facts which it would have been possible to find out, and better to have found out before.

But those of us who feel ourselves to be frail and erring travellers on life's perplexing road, wishing to go right, and trying to go right, but often, in our blindness, taking a wrong turn, and finding out its wrongness only when we have gone too far to turn back,—we can understand what our brother went through. We can understand how the very richness of the emolument would add poignancy to the pain. The decision was made because on many other grounds it appeared to be the right one. Now that he felt it to be a wrong one, the feverish and excited conscience accused him of having been led by a golden lure. You may call these agonies signs of weakness; but are they not sacred agonies, nevertheless? Are they not wrung from the very strength of the heart's love? Would they have had any existence if there had not been an intense longing to do the Master's will, and live for the Master's glory?

I fear that clergymen's lamentations about their livings are often set to a somewhat lower key than that they have too much pay and too little work.

But after this period of mental storm, there came to him (as there did on several similar occasions) a sudden clearing away of the clouds—

quiet blue sky again, and the "clear shining after rain." The peace came both from within and from without. The inward clearing is noted in his diary in two or three suggestive lines.

"*Sunday, December 9th.*—Have been cheered this week by the voice of gracious counsel—full of comfort—'TRUST IN HIM AT ALL TIMES.' 'Thou, Lord, hast never failed them that seek Thee.'"

Almost immediately afterwards, guidance came to him from without also :—

"His friend, Dr. Butcher, Bishop of Meath, made him his private chaplain, and suggested that as he disliked the idea of going to Ballymoney, he might effect an exchange into the diocese of Meath, where he would be at hand to assist him in his confirmation tours and other work. After some little delay, this anxious time of suspense was ended by the Rev. Paulus E. Singer agreeing to relieve him of Ballymoney and resign the parish of Stackallen in his favour."

The following entry in his journal marks the close of his anxieties and uncertainties, and the beginning of another period in his life :—

"1867. *March 5th.*—My destination, humanly speaking, fixed by an official despatch this morning (D.G.). This morning five months the letter reached me which led to my removal from my old parish ; and to-day—not until to-day—was God's will and way concerning me made

plain. As it was of old in God's dealings with His people, He 'led them not through the way' that was 'near.' But 'God led the people about,' by a long way; but then 'the Lord went before them, to lead them.' Exod. xiii. *So is it now also.*"

We are not to suppose, however, that because anxious and harassed in spirit the practical work among his brethren slackened during these months. Whatever may be the inward conflict, the servant of God knows that the great realities outside himself are unchanged. The message of love from his Master is the same, and has to be proclaimed with the same earnest faith, even though the lips are quivering, and the voice trembling from the personal struggle. Men and women are living, sinning, suffering, dying just as usual, while he is perplexed as to his own way. Human history does not pause while he makes up his mind.

"The sick and the disconsolate  
On man's convenience must not wait."

And as he goes in and out among the poor, the ignorant, and the afflicted, he learns many a wholesome lesson as to the smallness of his own troubles in comparison to the vast issues that hang on the balance for the immortal beings to whom he ministers.

Mr. Daunt's parochial work went on incessantly.



It was sadder work, for the people of Rincurran knew that he was going away. It was harder work, for he had the charge of the two parishes upon his hands during the interregnum. He frequently went over to Ballymoney and preached there with his usual earnestness and intensity. Even in that wild region, considerable congregations gathered together to hear him and to welcome him. He mentions the deep attention of the people in church. He briefly records various meetings in school-houses. The wild scenery among which some of these are placed, struck him much. Those who are familiar with the lonely glens and quiet tarns, and bold and beautifully-coloured rocks in our Irish mountain districts will understand his little note on "Ballynacarriga." "Greatly enjoyed the visit. It is a wild spot, a miniature Swiss scene. Twenty-four children present in school."

Of the same place he says, a few weeks later: "Preached in afternoon at Ballynacarriga. Nice little congregation of very attentive people, apparently solemn and earnest. May these passing opportunities be owned and blessed to souls for Jesus Christ's sake."

Very deep was the sorrow felt by the people of Rincurran and Kinsale for the loss of their beloved pastor. "As I was passing along the sea-side path," says his sister, "I saw a poor old woman weeping

bitterly, and swaying to and fro. On asking her what was the matter, she sobbed out, 'Oh, tell me, is it true that the master is going?'" Among all classes of the inhabitants the feeling was the same. Even the Roman Catholics regretted the departure of one whom they respected as an honourable gentleman, and loved as a kind and genial friend, though they could not accept his teaching.

On the last day he ever preached in Rincurran, there was a touching scene in the little church over the sea. His twin children were brought there to be baptized. The church was crowded with his poor people. They were bowed down with sorrow as they looked for the last time into the face of their pastor, and listened to the deep and tender tones in which he bade them farewell. And when the service was over, they gathered round his little babes, kissing them and commending them to God. Many who wept together in the sea-side church on that sad morning are now rejoicing together in the Father's House, beside the "crystal waters," where the tears are all wiped away, and where "love never faileth."

Mr. Daunt himself went through too much at this time, to have the heart to write about it in his diary. We seem to feel a throb of his pain in a word or a prayer dashed down from time to time, amidst his daily Bible comments. But those of us who know the sacredness and

strength of the bond that binds together the pastor and his flock, can easily imagine his feelings. We who know what it is to "travail in birth" for our people, and "watch for their souls as those who must give an account"; who know the strong personal affection the pastor feels for the immortal beings whom he speaks to week after week in church, whom he sees in their houses in times of trial and sickness, with whose history of joy and sorrow he has become almost identified, in whose life and character he has observed, with alternating hope and fear, the signs of spiritual progress or declension; we who know the deep interest he feels for the individuals whom God has enabled him to win for Christ and for heaven, and to whom his counsel has been made a help and a joy—we who know, in a word, how dear to the Christian minister are the men and women and children he toils for in public, and thinks of and prays for in private, can picture to ourselves with how heavy a heart Achilles Daunt tore himself away from Rincurran. And through all the years of his after ministry,—through its incessant labour and movement and excitement, I believe there came back to his heart continually the memory of the quiet days among the sea-side villages. And as he was on his knees in prayer, there floated before his mind often, I am sure, a vision of the

old times : and the brown faces of the fishermen, and the worn countenances of their toiling wives and mothers, and the bright smiles of their rough-clad children, and the earnest gaze of wistful inquirers seemed to press around him once more, as in the little crowded school-house ; and the well remembered names of the old flock were breathed up to heaven along with those of the new friends in the larger circle. In the many interests of life the people may forget their pastor ; but as his labour of love for them is the chief interest of his life, the pastor (if he is a real pastor), never forgets his people.

CHAPTER VII.

*FOREIGN SERVICE.*

"The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valleys he has viewed ;  
And impulses of deeper birth,  
Have come to him in solitude.

"In common things that round us lie,  
Some random truths he can impart,  
The harvest of a quiet eye,  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

—*Wordsworth.*

## CHAPTER VII.

### FOREIGN SERVICE.

THIS chapter will be occupied by Mr. Daunt's journal of a two months' interesting residence in Dusseldorf, as Chaplain to the English church. He had three services and sermons every Sunday; one of them at a place called Herne, in Westphalia, about thirty miles from Dusseldorf. Here the congregation increased so much that he had to apply to the German Lutheran clergyman for the use of his church. An English lady, wife of the overseer of the mines, accompanied him in his visit to act as interpreter. He found the worthy clergyman sitting in the kitchen smoking his pipe. After hearing the request for the church, and cordially granting it, he offered a pipe to his visitor. It was explained to him that Mr. Daunt was a "*nicht raucher*." He then offered him a glass of wine. This also was declined by Mr. Daunt, on the plea that he was a "teetotaller." The poor lady was sorely perplexed how to convey the refusal to their host, as her knowledge of German

was not elastic enough to find a translation for "teetotaller." Mr. Daunt's smile and grasp of the hand, however, did duty for the missing word, and, in spite of his apparent unsociability, he made the old "*Pfarrer*" his friend.

One Sunday the church was particularly well attended, many Germans being present. The reason of it was curious. A report spread abroad that the English clergyman had been seen with a shining halo round his head. He supposes that the story originated with an old couple whom he had visited while they were in great affliction for the loss of their only son, who had just died. The words of joy and comfort he had been enabled to speak made them feel towards him as towards an angelic visitor, and excited fancy transferred the light that he helped to shine inwardly to the outward person of the messenger of good news. With the exception of these little incidents, we have the whole history of his German residence in the following extracts from his diary:—

"*June 2nd, 1862.*—Left home for Dublin, *en route* for Dusseldorf. Dublin, 7.15; Holyhead, midnight; London, 7, morning. Breakfast in London, and left by steamer for Rotterdam at 11 a.m. Fine passage, though raining hard when we were leaving the Thames. Reached the Dutch coast at seven o'clock, after waiting for the tide. Much pleased with Rotterdam. The whole thing was, to



me, a novelty of the oddest kind. Wooden shoes and brass money seem to be in vogue still, notwithstanding King William's glorious, pious, and immortal memory. Passed Utrecht and reached the Prussian frontier at 6 p.m. Here the baggage was searched, but no passport asked for; Dusseldorf at 8.45 p.m. Have travelled nearly 850 miles, one way and another, since Monday."

"*June 6th.*—Trying to do something for God. But how cold and dead the best is. Have been going my rounds here, and seeing my way to-day. People seem nice and hospitable, etc., but rather dead as to eternal things.

"*June 7th.*—Was encouraged by meeting with two good women, Miss R——, of the order of Deaconesses, and Mrs. W——, her friend, a German lady, but speaks English. They are both plainly on the good side. We spoke of a prayer meeting, to ask God for a special blessing on this poor dark place, and yet more dark and wretched mining districts, where I go to preach to-morrow (p.v.). There is hope even in this for Dusseldorf. Oh, may God make me thankful, and lead me on to do much for His glory.

"*8th, Sontag.*—Felt weak and nervous; but God gave strength. Our service commenced at 10.30. There was a fair and attentive congregation in the German Protestant Church. I preached on John v. 25: 'The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God,' etc. The people seemed solemn; eighteen remained for Communion. As soon as service was over, I was hurried off to the station, and carried away to Herne in Westphalia, where

was a service for the miners at 3.30. Reached at 2.30. The room was tolerably full; and the attention very great. Spoke on the history of the jailor (Acts xvi). Remained at Herne until Monday (9th). Went to visit the people. There were some things very encouraging, especially the account Mrs. Griffith gave of the effect produced by the service on her son. May God make it enduring. At 1 p.m. started for Gelsenkirchen, where I was comfortably lodged; and we had a meeting at six, after visiting several houses, and inviting the people to attend. All seemed very attentive, and some aroused and anxious; God grant that it may be so. Returned to Dusseldorf by 1.20 p.m. train. The rain of yesterday has cooled the air. Oh, for showers of heavenly blessing!

"10<sup>th</sup>.—Dusseldorf. Dined with P—s. After dinner went to explore the town. It is very pretty, inasmuch as it is so thickly studded with trees, and surrounded almost by gardens, which are beautifully kept, and tastefully laid out. Some of the views in these gardens are exquisite. The shadows on the water were peculiarly distinct, owing, they told me, to the clearness of the atmosphere. The bells were ringing with musical chimes, and altogether I enjoyed the evening's walk through this place, especially the Hofgarten, very much. The blossoms of the lime trees perfume the air, and the music of the nightingales makes the woods and shrubberies vocal with their thrilling notes. I am trying to learn German. Will succeed in time.

"11<sup>th</sup>.—Read Psalm lxix. and Matthew i. (Greek). In evening, part of 'O'Brien on Justification.' Visiting my new

flock, Mr. P——, Mr. B——, the poor invalid, and M——'s, Pempelfort. Walked by the Rhine bank this evening. Six large heavy-laden vessels were being towed up the river by a steamer. Current seems strong; grand river. Table d'hôte, 'Prince Pruss' to-day; curious scene to me. Dinner was a curiosity: soup, bouilli and cucumber, sort of hung beef or tongue, and beans; fowl fricasseed, venison and salad, blancmange and cherry jam; cheese, etc., and strawberries, or other fruit; and all (irrespective of Seltzer Water) for one shilling. Took a note of it as a curiosity.

"12th.—Set out at 7.30 for a run up the Rhine. Started by train for Bonn through Cologne."

"15th, Sunday.—Good congregation in church at Düsseldorf. Preached on 1 Peter i. 12. At 12.39 to Herne. Service at 3.30, felt cold and poor. On to Gelsenkirchen; service at 6, attendance good, and the people's attention was marked. Subject, Luke xxiii.; the dying thief. Evening with Mrs. K—— and J——.

"16th.—Have to note this day as the day of a signal interposition of the loving goodness and providential care of God on my behalf, having narrowly escaped being crushed under a falling mass of rock in the Gelsenkirchen colliery. God has spared me, I trust, to do somewhat more for Him on earth ere He takes me to the resting place above. May I praise Him yet more and more continually. Called on the German clergyman, and asked him for the use of his church at Gelsenkirchen; this he promised to give, and accordingly on next Sunday evening (D.V.) we will adjourn to the church.

"17<sup>th</sup>.—To Dusseldorf. Evening at Mr. P——'s.

"18<sup>th</sup>.—Reading Psalm lxxiv. Oh, what a comfort and blessing to be able to 'put God in remembrance,' as He Himself says, of what He has done; the purchase made; the redemption accomplished; and then, as being His own in Jesus, to be able to appeal to Him on behalf of our cause and interest as His own, 'O God, plead Thine own cause,' or, as elsewhere, 'Forsake not Thou the work of Thine own hands.' Oh, that I may be always able thus to realize the oneness of my soul with my Saviour, membership in His body, His flesh, and His bones; so that not only 'all may be well,' but that I may know and feel that all is well, ordered aright, to my own good and His glory.

"Bishop O'Brien on 'Justification.' Sermon I. on 'Faith'—nature of.

"19<sup>th</sup>.—Corpus Christi. Grand procession of monkery and mummery, banners and crosses, etc., about the town. Like Paul, one cannot but feel the spirit stirred within him at seeing the whole place, *quasi*, given to idolatry. Visited Mr. G——, the sick member of the flock, read for and prayed with him. May God open his heart and save his soul. Dined with Mr. M——. Afterwards in Miss R——'s rooms, a few gathered for prayer and reading of God's word. Saw some reason to think this evening that God has not brought me here without a gracious purpose of love and goodness. Be it so, or otherwise in this matter, as God shall see fit. Walked by the Rhine in the quiet of the evening. Everything was calm and beautiful. Myriads of fireflies were swimming about in the gardens, under the trees, their brilliant flashes lighting up the dark glades in

the quiet recesses of the groves and shrubberies of these beautiful gardens.

"20th.—Rose at 7. Reading, Psalm lxxvii. When things seem to be dark and adverse, and the 'soul refuses to be comforted,' how well it is to follow the Psalmist's example, and 'commune with one's own heart,' and 'make diligent search,' and it will soon be found that the cause of that heaviness and want of joy is not in God's having 'forgotten to be gracious, and suffered His promise to fail,' but in ourselves. 'This is *mine* infirmity.' Some besetting sin indulged, some selfish interest fostered, some coldness towards God given place to. And then, when by looking in, we are enabled to see our own wretchedness; and, like Noah's dove find no resting place, by reason of the desolate wastes therein, we are 'led to remember God—to meditate on all His works. And 'His love in times past' to His people, yea, and to my own soul, 'forbids me to think, He'll suffer me now in perdition to sink.' No! 'What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.' I will thank God, and take courage. I will 'trust and not be afraid.'

"Gk. (with Bengel's Gnomon) St. John ix. 'The disciples asked Him,' etc.; they knew that He could tell them. And to us Jesus saith, 'Learn of Me.' 'I will teach thee.' Cause of this man's blindness explained to be 'that the works of God should be made manifest in him.' Thus does God make even sin and its results to redound to His own glory. There are doubtless countless other worlds, and other races of beings, and to them in all probability, it is reasonable to infer from such passages as Eph. iii. 10, 1 Pet. i. 12, the character of God could not have been so

fully known, nor His glory thereby so fully displayed, had not man fallen, and redemption been planned and accomplished in such a way and at such a cost. Viewed from this side, transcendently glorious must appear the mercy and love of God. And thus is man's guilt and misery made even to exalt God's glory, when the works of God are manifested thereby. How striking the progress of the narrative—Jesus said 'Go, wash.' He went and washed, and came seeing. So it is with the sinner in obtaining spiritual sight.

"Evening at Mrs. K——'s with Miss R——; reading and prayer. The more of such the better. Account of Mrs. K——'s conversion was very interesting. Had been on the stage as amateur performer. Awakened by seeing the husband of her friend die. Six week's misery, then Christ and peace.

"*21st.*—More rain and chilly damp than I have yet seen at Dusseldorf. Read Psalm lxxviii., part of, and Acts i. in French Testament. Jesus departing that the Blessed Spirit might descend. After, apud Pempelfort. Visited poor Mr. G——. Seemingly better in spirit though weak in body.

"*22nd, Sunday.*—Preached at Dusseldorf, on Heb. xiii. 8. Congregation good, though there was heavy rain. Afternoon, Herne. Torrents of rain. At Gelsenkirchen at 6, German church. The bells sounded pleasantly over the fields, and many of the German people gathered in, no doubt from curiosity, to see the service. May God give us His blessing.

"*23rd, Monday.*—At Herne, visiting, etc. Gelsen-

kirchen—evening, and on Tuesday, 24th ditto, until one o'clock. Dusseldorf at 3.20.

"25th.—Delighted to find that Capt. C—— is one of those whose heart is right with God. We considered the state of things together, and arranged to have a social gathering for united prayer and reading of the Scriptures. God seems to be moving hearts amongst the people. Oh, that a great blessing may rest on us, to God's eternal glory.

"Lecture this evening in 'Bilker Strasse' school, nineteen attended. Spoke on John xvii. 24 : 'Father I will that,' etc.

"26th.—Evening, visited Capt. C——'s. Forwarded through him a letter, which in God's providence may lead to important results. I am sure that I have not been led hither for nothing. There is a purpose of God's yet to be developed. Let me wait on Him, and tarry His own leisure.

"27th.—I find that it has been very good for me to withdraw from those influences which I felt were so distracting and enervating at home. To move in other scenes, and to be witness of the trials and the sorrows, and blessings too, of others, is good for one sometimes ; leads to larger views, and truer appreciation of the vicissitudes of time, and the value of what we have in the Immutable One, whose love 'many waters cannot quench.' Dined at Pempelfort, and in the afternoon at five we went to Capt. C——'s to a prayer meeting. Fifteen were present besides myself. Capt. C—— first spoke. We then sung a hymn—'How sweet the name of Jesus'—I then read and spoke on part of Rom. v. We joined in prayer. May God answer our earnest petitions in sending down a great blessing on many

souls here. How wonderful that where one least expects it, God opens up ways and means of doing His work, and setting forward His kingdom and praise. We may trust Him with the cause of His own glory, and go forward in the assurance of faith.

“Evening. Again at Pempelfort. Very pleasant evening. May the Master help me to be always a faithful and wise steward.

“28<sup>th</sup>.—Rom. v. Noticed in reading the Greek that there are two reigns spoken of: the reign of death by reason of sin; and the reign of life of those who have received grace and righteousness in Christ, in life, made kings to God.

“Visiting and visited. Too dreamy for much good. Evening: walked to Obercassel, on the other side of the Rhine.

“29<sup>th</sup>.—This was a stirring and hopeful day. Set out in humble reliance on God’s power and blessing. Preached at noon to a good congregation. Matt. xxv. 30; Parable of Talents, etc. Very solemn, and seemingly impressed. To Herne at 3.30. Preached on Jonah i. 6: ‘What meanest Thou,’ etc. Evening at Gelsenkirchen. Again Matt. xxv. 30. Good attendance in the old German church. Singing very effective. The people were peculiarly solemn, and I do trust that God’s Spirit was among us. The German pastor and his family attended.

“30<sup>th</sup>.—Was spoken to this morning by Mrs. B—, deeply impressed apparently by the sermon of last night; alive to her sins, and anxious about her soul. Promised to spend an evening at her house. Many things look hopeful.



Oh, for faith to believe and be assured that God is able and willing to do great things for His own Name's sake. Had my class this evening. Much interested in them. May God bring all to Himself. Had interesting conversations with the 'Jungermenschen' at Hibernia. Much to hope for, God helping us onward.

"*Fuly 1st.*—After a hasty visit to Herne, returned to Dusseldorf this afternoon, safe and sound in God's mercy. Evening at P——'s.

"*2nd.*—Psalm xcii., retro. and Psalm xciii. How blessed and glorious to know that the Lord, of whom it is written 'The Lord reigneth,' and 'is clothed with majesty,' is our Father, whose goodness, wisdom, and power are all engaged on behalf of His own; that goodness assuring us that what He does is the kindest and best for us, for our truest interests; that wisdom assuring us that that kind and loving dealing on His part is planned and accomplished in the best and surest way; and that Almighty power establishing the heart against any notion of want of ability on the part of our Father, and enabling us to say, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' Thus to be able to rejoice in our Father in Jesus Christ is to feed on that bread of life which gives life and strength to the soul. 'Lord evermore give us this bread!'

"*3rd.*—Left for Köln at 11. Remained until 5. Visited the cathedral, and made my way through the streets, 'the pavements . . . with murderous stones' of Coleridge. Never saw such a higgledy-piggledy place, repulsive to at least three senses—sight, feeling, and smell. A river of Eau-de-Cologne running through the streets,

might do something to relieve *one* of these three senses, but probably *not much*.

"O Cathedral of Köln, who that gazes on thee but must remember that there are men who 'begin to build, but are not able to finish.' This grand relic (all Köln is full of relics) of old times, is neither a fine building nor a magnificent ruin—about half-and-half. Modernized splendour and crumbling decay are blended in strange juxtaposition. On almost every pillar is a begging box for something; and the whole place, I thought, wears the aspect of gorgeous mendicancy, and sublime pauperism. May God yet fill this house with His glory; the glory of the preached gospel of Jesus Christ. At Köln I met with a Dutch minister who, as he told me when he saw me, was impelled, phrenologically, by a strong desire to have a talk with me. We travelled together to Capellen, above Coblentz, and carried on our conversation, chiefly on theological subjects, in four languages—German, English, Greek, and Latin, to the surprise and amusement of our fellow passengers. Felt much interested in this young man. Exchanged cards, and parted with a cordial expression of mutual goodwill. Slept at Mayence—a queer old fortress of the German Confederation, crammed with soldiers, and bristling with cannon. Had a very snug room looking out on the Rhine.

"4th.—After study and meditation, set off for Wiesbaden from Castel. Arrived about 11.15. Wonderfully elegant place, for which nature has done something, art very much. I admired the beautiful avenue of chestnuts, running almost all through the town on one side. The gardens, too, are

very beautifully laid out and kept. The Kürsaal, where all the gambling goes on, I did not visit, but heard a striking account of its horrors. After waiting some hours, started for Schwalbach by omnibus. The road winds along the hills, which are covered with wood, so that for, perhaps, two or three miles, our route lay through a forest. Then emerging from the woods we descended into a valley, which presented scenes of increasing interest and beauty, till we reached Schwalbach—a nice little town, celebrated for its mineral springs. Here I found friends, and remained over night. Having forgotten to ask the name of my hotel, R— M— and I went wandering about in the dusk for ever so long, trying to recognise it, which I finally succeeded in doing and got to sleep.

“Read this evening at Schwalbach, John xvii., and the communion was very happy.

“*5th.*—Left at 7.15 for Wiesbaden, and from thence by 10 a.m. train for Maintz, and Köln. Reached Dusseldorf (D.G.) in safety at 8.25. Heavy thunderstorm here to-night.

“*6th, Sunday.*—My 5th Sunday here! Felt much exhausted after the exciting journey of yesterday, and the travelling of the two preceding days. Preached in Dusseldorf poorly, on Mal. iii. and Psalm lxix. : ‘Will a man rob God?’ ‘Then I (Christ) restored that which I took not away.’ Herne at 3.30, in German Church. Congregation pretty good. Gelsenkirchen at 6.30. Here we had a splendid congregation, and very attentive. The singing, too, was good. Preached on 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8. Hope for and look for, because promised of my Father, a bless-

ing on His own glorious Gospel. After church, went to drink tea with Mr. and Mrs. B——. Had prayer before leaving.

“7th, *Monday*.—Rather *ermüdet* after last few days. Chiefly sat within; read and prayed with J—— P——. ‘Sick and weak.’ Seems anxious. The good Lord bless this opportunity to his soul. Visited in a few houses, and left for Dusseldorf at 5.15.

“8th.—Visited poor G——, and administered the Communion. May God thereby strengthen his heart, and make Jesus nearer and more precious to his soul. Not able to read much. This early dining perplexes me, and disorganizes my system—if I have any. Making some progress in colloquial German, and in music—a little. Find great comfort in prayer, and that I can really rest on the loving promises and loving care of my best Friend. This is something. But I need so to be emptied of self and more conformed to the image of God in Christ Jesus.

“9th.—Mittivoch. Reading Ps. cv.”

“11th.—R—— M—— made his appearance this evening. Went together to Captain C——’s prayer-meeting.”

“13th, *Sunday*.—Preached on Rev. xxii. 30: ‘Surely I come quickly,’ etc. Solemn and attentive congregation. At Herne, German Church, congregation improved. Preached on 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8. Gelsenkirchen, 6 p.m. Same as morning. May God bless the setting forth of His truth this day, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Remained at the mines on Monday, and on—

“15th, *Tuesday*, at 1.15 p.m., started for Amsterdam, meeting R—— M—— at Oberhausen. Reached Amster-

dam at 8.30. Walked down through the city, one crowded mass of rickety-looking houses, dirty canals, and everlasting bridges over them. The people suffer immensely from want of water to drink. Everything is very dear and costly. But Dutch cleanliness is worth something extra.

"16th.—Amsterdam. Walked from the station through never-ending bridges, canals, and windmills. Called on the English chaplain. Visited the Picture Gallery. Some very fine pictures to be seen, especially of Rembrandt, Teniers, and Cuyp. Set off by steamer at 12 a.m. for Zaandam, a regular out-and-out Dutch place, built on both sides of a huge canal. Saw Peter the Great's house, and about two hundred windmills. The scrupulously neat houses and the abominably filthy little canals that run alongside, and all round them sometimes, were in striking contrast. Returned to Amsterdam for dinner, and in the evening went to the Zoological Gardens, where the whole city, almost, seemed to be gathered, listening to music and drinking coffee. Some of the people were attired very strangely.

"Circumstances which occurred as illustrations:—

"1. In Amsterdam. After walking through interminable streets, all apparently the same, over no end of bridges, and through crowds of dull-looking Dutchmen, we resolved, after a long search in vain for the street in which our hotel was, to ask a postman where we should find it; he looked at us in amazement, and said, 'Why, here it is,—you have it here!' We were actually in the very street. I thought of Rom. x. : 'The Word (Christ in the Gospel) is nigh thee; none need ascend up to heaven,' etc.

2. "Two railways, diverging from the same point (Duisbourg), running side by side for some time, then parting widely to meet no more. So, I have often thought, is the ungodly man's career. Leaving the straight and safe path, at first by a slight divergence, he contrives to make *his own way* run parallel to, side by side with, God's way for a while. But this cannot last long, and then——!"

"17th.—In the morning we walked about the city. The king's palace is built, we were told, on 13,600 piles, driven seventy feet deep in the mud. Jews number here about 50,000. Their 'quarter' is readily recognized by the accumulated masses of dirt which it presents to the eye of the traveller.

"At 11.15 on to Utrecht. Beautiful town for so tame a country. Ascended the cathedral tower, 370 (some say) feet high. Rickety-looking at the top. From this there is a magnificent view for many miles in every direction. 'Slinters festival' going on here. Saw the old bishop's tomb (1216) in the cathedral, of old black marble. Returned to Dusseldorf by night.

"18th.—Held our promised meeting this evening. The attendance was good; included several Germans. Opened with a hymn. I spoke on Jer. viii. 20. Then R—— M—— (very admirably). All was apparently solemn and earnest. More and more does it seem to me that there is a movement here.

"This evening had the joy of hearing from poor G——. 'Now I can feel I am safe!' Looked so peaceful and happy. It made me so joyful. 'Safe in Christ.' At rest, near home. God is so true in that which He says: 'As I

live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner.' Jesus is so true in that which He says : 'I will in no wise cast out.'

"19th.—Saw G—— G—— again this evening. All is well, though the sands are fast running out. We dined at P——.

"20th, *Sunday*.—Dusseldorf. Preached on 'the dying thief,' Luke xxiii. 42. Afternoon at Herne. At conclusion R—— M—— spoke. Large and attentive congregation. Subsequently at Gelsenkirchen, where also large numbers attended. Oh, that God may make the work of these days exceeding fruitful, to the saving of many souls.

"To see the numbers that filled the aisles as they retired after the service was invigorating. Put me in mind of good revival times. We returned to Herne for the night, and on to Dusseldorf next day. Had a pleasant walk towards the dark, leafy hills of Herne this Sunday evening.

"21st.—Found, on my return, that poor G—— G—— had fallen asleep in Christ last evening. Blessed change ! 'He has saved me ! I feel I am safe now !' were the simple, but expressive, declarations of his faith in Jesus. Just before he died, he called his father and mother to kiss him and say 'good-bye.' Soon after, his mind wandered, and he said, 'I have three bridges to go over,—so narrow. But I am across two of them now. Presently I will be over all.' Then he looked up, drew a long breath, and died."

"23rd.—Spoke in the congregation on Rev. xiv. : 'Blessed are the dead,' etc.

"24th.—We committed the remains of poor G—— to

the dust this morning, at 9 o'clock, close to the Rhine, where the grand old river rolls its waves in on the strand. There it was, shining in the morning sun, hurrying on to the sea, as time hastens on to eternity, and its wild eddies causing their strange music to sweep along the shore. There, under the shade of the trees, we laid the 'dust to dust,' until the Resurrection morning, 'in sure and certain hope.' I spoke at the grave on the words of that glorious triumphal song: 'O grave, where is thy victory?' All were solemn. May God bring it home to all our hearts.

"25<sup>th</sup>.—Had our usual little prayer meeting at Capt. C——'s. Opened up the passage 1 Cor. xv. 55 to end. May God bless these quiet opportunities of holding forth the word of life, and setting Christ in His saving truth before poor sinners. Have had a good deal to try, and exercise me this week. But I know, and am sure that God will bring all to pass in the way He sees best, to His own glory. I can only ask Him to guide me, for all is dark before me, and I am fearful of choosing my own path."

"27<sup>th</sup>, Sunday.—To be noted as, I think, the most arduous and exhausting day of ministerial duty I ever passed through, considering especially the great heat, the length of journey, and other accessory difficulties to be met and surmounted.

"Texts were:—

"1. Dusseldorf: Gen. xxiv. 49. (Large congregation.)

"2. Herne: 1 Pet. iv. 7: 'The end of all things is at hand,' etc.

"3. Gelsenkirchen: Heb. xii. 1, 2: 'Looking unto Jesus.'



Here administered Communion, and baptized two children subsequently.

“28th.—Visiting among the people at Gelsenkirchen. Some seemed to be a good deal affected by our parting. I do hope and believe that the good seed has been, by God’s blessing, sown for ever in some hearts. ‘And we know that whatsoever God doeth it shall be for ever.’ May God’s eternal blessing rest on that little flock. Left for Dusseldorf at five o’clock. *Lux hodie* (?)

“29th.—In Dusseldorf saying ‘Adieu.’ Evening at P. Ft. Very pleasant—prayer, etc. Then at Capt. C——’s; joined here also in prayer. I do believe that God has been doing a real work in Dusseldorf. Such evidences as the letter of Mr. G—— are real, and great cause of humble thankfulness. In every way, whether in observing and doing them, by His help, or in preaching and teaching them, I can say: ‘Thy statutes (and especially that “this is His commandment, that we should believe on His Son, Jesus Christ”) have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.’

“30th.—Left Dusseldorf, perhaps for ever. Reached Köln at 12.45. Raining and blowing tremendously. Got wet while endeavouring to discover the ‘original’ (rather difficult out of thirty or forty ‘originals’) fabrique of Eau-de-Cologne. Hope I succeeded, and carried off my specimen. Torrents were running in the streets, giving the wretched place a good scouring for once.

“At a quarter before three, started for Frankfort-on-Maine. The Rhine looked awfully grand, wrapped in the dark storm clouds, and its current lashed into spray every now and again by the sudden gusts from the mountains, which, with

their castled brows, seemed frowning down on the unseasonable and gloomy scene. Arrived safely (after having narrowly escaped being run over by an engine at Maintz) at Frankfort about half-past ten. Let me thank God most gratefully for His mercies to me this day, and at all times. Hotel de Russie.

"31st.—Frankfort. A stirring place, not without its grandeur, and with many old historic recollections and relics. Goethe's birthplace, and the house in which Luther lived, etc. Also Guttenberg's monument. My reminiscences of Frankfort are not the most agreeable, having found the people both untruthful in word and dishonest in act. May be attributable to the large money-getting element introduced by the immense number of Jews. Rather inclined to give way to spleen at the station, when the calm, cool old man deliberately charged such an enormous sum for my portmanteau. Hardly imagined that I had so much spite in me. The train passes through a beautiful country the greater part of the way, bounded on the one side by a fine range of rugged hills, mostly covered with vines; and on the other side, towards the Rhine, are orchards and cornfields, with here and there, below Darmstadt, extensive and flourishing looking plantations of tobacco.

"Reached Heidelberg at 8.40.

"31st, *Evening*.—After arriving, heard that there was a grand display of fireworks on the Bridge and elsewhere by the students of the University, on occasion of their breaking up for vacation. Went off to see it. Stood on the Bridge and enjoyed the cool mountain breezes, after

a hot and wearying day. Saw the grand torchlight procession through the streets, four hundred or five hundred students bearing torches, and headed by their band.

“Obtained some interesting information, subsequently, from one of the University men (my fellow-traveller to Darmstadt) about the University ‘conjunctions,’ etc., (*i.e.*, ‘sets’). Cost about half our college education—50 Thrs., £7 10s., per annum.

“*August 1st.*—Heidelberg. Can see the Castle and the wooded hills from my window. It is very beautiful. My beau-ideal of a lovely scene, or combination of scenes, almost, if not entirely realized. It is *Anglified* too, not too much, in taste, language, etc. This makes one feel more at home. Have a desire to make this my place of sojourn again, if God permit. After breakfast, made my way to the Castle. Was greatly delighted with the old stronghold itself, with the existing remnants of its ancient grandeur; and, above all, with the wooded grounds and beautiful terraces around and before it, especially that which on the left of the Castle projects over the river, commanding a surpassingly beautiful view of the Castle, and the wooded heights over it, rising in leafy tier over tier; and also the hills opposite covered with vines and chestnuts, with their wild, romantic-looking ravines running between the crags, down to the Neckar which flowed on in the golden sunlight, under a clear blue sky, to meet the ‘lordly Rhine’ at Manheim, winding its way, after escaping from the mountain gorge at Heidelberg, through a valley studded with vineyards and orchards, and

glowing beneath the summer sun. In the way of physical and material beauty I never recollect having enjoyed anything so much before.

In the afternoon, returned to the Castle grounds, and climbed up by a path in the woods to the summit of one of the lower ridges far above the Castle. Here there is a restaurant, and I sat refreshing myself—on teetotal principles—with coffee, and exulting in the panorama. From thence by paths in the woods along the rugged hill-side, to a point nearly over the ‘Victoria,’ and then descended through huge rocks and fruit gardens to the road, and so to the hotel. In such a place as this one may enjoy thoroughly quiet communion with Him ‘who hath made all things, and for whose pleasure they are and were created.’

“*2nd.*—Crossed the river by the old bridge, and clambered up the steep hill opposite the Castle, through the vineyards, vines and grapes literally overhanging the little pathway. It was very hot—too much so for me—too great a glare round everything to admit of the views being seen to perfection. But in a shady dell farther on, where the trees kept the path cool and fresh, it was delightful. Someone to speak to, and able to sympathise, would have greatly enhanced the pleasure. But it is certain that ‘whate’er of earthly bliss’ our Father denies, He more than compensates for in the enjoyment of Himself, in the intercourse of the heavenly directed soul with Him ‘who is about our path,’ His people’s ‘exceeding joy,’ ‘the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.’ Returned at one o’clock to table d’hôte. Left by express train for

Cologne, *viâ* Darmstadt, at three. Crossed the Rhine at Maintz, and so on to Coblentz. Arrived at Köln at 10.10. Transferred my luggage to the express about to start, and reached Aachen (Aix-la-chapelle) ten minutes before midnight. Hotel — ‘Le Grand Monarque’ (Dremel). Felt somewhat at bidding adieu to Heidelberg. But God knoweth what is best, and it seems to have been His leading. And if so, ‘all must be well.’

“*3rd, Sunday.*—Aachen. Service at one. Very good congregation—in a very nice German church. Enjoyed the service much, and the Communion afterwards felt to be refreshing and strengthening to my soul. In the afternoon I trotted through the suburbs. Observed that the people kept the Sunday tolerably well, and was much interested in various objects of historical note in the old city of Charlemagne. In the Cathedral (as usual, combining squalor and grandeur), Charlemagne is said to have been buried. There are curious old towers and castles here and there, part, probably, of the ancient fortifications. But what chiefly interested me was the hot springs, bursting up here and there, supplying the people, by open reservoirs in the streets, with plenty of warm water, without the cost of fuel.

“Service again in evening at seven. Sermon on 1 Tim. v. 24. Good in every respect—except one—no Christ, and therefore no Gospel in it!

“*4th.*—Through Liege, Mechlin, etc., to Ostend. 6 p.m. for England.

“*5th.* Dover at 7 a.m. Slept at Dover. Enjoyed a

few hours here greatly. On to London at 1 p.m. Started for Dublin at 8.30 p.m., by night train.

"6th.—Dublin.

"7th.—*Domi*. After two months' absence. Kept by the loving care of God."

CHAPTER VIII.

*WIDER SPHERES.*

“You may smile, or sneer or pity ;  
You may fancy it weak and strange ;  
My eye to yon smoky city,  
Still returns from its widest range.

“My heart in its inmost beatings,  
Ever lingers around its homes :  
My soul wakes up in its greetings  
To the gleam of its spires and domes.”

—*H. Bonar.*



## CHAPTER VIII.

### WIDER SPHERES.

THE new scene of Mr. Daunt's labours was a curious contrast to Rincurran. Stackallen is situated in the co. Meath, about four miles from Navan, its chief town. The country is particularly rich and well cultivated. Softly undulating hills, green with the abundant grazing grass for which Meath is famous ; gentlemen's seats embosomed in woods ; comfortable farm-houses surrounded with corn-land and meadows, divided by luxuriant hedges ; the beautiful river Boyne, a word of war in history and song and politics, but a sight of calm loveliness as it winds, sometimes through quiet fields, sometimes through softly wooded valleys, sometimes under grand cliffs of lofty rock, where the sleeping waters are black with solemn depth, and yet glistening with reflections of grey rocks and golden lichens, and the varied green of moss and fern and foliage—such are the scenes that meet the eye now instead of the bleak headlands and hungry sea of Rincurran.

His residence at Stackallen, though brief, was pleasant to himself and profitable to very many. His own parishioners were few; but the little church was soon filled with worshippers, as people from many directions and long distances came to find a Sunday's rest in the vivid views of the Lord's presence and the Lord's love which the earnest preacher was enabled to bring before them. And his sphere was now not so much the little parish as the great scattered diocese. He accompanied the bishop far and wide in his tours, preaching in many churches, cheering both clergy and laity with his hearty sympathy, and forming friendships which lasted for life.

His health improved rapidly. He enjoyed the rich and quiet scenery. He explored the country in every direction, and was delighted with his visits to scenes of historic and antiquarian interest—ruined churches, ivy-covered castles, strange green mounds where, as the visitor stands and sees the rich landscape spread beneath him, his attention is divided between admiration of Nature's soft fair face, and wonder as to the history of the long-forgotten tribes who piled up these earthen forts, and their friends or enemies or descendants who carved the quaint inscriptions on the ruins hard by.

But this pleasant time of comparative rest did not last long. Mr. Day, exhausted by his long and arduous labours in Dublin, accepted the living of

Enniskillen, and the important post of St. Matthias' became vacant. It was offered to Mr. Daunt when he had been only a few months rector of Stackallen. Again the storm of anxiety and conflicting feelings arose in his mind. The position to which he was invited was one of great importance, and deep and varied interest. It was the post which, of all others in his country, he knew to be most congenial to his tastes, and best suited to satisfy his aspirations. But ought he to accept it? Were his powers of mind and body sufficient for the strain that would be put upon them? Could he consider himself able, in any degree, to fill the place occupied so long by his revered friend, Mr. Day? He had a diffidence about himself that made him imagine that it was only through the blindness of partial love that so many of his friends thought him well fitted for the position, and urged him to accept it.

One eminent Dublin physician whom he consulted pronounced that the work of St. Matthias' would kill him in a year. Another told him that, with a little caution, he might undertake it without risk. What was his right course? What would his Master have him to do?

It has been much urged upon me that I am not to make this memoir a mere panegyric, but a real history, in which both success and failure, weakness and strength, are impartially recorded. It is right

for me to say, then, in the language of one who loved him much: "He was ever inclined to be vacillating at such times. His imagination conjured up all sorts of probable and improbable, possible and, indeed, often even impossible, difficulties and contingencies."

There are many people who have no difficulty in being decided. Firmness of purpose comes to them with dangerous facility. If you can only see one path,—if your eyes are shut or blinded to all others but the one you choose,—you can walk on with an unhesitating tread. There is a so-called decision that is only a melodious name for stupidity, prejudice, and narrowness of mind. But if your intelligence is quick to see the many considerations there are on every side of a grave question; if your heart is honest in its purpose to put away all predilections, and to choose exactly what seems the right and the true, no matter what you may feel, or what others may say; if your conscience is finely strung, and sensitive in its dread of partiality, impulsiveness or self-will, decision will not be such an easy task. I do not say that you cannot be decided under these circumstances. You may be so, and ought to be so. Your thoughtfulness may diligently gather together all the conditions of the problem; and when you have marshalled them in array before your understanding, breathing an earnest prayer for the Spirit's

guidance, your judgment may boldly pronounce its verdict on the evidence before it, and your will, obedient to its dictate, determine to act accordingly, and to adhere unflinchingly to its resolution—not because it is a fine thing to be determined, but simply because the course determined on seems to you to be the right one.

With Achilles Daunt, as we have seen before, there was such intense, almost morbid, sensitiveness of conscience; such quickness and fecundity of imagination, that the judgment used to be tardy in pronouncing its decision, and, for some reason or other, the will a little faltering in adhering to it. On the great principles that were to guide his life he was perfectly decided. On the main lines of action he determined to follow in religion and conduct he never wavered. But there was many a practical turning-point in which he hesitated and changed his purpose with changing views of duty. So it was now. The eve of a period in which his spiritual and mental powers were to be brought to their culmination was a period of apparent weakness. He could not make up his mind. The strong swimmer shivered for a while on the bank before he plunged into the depths.

I think it is well that we should notice this; well that the man's strength and weakness should be brought together in one glance before our minds.

Thus, when we go on to consider his great work in Dublin, his marvellous success in winning souls, the vast power and influence that he wielded, it will be more easy to remember that "the excellency of the power was of God, not of men."

After much distressing suspense, he determined on leaving the decision of the question to his father, and on answering "yes" or "no" according to his advice. The father's advice was a surprise to some of the family. Knowing how his heart was wrapped up in the son who had always been such a joy and comfort to him, it was thought that he would strenuously oppose his undertaking responsibility and labour that might be dangerous to his health. But the wise and matured servant of God would not grudge his son to "spend and be spent" in his Master's service. He was in favour of his accepting the post. Achilles felt this letter from his father to be a plain indication of the path of duty, and immediately after receiving it wrote to accept the incumbency of St. Matthias'.

He was still, however, so diffident of himself, so fearful of failure or break down in the work on which he was entering, that he delayed his resignation of Stackallen for some months, so that he might fall back on it again if he found himself unequal for St. Matthias'. And so, with trembling step and anxious heart, he entered on what we

may describe as the scene of his great spiritual triumph. Not with gladness or elation at being chosen for so important a place; not with self-confident expectation of doing wonderful things, and showing himself off on a prominent arena; but with a deep sense of his own unworthiness and weakness; with prayers for help which were almost like wailings of distress; with a simple obedience to the Divine call, he came to the sphere where such joyful success and such glorious blessing were to attend his labours. He came—almost hanging back as he came—drawn forward by the Hand to which he clung.

We think of the crowds that soon flocked to his ministry. We think of the affection with which he was almost worshipped. We think of the vast sway and influence exercised by his words and opinions. We think of the fear, and trembling, and self-distrust with which his work began, and we cannot help being reminded of the words of the chief among the apostles: "I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling . . . that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of God."

He records his decision in his diary in the following characteristic words:—

"*August 2nd, 1867.*—Wrote this afternoon formally accepting the incumbency of St. Matthias' Church. I pray

God that it may be His good pleasure (as it would seem to be His will to call me thereto) to 'stand by' and 'strengthen me,' and enable His poor unworthy servant to go to that place in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. It is a great comfort to have learned the way to the throne of grace, and found of a truth that 'when I am weak then am I strong.'"

His first sermons in St. Matthias' as its incumbent were on Luke iv. 19, in the morning, and Col. iii. 2 in the evening: "To preach the acceptable year of the Lord"; "Christ is all."

These two texts bring before us well the main tone of his preaching through the whole period now begun. He was essentially an evangelist. All his exhortations, and pleadings, and warnings, and invitations seemed to concentrate and gather themselves together and sweep their strong currents through the channels that may be described in these two words—"CHRIST" and "NOW." The Person of our Lord Jesus, His life, character, work, love, atonement, and sympathy; His outstretched arms at the present instant to receive and welcome immediately all who come to Him for pardon or help—these truths, under various forms, rang out in every sermon he preached.

Others, perhaps, may have had more skill in analysing human feelings, or in throwing light on intellectual difficulties, or in leading Christian people



on to wider knowledge and a larger range of thought; but God granted to this man, in a very special way to stir the slumbering conscience, to attract the wandering affections, to fix and decide the wavering will by causing to stand out in vivid prominence, the simple fundamental revelations that Christ invites and that Christ saves.

It is hard to describe the effect of his work in St. Matthias'. The church had always been crowded in the mornings. A vast congregation had valued intensely the weighty, earnest, and deeply instructive teaching of the pastor, who had guided them so long. But now, besides its own steady congregation, strangers poured into the church from every direction. The seats were crammed. The aisles were black with men, who had to stand through the whole service. Many had to go away, finding entrance impossible.

And Mr. Daunt made it a point always to preach himself in the evening as well as in the morning. Indeed he seemed generally to be more thoroughly at home with the simpler congregation that pressed to hear him then, than with the well-dressed assemblage in the morning. The result was that the church became as full as it could hold at both services. The people were different, but the numbers were the same. Shop assistants, college students, labourers and their families, ser-

vant men and servant women crowded into the spaces left vacant by the seat-holders of the morning. And with the most affectionate love and earnestness, Mr. Daunt set before them the good news of everlasting life. He stood there with the tenderness of a friend and brother, with the solemnity of a messenger of God, and seemed as if he would not and could not let any one go till the divine message had been taken to heart.

Various causes contributed to swell the living current that poured Sunday after Sunday to St. Matthias'. Mr. Daunt had not been long occupying this post, when Mr. Gladstone's resolutions for the disestablishment of the Irish Church passed both Houses of Parliament and received the Royal assent. If wealth and earthly position were taken from the Church, new power was given to her by the same Act. The old "Convention laws" were repealed, and as her goods were being removed, she was allowed the privilege of self-government. The first Church Convention met. The enthusiasm of common danger and common anxiety filled the Assembly Hall to overflowing. All the Episcopal Bench, the ablest of the clergy, the most influential of the nobility and laity, met in anxious and earnest debate to prepare for the coming revolution. There was storm in the meetings; there was excitement; there were outbursts of fiery zeal; but

there was deep earnestness; there was unflagging interest. The whole Church held her breath while the debates were continued, on which her very existence seemed to depend. A state of things which had gone on for generations was to be at once overturned. Provision had to be made for exigencies never before experienced. A constitution had to be formed for the government, management, and self-support of a Church, whose traditions for ages had accustomed it to depend alike for support and for government on the State. Every forward step was a step into the unknown. Is it any wonder if the Convention was a scene of earnest and concentrated excitement? Is it any wonder if the speeches of prelates, and peers, and distinguished lawyers, and learned divines—speeches thrilling often with splendid eloquence, weighty with grave and thoughtful wisdom, though disturbed sometimes by outbreaks of passionate eagerness—is it any wonder that those speeches were listened to in the Convention, and studied in daily papers outside as the most important and interesting of national events.

For many weeks Dublin was filled with the delegates from the country, and their families and friends; and St. Matthias' was always the favourite church for the members of the Convention. Every one wanted to hear Achilles Daunt. So the crowds in the church became greater and greater, and the current

of living beings I spoke of just now, turned back with an eddying stream of disappointed ones, who could find no room within the doors.

Under these circumstances it was determined to do at once what had often been thought of and spoken of before, but left unaccomplished hitherto—to improve and enlarge St. Matthias' Church. The building had been erected before the revival of architectural taste in the country. Convenience, comfort, and facility of hearing were the objects its designers had set before them in its construction. Beauty they had not aimed at, and beauty they certainly had not achieved. An endeavour was now to be made to bring the interior arrangements of the church into some conformity with ecclesiastical usage, and to increase its accommodation. The high pews were to make room for low, open benches. The "three-decker" arrangement in front of the Communion Table was to be swept away. The old carved oak pulpit (in which Dean Swift used to preach, and which had been given as a kind of loan to the church) was to take up a more modest position. A new chancel, with choir seats, was to be thrown out, the organ removed from the west end and placed in a choir-aisle, built for itself, and the number of sittings increased by several hundreds.

As these improvements would take many months

to effect, the second concert hall in the Exhibition Palace, which was quite close to the church, was hired to accommodate the congregation, during the *interim*. After a few Sundays the numbers attending became so great that it was necessary to take the large concert room—a vast area seated for three thousand people. Immediately this hall, too, became crowded, till not a spot or corner was empty. When every available seat and bench was occupied, the sextons could sometimes be seen bringing out from the adjoining room old boxes, which were eagerly seized on by those who had been standing all through the service. “Never shall I forget,” writes my often-quoted correspondent, “the sight that presented itself there week after week ; the dense mass of people, the burst of sound when the hymn was given out. Literally, the great organ was almost drowned, and one could scarcely hear the sound of one’s own voice. Then Achilles Daunt appeared on the orchestra, with that firm tread and that peculiar expression of deep, intense feeling on his pale face, which he nearly always had when going to speak to a crowd. And then a great hush fell on the people when he gave out the text, in that clear calm tone which penetrated to the very end of the building.”

One evening he preached on Acts ii. 41 : “ The same day were added unto them about three thousand

souls." The hall was, as usual, packed in every corner, and the feeling of solemnity was inexpressible when the earnest preacher assured the congregation there was no reason the three thousand now assembled together should not be added to the Lord that night.

During this period he was sent for to visit a young man dying of diphtheria. The young man's mind had been awakened to deep anxiety about his spiritual condition ; and, through Mr. Daunt's simple declaration of the Father's love and the Saviour's atonement, had been led to a quiet resting upon God. As his end drew near, he seemed to cling more and more to the messenger who had brought the glad tidings to his heart. Mr. Daunt sat with him for hours, as the gasping life was ebbing away. He held him up on his bed till his own hand and arm became quite cold from the pressure of the almost lifeless body. Just before he breathed his last, the dying man implored Mr. Daunt to take a message from him to the people who assembled in the "Exhibition" next evening. "I shall be with Christ," he said ; "but beg of them all, especially the young men, not to put off preparing to meet their God till they come to where I am now." The man died that night. Next evening, when the eyes of the vast crowd were all fixed upon the preacher, he said, "I have a message to you from the dead."

The stillness was almost awful as, with simple pathos, he described the dying scene, and pressed home to every conscience the message, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Some months afterwards his sister met him coming towards home, late in the afternoon, with a radiant face. She pressed him to come into the house and take some food, as he had had nothing since breakfast. "I have had something better to eat," he said, "than you could give me." And, taking her by the arm, he went down the road with her, giving her the following account of an interview from which he had just received great pleasure :—

"Just now," he said, "as I was going down Leeson Street, I saw a policeman coming to meet me, who looked so bright and so glad to see me, that, though I could not recall his face or name to mind, I thought my memory was at fault, and that he must be an old acquaintance. So I put out my hand, and said so to him. 'Oh, sir,' he said, 'you don't know me, but I know you well, for you brought me to Christ.' 'How so,' said Achilles. 'Well, dear sir, do you remember giving a message from the dead one night in the Exhibition? I was there that night, and felt the words cut me to the heart. I hurried home, and such days of misery as I endured before peace filled my soul, before I knew I was pardoned! But, at last, it came; and then my first thought was for my brother, who is also in the constabulary. I longed for him to share my joy;

and, sir, the only thing I could think of was to bring him to hear you, and now we are travelling the same road to our eternal home.' ”

Young men seemed to be particularly attracted and impressed by these Exhibition services. There was a combination of manliness, simplicity, and genuine sympathy in Mr. Daunt's manner of speaking that had for them a great attraction. He felt very keenly the tremendous temptations to which young men in a great city were exposed. He felt also that the majority of men who take the side of God and goodness come to their decision in the early days, when the heart is still fresh and the conscience sensitive. He longed and yearned to gather in a great company of brave young soldiers into the Lord's army. And so, both in prayer and preaching, he strove for them very specially. And they felt his appeals to be almost irresistible. They flocked to the Exhibition in great numbers ; and from various quarters, in various ways, tidings reached him that his appeals were responded to.

One evening, after service, a young Roman Catholic clergyman asked to have an interview. He was in a state of deep spiritual anxiety. He had been very much touched by the loving address he had just heard. He was painfully struck, also, by the contrast between the simple scriptural teaching that had come with such music to his soul, and



the dogmas to which he had been accustomed. He had a long conversation with Mr. Daunt. The confessor poured forth the natural confession of burdened heart to loving and sympathising brother. The two men knelt together in earnest prayer to the Father who loved them both and knew their needs. They clasped each other's hands, and parted, never to meet together again on earth. But we trust they will be side by side when our Lord marshalls together the ranks of His redeemed; and earthly misunderstandings, and mistakes, and prejudices, shall melt away like the dews of night before the rising sun.

These services brought together people of all denominations. Men who would have shrunk from entering a church, felt much less dread of a secular hall. Vast numbers, it is believed, listened to Christ's Gospel in the Exhibition Palace, who had not for years heard the sound of it anywhere else. Many Roman Catholics slipped with the crowd into the Concert Hall. They felt themselves less exposed there to opposition or odium from their co-religionists; and a very considerable number of them, I am informed, were led, by the preaching they heard there, to happy heart-faith in the Lord Jesus, and to a bold coming forward in open testimony to His truth. Deeply interesting were the conversations Mr. Daunt had in private about this

time with Roman Catholic gentlemen and ladies who came to speak to him of their old difficulties, and their new hopes.

The work at the Exhibition was to him specially congenial. It was the kind of work he felt himself best fitted for. He has been heard to say, half in jest, when Savonarola's work in Florence was spoken of, that his own mission was somewhat analogous—that he was “just a preaching friar.” When we read of the thunder of the “Frate's” voice as it rolled through the aisles of the Italian “Duomo”; when we read of his emaciated face, and the look of inspiration on his countenance; when we read of the dense throngs who listened to him, and were swayed by his words as the branches of the forest are swayed by the wind, we feel how “history repeats itself,” and how the power of deep convictions, and impassioned earnestness, and a self-devoted life bows and bends the masses of mankind much the same in one century as another—much the same among the crowds that work and play under our cloud-laden western atmosphere as among the crowds who bought and sold and gossipped under the deep blue of the Italian skies.

Only as we take our retrospect into the past, and think of the preacher whose name was a power in European history, and then think of our own friend whose name is unknown beyond the few thousands

whom he touched and influenced in this little corner of the earth, we remember too, that the world-famous friar was a preacher of wrath and terror—that the burden of his song was woe—"woe, woe to Florence"; while the orator who brought the swelling to our Irish hearts, and the tears to our Irish eyes, was a preacher of good news; that what he pressed upon us with such passionate fervour, and caused to be received with such grateful gladness, was the story of Divine Love, the secret of human hope, and the well-spring of human joy.

And so, while the awful denunciations of the Florentine find their place on that history whose sheets will crumble away in a few centuries, the teaching that brought hearts into communion with the living God, and brought lives into sweet conformity with His will, has its record and memorial in no less enduring archives than the shining pages of "the Lamb's Book of Life."

It was a source of general regret when the grand gatherings in the Exhibition ceased. The restoration of St. Matthias' was completed. The church was re-opened. Its pastor had to return to his special sphere; large indeed—large enough for most people—but neither so large nor so varied as that which for twelve months he had been occupying, and in which he had been enabled to carry on such a remarkable work.

The last service in the Great Hall was held on the evening of July 31st, 1870. It is thus referred to by Mr. Daunt in his diary :—

“Concluding service in the Exhibition Building. Congregation very vast, and very attentive. It was a solemn scene. Spoke on Deut. xxx. 19: ‘I call heaven and earth to witness against you this day, that I have set before you life and death.’

“After having held our services in this building for now nearly twelve months, there was something very solemn and impressive in bidding this place farewell to-night. God has been with us there, and many will have cause, as I believe, to remember our gatherings in that place (designed and built for a very different purpose) to all eternity. For this I desire humbly to thank God. To Him be the praise.”

Between young men and Mr. Daunt there was, as we saw just now, a strong mutual attraction and sympathy. On Sunday evenings it was a common custom with him to make his brother, who was in college at the time, or some other intimate friend, bring a number of young college men to spend the evening at his house. He was especially anxious to greet any who were turning their thoughts towards the ministry, or any who, being separated from home influences, might be helped and cheered by a friendly talk over the things of God. Tired and exhausted as he was after his services and sermons, he was not too tired to try to make the evening happy and

profitable for his guests. Very bright and joyous he used to be on these occasions, and

“The cares that infest the day”

used to

“Fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away.”

If the young men liked mirth and laughter, it would have been hard to get more of it anywhere than at the board presided over so cheerily by Achilles Daunt. Then came the little loving word in season, and the earnest prayer at the close. And the solemn services of the past day, and the fervent word of exhortation at family prayer, seemed all the more real for the free laughter and bright jests at the evening meal. For the transparency and and reality of the man's character was apparent. And his delight in little anecdotes and humorous accounts of things heard and seen gave the young people a sense of freshness and charm in his society, and made them listen with the warmer interest when, with the most natural transition, he turned to the deeper subjects which were always near his heart, and so ready to come without awkwardness or straining effort to his lips.

On Monday evenings the Young Men's Association held its meetings in the school-house. The same charm which he brought with him everywhere, Mr. Daunt used to throw like a spell over

these meetings. Sometimes he would announce on a Sunday evening that he intended to carry on the subject of the sermon at the young men's class next night, and then the large schoolroom would be crowded from end to end, while men sat on the stairs outside, hoping to catch something of what was said.

I believe the multiplicity of his engagements prevented him from attending the class at all its meetings. But his occasional presence, and his constant sympathy, combined with the earnest efforts of his curates, and of some of the young men themselves, stirred up a great enthusiasm for the Association, and made it a powerful instrument for good. A young man who used to attend it regularly has stated that during his connection with it, he personally knew of fifty men who were led to take their stand decidedly and boldly on the Lord's side through the teaching at the class. "How many more there may have been," he says, "I cannot tell; but I know of fifty, and of these I am one."

Every Tuesday evening during the divinity term in College, the divinity students were invited to Mr. Daunt's house. There was a hearty and social tea first; then a paper read or address given by some experienced clergyman; and then a lively conversation led by himself. He took great delight in these meetings; and young clergy-

men from all parts of Ireland, and many parts of England too, bear witness to the help and benefit they derived from them. This, like many of his other plans of usefulness, received through him such an impetus that it has gone on with an increasing wave of strength ever since. Though another pastor receives the guests and occupies the chair, still the students gather in week after week in the same house, and study together on the same plan, how to carry on the practical work of the ministry, how to win souls for Christ. Mr. Daunt's successor has the joy of inheriting this work from him; and among his most trusted friends, and most dearly loved fellow-labourers he numbers many of that earnest throng of divinity students who "hold sweet counsel together" at his Tuesday evening meetings.<sup>1</sup>

On Friday afternoons his well known and extensively popular classes for "young ladies" were held in the large school-room. A great work for good was carried on there too. The room presented a beautiful sight, full from one end to the other with—

"The bright and ordered files,  
Like spring flowers in their best array,  
All silence and all smiles."

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<sup>1</sup> These or kindred meetings were first instituted, I understand, by the present Bishop of Ossory, then rector of Sandford.

But the minister of God saw beyond the fair and gentle faces, beyond the smiling welcome, and the earnest glances of the upturned countenances ; saw into the important future of these youthful students ; looked with the eye of faith and loving imagination down the vista of their opening life—that life of which he could say with the poet—

“Oh, thou child of many prayers,  
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares.”

And to strengthen them for their life's work and life's duties, to decide them in their life's choice of that which is real, noble, and enduring, rather than that which is glittering and superficial—to encourage them to live the life of true women, ministering rather than ministered to, gladdening and comforting and brightening other lives rather than grasping at a little momentary brightness for their own ; to make their lives radiant with holy ideas and rich with holy works was the great aim and endeavour of the teacher for his beloved pupils.

The scene at these classes has been described to me by the graphic pen of one who found in them both joy and strength for her own life. Her words will recall vividly to her companions the nature and tone of Mr. Daunt's teaching, and make many an eye moisten with the memories they bring back.



"In teaching, that most animated of methods, the catechetical, was always employed. Questions were given suited to all capacities, so that the young ones, who might happen to be neither deep thinkers nor zealous students, had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, 'in their own order,' no less than those more advanced in spiritual and intellectual things. Most kind was he in his manner of receiving an answer — seeming to take it as a personal favour, thanking the giver of it; and, when it was the fitting thought in the fitting words, enjoying it enthusiastically as a naturalist would the finding of the specimen he was in search of. As a rule the questions were general. But when one of these failed to elicit an answer, he would appeal, by name, to members who were likely to be able to contribute it, but were keeping silence that others might speak.

"A characteristic feature of his teaching was the constant use of illustration. A scientific fact, a striking story, a line of poetry, a popular proverb, would be freely pressed into his service to drive home a moral truth. Anything that he saw or heard would be made to furnish a lesson. He was always 'listening down the heart of things'; and, in answer to his humble sympathy Nature revealed to him many of her hidden correspondences with the moral kingdom. He had a fine instinct for the exact import and weight of words, and he tried to rouse his class to share it with him. Accordingly he was never content with a definition that was either too wide or too narrow. The class were encouraged to elaborate for themselves the hints of imagery scattered broadcast through the Epistles in harmony with the original

simile. For example—such a text as ‘Quench not the Spirit’ would be dealt with somewhat in this way. ‘Quench’ means ‘extinguish a fire.’ The Holy Ghost is the fire. Christ is the refiner (Mal. iii. 3). Christian people are the precious metals, subjected to the threefold influence of fire—1. Melting. 2. Separating metallic substance from earthy matter. 3. Clearing from alloy. The melting might represent repentance. The second natural process would correspond with the deliverance from open sin. And the third with the sanctification of the heart and mind. As there are three ways by which we may put out an ordinary fire, so there are three ways of quenching the Spirit. 1. By withholding the fuel necessary to keep it alive, or by giving it only an insufficient quantity. How often a few hurried utterances in the morning, a few hasty utterances in the evening, are the supplies on which the Christian depends; how often, again, is the Bible left unopened. 2. Then it can be extinguished by throwing on it water—the outward forms of orthodoxy that will avail so little that great day. 3. And lastly, by allowing the ashes to congregate, and by failing to stir it up—the ashes of formality, of appearance, of profession.

“His love of external nature often showed itself. He, too, could have said—

‘I love all that thou lovest,  
Spirit of delight!  
The fresh earth in new leaves drest,  
And the starry night;  
Autumn, evening, and the morn  
Where the golden mists are born.

He had a great tenderness for flowers, especially violets. An artistic nature like this would find its congenial companionship and expression in poetry; and accordingly, his teaching and conversation continually disclosed the wealth of verses from the best writers that he had assimilated and stored up in his memory. Derivation was one of his favourite studies, because it helped him to get at so much of the poetry that lies hidden under common words.

"The tone of his teaching was peculiarly hopeful, producing the conviction that it was always possible, always worth while, to do the next right thing, however lamentably one might have failed heretofore. 'Take a fresh start,' he would say; 'the Christian life is made up of fresh starts.' His heavenly-mindedness must not remain unnoticed. His 'citizenship' was indeed 'in heaven.' There was a ring of genuine interest in his tone when he spoke of 'that land of wonder.' Sometimes he brought cases of pecuniary need before the class, to meet with so eager a response that the request to cease contributing soon followed."

Great influence on the rising generation was also exercised by Mr. Daunt's confirmation classes. His very manner and countenance at these were a sermon to the young people. He communicated to them by his every tone and gesture his sense of the tremendous responsibility of the step they were about to take. His principal themes for exposition were the three main lines in which Christian resolution and Christian duty run—Renunciation, Faith, and Obedience. Under the practical home-thrusts of his

teaching, the "world, the flesh, and the devil" became not dry and formal theologic terms, but awful dangers, whose presence in their daily life the candidates could not help recognizing; the articles of the Christian faith became solemn but glorious and gladdening realities, to be clasped to the heart with earnest gratitude; the "Commandments of God," took their places as holy voices calling them upwards, urging them to brave endeavour in the hourly battle between good and evil in life and heart and home.

But the most important work at this confirmation time was that carried on in his private interviews with the candidates. Wonderful was the sympathy with which he would enter into the peculiarities and difficulties of each separate case. He would seem to feel by instinct the spiritual wants of each one, and with rare patience and marvellous skill suggest to each the thoughts, the truths, the consolations that each most needed.

I can conceive some beginner in the Lord's service who is perplexed and discouraged by the difficulties he finds perpetually entangling him, saying to himself, as he reads this page: "Oh, that I had such a helper! Oh, that I had some one who would understand my case, and give me the kind of sympathy and advice that is here described! How much easier it would be then to go on my journey! How

much safer and happier should I be in my Christian life ! ”

Brother or sister, the Shepherd “ Whose own the sheep are ” knows best how much help it is well for you to have. He cares for you and knows your circumstances. By Him the very hairs of your head are numbered. He will supply all your need. Perhaps it is better for you not to have a human hand to lean on. You might lean on it too hard, and relax your grasp of the “ everlasting Arm.” Perhaps it is well that none but Himself should understand your difficulties. He and you will thus have more secrets together ; He and you with no one between. Sometimes the tender plant needs an earthly stay. If so, it is surely given to it. Sometimes its strength is brought out by having to battle by itself with the storms. Infinite wisdom arranges for you. Thank your God for the stay if He puts it beside you ; but do not murmur if all alone under the stars of heaven you have to battle with the elements. He is making you brave and strong. He is teaching you self-reliance in its only true form—reliance on the help and sympathy of the Most High.

“ Well it is for us our God should feel  
Alone our secret throbbings ; so our prayer  
May readier spring to Heaven, nor spend its zeal  
On cloud-born idols of this lower air.”

If your Lord gives you the help of human sympathy and wise, loving, human advice, take it and use it as a precious gift from Him ; if He gives it not, be sure He can lead you better without it. Whether you have it or have it not, let your prayer be :

“ Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.”

CHAPTER IX.

*CULMINATION OF THE WORK.*

“The world's a room of sickness, where each heart  
Knows its own anguish and unrest ;  
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,  
Is his who skills of comfort best ;  
Whom, by the softest step and gentlest tone,  
Enfeebled spirits own,  
And love to raise the languid eye,  
When, like an angel's wing, they feel them fleeting by.”  
—*Keble.*



## CHAPTER IX.

### CULMINATION OF THE WORK.

**D**URING the latter part of his Dublin ministry, a very important class was held by Mr. Daunt for ladies engaged in Christian work of various kinds. It was not confined to members of St. Matthias' congregation, but workers came to it from all parts of Dublin to find help and sympathy, and genial and judicious advice. The meetings are not carried on now. Other organizations have taken their place. But they formed for several years a centre round which was gathered a circle of earnest labourers for the glory of God, and for the comfort and enlightenment of their fellow creatures.

Much time was taken up, as may easily be imagined in the visitation of the sick. Such a vast congregation as that of St. Matthias' must always involve a long sick list. And those who come to worship and learn in the public services of the Church while in health, naturally look to its ministers in sickness to bring to their bedside the consolations

of the "Word of God and prayer." Mr. Daunt was peculiarly qualified for this most sacred and most difficult part of ministerial work. His step gentle yet firm in the sick room, his voice soft and yet clear, his touch tender and yet not nervous, gave the poor sufferer a sense of rest. He seemed, by every tone and gesture to show both the will and power to support. He came as a messenger of God ; and though his approach was gentle as the gliding of an angel's wing, he never shrank from the faithful delivery of his message. He was tender to the sick or dying one, but, when needful, he used the probe. He refused to soothe with false peace. The man or woman lying on that bed might soon be in eternity. He could not be satisfied with merely saying what was sweet to the ear. He felt He must above all speak what was true to the conscience. But he did not worry (as I fear many clergymen do) with hard, set questions. He did not puzzle and agitate the poor aching brain with anxious self-searchings. Like a wise physician, with hand softly but steadily measuring the pulse's throbs, he soon felt, through the fine instinctive touch, what spiritual medicine was most required, and administered honest warning, clear statement of truth, or cheering and soothing encouragement, according to what he perceived to be the soul's need. Some short, telling passage from Holy Scripture he generally left with the

patient, giving point and unity to the conversation, and causing a distinct definite impression to remain. Several such passages have been mentioned to me years afterwards, by those who heard them in their hour of trial, and felt them ringing in the memory ever since.

But what most impressed the sick whom he visited was the intensity of his tenderness and sympathy. The skill was great, but the love was greater. He seemed to identify himself with the sufferer, and throw his whole heart into the individual case. And with a wonderful grace, and beautiful absence of self-consciousness, he could express the affection he felt so as to give pleasure where pain was the prevailing atmosphere, and bring a little light of joy, where the darkened life was specially joyless. Thus a daughter in deep distress describes his visit to her dying mother: "He was so gentle, so loving; before dear mother died he stooped down and kissed her." God only knows to how many homes in this city, darkened by suffering and death, that messenger of His brought light, and hope, and peace.

As years went by, the calls on his time became more constant and more exhausting. He would not stay his hand; he would not rest. "My life will not be long," he used to say, "but I must work while it is day." The sick and the suffering, hearing of the comfort he brought, used to yearn

for his presence. From every direction the calls came for his visits. And the time for visits left him was but short. For as was mentioned in our first chapter, his house used to be crowded for hours daily with claimants for his advice and sympathy. His sister tells me that she has known people in the dining-room, drawing-room, and study at the same time, waiting to speak to him, while he was obliged to carry on his business with a brother clergyman *in the pantry!*

Is it any wonder if, although he did much, he was obliged to leave much undone? Is it any wonder if the regular routine of parish work was a good deal hindered? He was besieged in his house, waylaid and stopped in the streets, kept waiting after every service in church. Is it any wonder if he was sometimes irregular or unpunctual? People may call this eager following of the man "idolatry," and say that it was weakness on his part to submit to it. It is easy to criticise. It is not always so easy to judge correctly for another. A certain kind of working may not be good as a model for imitation, and yet it may be strong and effective in its own way. Our brother's want of punctuality may have been a weakness that we must watch against, as crippling to usefulness in the long run. But his accessibility, his patient sympathy, his anxiety to give help and comfort to every one who

sought it from him—these surely were strong powers for good, rare and precious instruments for his work, that we should all do well to appreciate, and, as far as possible, to acquire.

One way of carrying on efforts for good in a parish is to organize regular machinery, and see that it works steadily ; to distribute the efforts so carefully and impartially that each family may feel the pressure of the parochial system, and that none, from the highest to the lowest, may be passed over or forgotten. Regularity, care, steadiness, and vigilance are the characteristics of this way of working. The danger of it is that the individual may be too much merged in the community, and that a nice looking order may hide the want of real grappling with immortal souls.

Another way is to single out special cases—cases where there seems peculiar need, or peculiar hopefulness, or where labour seems likely to be specially effectual ; and to concentrate attention and energy upon these—to leave the ninety-nine in the wilderness while search is made after a solitary lost one.

The first method is like the advance of an army in line ; the second is like the breaking of it up into columns which pour their concentrated force on two or three important positions. The first covers most ground ; the second produces most effect on

the selected points. The first has the danger of being superficial ; the second of being partial, arbitrary, and uncertain. The best worked parish will be that in which both systems are employed ; in which there is general order and regularity, and widely spread, habitual efforts, but in which the eagle eye of the leader sees the weak point in the opposing force ; sees where there is a momentary wavering, or a sudden and dangerous advance ; sees where there is a soul touched or softened whom it is worth specially following and refusing to leave, or a weak one in peculiar difficulty, on whom attention of a very special kind must be lavished.

Mr. Daunt's work was carried on too exclusively, perhaps, on the latter plan, but it produced very powerful effects. I think most of us clergymen are apt to err in the opposite direction. We get into a routine. Our machine grinds on. We do not like to put ourselves out of our usual way. Each person gets his turn of our attention. Ah, it is very nice, very orderly. But the lost and lonely one is stumbling over the dark mountains while we are going our rounds in the sheepfold. The poor sick lamb is gasping and dying while we are counting our flock. Better sometimes interrupt our regularity and take up the sick one, and spend a little extra time in binding up its

wounds and carrying it home in our bosom. I think, while we give due value to regularity and order, we may learn from the marvellous success of Mr. Daunt's ministry that love for the individual members of our flock, special care and thought for them, determination to sacrifice routine to long and laborious following up of them when necessary, is a power grander and mightier than regular organization.

I trust that these remarks may not lead any one to undervalue punctuality and order in parochial work, but to see that they are used as instruments for close dealing with individual souls rather than as substitutes for this deeper work. Let the statue be ever so beautifully and elaborately carved if it has not in it the breath of life what is it after all but a piece of stone?

Mr. Daunt's Dublin work in preaching and visiting and receiving of visitors was by no means his only work. He was constantly called away to help his brethren in the country. He never refused this help when it was within the bounds of possibility that he should give it. Thus he was constantly upon the road. Perhaps the addition of labour was to him a saving of labour. For as the train panted its way through the broad fair country he had a little quiet. The hall door-bell no longer rang in his ears. The succession of eager, anxious,

troubled faces ceased for a little while to pull at his heart strings. He could hold peaceful converse with God and with Nature in the corner of the carriage. And the cordial grasp of his brother clergyman's hand at the end of his journey, and the cheery gathering of country people in the country church rested and refreshed him after the city bustle and the city crowds.

He was deeply interested in the work of the Irish Church Home Mission, and acted as one of its honorary secretaries to the end of his life. He went on several missionary tours through country dioceses, and took part in several "mission weeks" in country towns in connection with this organization.

"He loved the Mission; he knew its value," writes the Rev. W. G. Ormsby. "He saw the real and abiding results which followed its operations, carried on as they are in a loving spirit towards all, and yet strictly upon Church lines. He lived to see the prejudices of many opposers overcome, and the love of the half-hearted fanned into a flame. He agreed with me in the opinion that a staff of mission preachers, well qualified and specially licensed should be in connection with every diocese, and should 'be looked upon as helpers and not hinderers of parochial work.

"I remember with special pleasure and thankfulness my sojourn with him at Kilkee during a mission week (I think



in the autumn of 1874). Then his health was good, his spirit was buoyant, and his preaching was, through God's blessing, most effective. What gave such charm to his pulpit addresses? His texts were well chosen, his words were eloquent, his illustrations were apt and telling. All these contributed to his success, but there was more. His hearers felt that when he spoke of sin he knew its damning effects; when he preached salvation he had tasted of its joys; when he described the glories of heaven he had realized their foretaste; and when he warned sinners of the 'wrath of the Lamb' he was sensible of its reality, and having escaped it through the loving mercy of God, would fain save the unsaved portion of his hearers from the terrible fate which awaits the unconverted. This deep and sympathizing love for souls was seen in his face when he ascended the pulpit. As he preached, physical weakness, overcome only by strength from on High, proved how deeply he felt for those whom he addressed; and the exhaustion which invariably followed might have assured his friends that his sun would set at noon, and an early grave receive a body worn out in his loved Master's service.

"In Limerick also his work was most successful. The Bishop of the Diocese was in his right place. The Dean, impressed by what he had seen at Kilkee, made every preparation beforehand. The present Bishop of Cork worked with our dear friend, and their addresses were listened to, night after night, with deep attention."

Other important external work pressed on his mind besides. As soon as the new constitution of

the "Disestablished" Church came into action, Mr. Daunt was elected to hold the responsible office of diocesan nominator. The term will probably not sound as familiar to English readers as it now does to our Irish Churchmen. A clergyman is, according to the present law, appointed to the cure of souls in a parish,—not by the bishop, not by Government, not by a private patron (except in a few very rare cases), but by the Board of Nomination. This board is composed of three laymen, elected by the vestrymen of the parish, one layman and two clergymen elected by the synodsmen of the diocese, presided over by the bishop. As parishes become vacant, the "parochial nominators" on each occasion are different, each parish having its own; but the diocesan nominators are always the same during the three years for which they are elected. Their office is, therefore, both arduous and responsible. They are supposed to bring the influence of wider knowledge and impartial views to counterbalance the possibility of local prejudices on the part of the parochial element. The bishop, in directing the consultations of the board, naturally relies much on the judgment and experience of the three men who have been selected out of the whole diocese to assist him; and the Church at large looks to these men, in whom she has placed such a trust, to exercise it in a manner conducive to the real spiritual good of her members.

Every vacancy in the diocese, therefore, brings its call to the diocesan nominator to anxious and perhaps frequent meetings, to much thought and deliberation, and sometimes to the necessity of taking a stand against what he may feel to be the mistaken or ill-judged wishes of other members of the board. Labour has always to be incurred, and odium and misinterpretation sometimes.

It is easy to understand how much all this must have cost one so anxious and sensitive in conscience as Mr. Daunt. But he possessed in an eminent degree the confidence of the Church at large. He had a wide knowledge of the clergy; he had a shrewd perception of human character; he had the affectionate regard and esteem both of the head of the board and of every member of it, so that his influence in the appointment of the clergy of the diocese was very great. Many an anxious hour he passed in striving to use that influence aright.

He was also elected to be the representative canon in St. Patrick's Cathedral for the united diocese of Dublin and Glendalough. Here again a word of explanation may be needful. There are two very ancient cathedrals in Dublin—Christ Church and St. Patrick's. They had large endowments, and their canonries and prebendal stalls were connected with substantial livings. These were swept away by the recent legislation. It became, therefore,

necessary to put the old institutions on a new footing. The Synod arranged that while Christ Church remained the cathedral of Dublin, St. Patrick's should become a national cathedral for the Church at large. As its stalls become vacant, each of the twelve united dioceses of Ireland elects, by the votes of its diocesan synod, a clergyman to fill the stall as honorary canon, and to represent that diocese in the chapter of the national cathedral. By the united, and almost unanimous, vote of the clergy and laity, Mr. Daunt was placed in this interesting position for the important diocese of Dublin. He was one of the first to take part in an arrangement which is new in the history of cathedrals, but which seems likely to prove as useful in practice as it is beautiful in idea. Thus a regular place and frequent sphere of occasional labour were opened for him in that noble old pile which has been restored to its pristine beauty by the munificence of an Irish churchman, and which for purity and simplicity of design, and grand massiveness of grouping, can hardly be called second to any Early English building in Great Britain.

Mr. Daunt highly prized his connection with St. Patrick's. The services he took part in there gave him deep joy. His artistic nature responded to the music of solemn chant and tender anthem that swelled through the beautiful church, with its long

vistas of nave and aisles and choir, open and uninterrupted from east to west, from north to south. And as he stood in the pulpit, and saw beneath him the sea of upturned faces hushed with eager expectation of his message, his love of souls thrilled with the keen delight of giving to the listening multitude a sweeter music, a more satisfying melody, than even those exquisite tones which had just echoed through the interlacing arches and the clustered pillars, and stirred with their vibrations the ghost-like banners of the old knights of St. Patrick.

Mr. Daunt was also appointed a member of that most important of all committees connected with the General Synod, called the "Revision Committee." It would be out of place here to describe at any length the work of the Revision Committee. Its very name recalls many eager and stormy discussions, many hopes and fears, some triumphs, and some disappointments. Suffice it to say, that it was appointed by the General Synod under the following resolution :—

"That, in the opinion of this Synod, the time has arrived for entering upon a complete revision of the formularies of the Church of Ireland in a cautious and reverent spirit ; and that the bishops, together with certain representative members to be named by the Synod, be therefore requested to consider the whole subject of revision, and report upon it to the Synod of 1872."

The sittings of the Committee lasted for many months. It numbered among its members some of the ablest, most trusted, and most learned of every school of thought in the Church. The difficulties it had to grapple with were enormous. Its work required patient study, reverent dealing with sacred ideas, and fearless honesty of expression. But it was hard to shut out from its quiet meetings the tumult of excitement that heaved and swelled outside. It was hard to write its suggestions with calm and grave impartiality, when each sentence was sure to be met with a storm of disapprobation, either from those who would think it a dangerous innovation, or those who would think it a cowardly compromise.

Mr. Daunt's influence on that committee was thrown upon the side of what may be called the "party of movement." He took that side firmly, but not fiercely, in all his synodical action. He believed it to be our wisdom to avoid "too much stiffness in refusing, as well as too much easiness in admitting" variations into the formularies which have the twofold office of guiding and of expressing the devotional feelings of the Church.

But though, in the main, he took what is known as the "Revision" side in our ecclesiastical politics, his influence was more exercised in shedding a spirit of peace, and love, and prayer over both the

contending parties than in actively forwarding the wishes of either. He was a power in the committee and a power in the Synod ; but it was the power of the peacemaker rather than the power of the conqueror.

In the preceding pages of these two chapters I have been trying to describe various parts of Mr. Daunt's work in Dublin. But I feel keenly what many of my readers will feel too, that all these accounts give but a very meagre notion of what the man really did at St. Matthias'. I have pointed out some of the most prominent threads in the web of life-work that he was daily weaving. But to trace the thread of silk or gold that shines out here and there is very different from handling and gazing at the whole beautiful texture. You must have gone, as I have, from street to lane, and from drawing-room to garret, from sick bed to shop counter, and from hospital ward to college chamber ; you must have heard, as I have, in all these places, the testimony borne by glistening eyes and sobbing voices as to the blessing and comfort received from Achilles Daunt ; you must have heard the tale, as I have heard it, of young men won from sin to holiness, of girls led from frivolity and thoughtlessness to devotion of life, of aged men and women helped from murmurings of discontent and repining to songs of thanksgiving and hope ;

you must have listened, as I have, to the story told in a thousand ways of souls new born to God, and lives sanctified, strengthened, and gladdened under the ministry of this one man, before you can form an adequate idea of what the man really did, or rather, of what God did through him. What he did was, I believe, the result of what he was. He was a devoted and intensely affectionate child of God and follower of the Lord Jesus. He lived a life of prayer and communion with his Father, and heavenward influence seemed to radiate from him wherever he went, as heat from the ardent flame, or perfume from the opening violets.

His own domestic history during the seven years in Dublin, flowed on quietly, although with the mingled light and shade that most of us experience. He had anxieties from time to time as to the health of wife and children. He had two or three serious illnesses himself. He had one very heavy bereavement—the loss of his father. He felt this keenly. A very tender tie had bound together the father and son all through life. Years had not diminished the confidence with which the child still looked to the parent for advice and sympathy. On the 28th August, 1871, the father departed this life, and on the 31st the son enters the following note:—"Laid the remains of our dear father in their last resting-place at Tracton. Much people accompanied us, and



many tears were shed." Such a blank was caused for him by his father's death, that he ever afterwards shrunk from visiting Kinsale. Duty brought him there from time to time as the inheritor of his father's estate. Mother and sisters still gave a charm to "Compass Hill." But the home where the father had led the little boy by the hand, and had advised and helped and toiled beside him when grown to maturity was never like home again to the son after the father had been taken away. A brighter home they now share together where father's love and child's love blend together in the presence of the Father of All, and where the household circle only changes to admit the missing members as one by one they gather into the great Mansion.

During the latter years of his Dublin life Mr. Daunt took a little country place with a garden and two or three fields, and a low-roofed rambling cottage called St. Bernard's, about half-an-hour by rail from Dublin. Here he often ran down for a few days' rest, when the strain of work upon body and mind became too intense. He liked the quiet garden with its tall hedges and luxuriant evergreens. He enjoyed walking up and down the green field, and looking out over the richly wooded country to the rocky hills of Killiney, and the blue line of the sea beyond. On Saturdays especially he liked to come and prepare for his Sunday's arduous work amidst

the peaceful country scene. Sometimes he would take a further flight, and seek his rest and study on one of his favourite mountains. Lying in the heather, looking out on sea and sky and hill and dale, he would think out his sermons for next day, freshening his mind by a gaze at Nature's fair open page, and strengthening the body by full draughts of her delicious air.

Rest he also took each summer in short tours to England, Scotland, Switzerland, or Italy. It is refreshing amidst the notes of his preaching and lecturing, to find here and there a page with an entry or two of delighted wonder at pine forest and blue lake, and snowy peak. It carries on the mind to the longer journey of rest he is now enjoying, and makes us think of the time when the vague mysterious yearnings which lead us now to delight in the wide stretches of the broad sea, and the purple depths of "mountain gloom," and the dazzling lights of "mountain glory" shall find their full satisfaction in the presence of the Infinite, as we follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

CHAPTER X.  
*MINISTRY IN CORK.*

“O spirit meek,  
Pastor and guide and friend—thy zeal's pure flame  
Hath e'en consumed thee ! on the Master's breast  
Take what with us thou would'st not—thy sweet rest.  
Bright with Faith's golden memories, thy name  
Along our dim and dusty way shall shine,  
Pointing the upward road to life divine !”

—B. B.

## CHAPTER X.

### MINISTRY IN CORK.

THE labours described in the foregoing chapters were manifestly too arduous and incessant to be carried on very long. It was a wonder to his friends who saw his slight frame and delicate face, that he was able to continue them for seven years. But towards the close of this time, it became only too apparent that he was beginning to break down. He had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, and though he recovered from it, he was never, I believe, quite the same afterwards; and the overwork began to tell. It was useless to ask him to diminish it. While the work was there before him to do, it seemed as if nothing could hold him back. And as his bodily powers were growing weaker, the labour was constantly accumulating. Affection for him, confidence in him, the habit of looking to him for all kinds of help continually increased. He could not be in Dublin without being overtaxed; so it began to be apparent to

himself, as it had long been to his friends and family, that it would be necessary to give up St. Matthias'.

And just as this conviction was slowly and painfully forcing itself upon him, a strong call came from without. The deanery of Cork became vacant. The Bishop of Cork was one of Mr. Daunt's oldest friends. His ministry in Trinity Church had had a most powerful upward drawing influence upon him in college days; and ever since there had been a warm friendship and confidential intimacy between the two fellow-labourers. The bishop, now far advanced in years, was most anxious to have the near presence and co-operation of his old friend, so he pressed him very urgently to accept the deanery. Great was the struggle in Mr. Daunt's mind. His heart was bound up with the people of St. Matthias'. Hard as his work was, it was the delight of his life. To leave it would be, not like a release, but like a banishment.

There was little room, however, for hesitation. It had become plain that he could not stay as he was. The only question, in truth, was where to go. The call from the south seemed to answer that very decidedly. So it was soon determined that he should resign his Dublin charge, and go to work in a quieter way as Dean of Cork and Rector of St. Finbarre's.

As he was connected with the co. Cork, both by property and by birth, and as he had worked in the diocese for many years, and had in it a large circle of affectionate friends, his appointment to the deanery was widely popular. But there were a considerable number of influential clergy and laity who, at first, felt a not unnatural objection to having one who had so long left the diocese, now brought from a distance to its highest ecclesiastical post next to the bishopric. It seemed to them hardly just to pass over eminent and gifted men who had spent their lives in diocesan work. I think I may safely say that all these objections soon melted away before the kindly and genial influence of Achilles Daunt. His earnest zeal for the good of his fellow men, his rare and exceptional powers of drawing together the masses and touching them with holy influences, his affectionate sympathy for his brother clergymen, soon dissipated all feelings of irritation ; and during the year he spent in Cork, nothing could be happier than his relations with all classes of people of all schools of religious thought. The noble-hearted old bishop found great comfort in his society during the short time they were allowed to work side by side. They were well matched together. The fiery zeal combined with matured wisdom in the old man, the ardent enthusiasm softened by unspeak-

able tenderness in the younger. Beautiful is it to think of their consultations together, prayers together, labours together, while united on earth. More beautiful it is to lift up the eye of faith, and think of them as they are now, together still, serving the Lord day and night in His holy temple.

The Dean's influence over the people of Cork had begun before he came to the cathedral. He had taken part, the year before, in a "week's mission," which had produced a deep impression. Every day during the week the "Protestant Hall" was crowded. And as the earnest preacher proclaimed the great good news of God's love to men, made known in Christ Jesus, and strove and pleaded with his listeners to receive Him who asked to be admitted into their hearts, and then, as he turned and prayed for them to the Omnipotent with passionate earnestness, but in simple and childlike words, all classes of people were touched and moved. Many remember those mission days as the turning point in their lives. There was a special sermon for men in St. Luke's Church. Over eight hundred men, young, old, and middle-aged, gathered in from their work and their business to hear the preacher's message to their souls. Very solemn was the attention, and very deep, I believe, was the impression of the reality of Christ's religion left by that service.

A sadder scene there was during the mission, and



yet a blessed one. The governor of the county prison asked for a service for the prisoners. Within those gloomy walls, with light streaming upon them through the iron-grated windows, a company were gathered together ; figures clad in prison uniform, faces hardened by crime, dulled by stupidity and ignorance. But the charm of the loving preacher had its sway even here. Attention was rivetted, countenances were softened, eyes were moistened. May we not hope that the Day will declare that souls were saved ?

With the remembrance of this "time of refreshing" still strong in their hearts, it is no wonder that when the people of Cork knew that the earnest "missioner" was to be their dean, "there was great joy in that city." And the same intensity of earnestness and affectionate simplicity that characterized the mission were the marked features of all the Dean's intercourse with his parishioners and fellow-worshippers in Cork.

He threw himself with great heartiness into the religious work connected with the cathedral. By the energy of the bishop and the liberality of a generous laity, the cathedral has been rebuilt from the foundations, and is now a church of high architectural beauty. The Dean strove to make its services not only satisfying to the æsthetic taste, but helpful to the spiritual aspirations. Noble music,

the pealing organ, the solemn chaunt of white-robed choir,—he looked upon these not as things to be suspected and discouraged, but as helps to devotion, to be used, to be directed into healthy channels, to be lovingly dedicated to the service of God. He longed to have the singing real and heartfelt. He accordingly treated the members of the choir as his special friends and fellow-workers. He strove with them individually to help each in his upward struggle. I understand that there was a most intense attachment between him and the choir, both boys and men. “They would do anything for the Dean.” When he brought up the surpliced procession as it streamed into the cathedral, when he and the clergy and the choristers bowed down in the attitude of prayer, while the organ softly sighed its swelling notes, he felt not as one who was taking part in an artificial ritual, but as one of a company of the Lord’s earnest servants who were striving to help His people to lift up their hearts, and to worship their King in spirit and in truth. And very delightful, I understand, was the worship in the cathedral, and grand was the congregation that gathered there, not only on Sundays but on every Friday evening. On these Friday evenings the Dean always preached himself, and used the service as a sort of weekly mission. I am told that there was sometimes quite a crowd gathered outside the building, and that

those whose religious views forbade them to join with the worshippers in church, listened with eagerness to the bold declarations of God's free pardon and the loving invitations to the Saviour's cross, which could be heard through the wide open doors. The manly and whole-hearted servant of God is to make himself "all things to all men." He is to push aside old prejudices, narrow rules, conventional ideas, with a certain good-humoured recklessness, and vigorously to use every lawful means by which he can "win some." It is pleasant to think of this "Low Church" "evangelical" preacher, reverently at work in the beautiful cathedral, throwing into its stately services the fire and the fervour of his intense spirituality.

After the Friday evening service he used to gather in the young men of the congregation for prayer and study of the Scriptures in the deanery, till the numbers attending became so large that it was necessary to hold the meeting in the chapter-room of the cathedral.

It would be needless to describe particularly the various efforts for good he made in Cork. They were carried on in the same spirit, and with the same zeal as those we considered together in Dublin. They were only too numerous and too eagerly laboured in. His new position became nearly as busy as his old one. Over his study chimney

piece were written up in conspicuous letters (as I am informed by one of his parishioners) the words, "Thy will be done." Neatly framed on another part of the wall was St. Paul's description of "Charity." And these seemed to be the leading ideas in his own mind—to do his Lord's will ; to do it or to bear it ; never to slacken, never to weary in it ; and to have all his actions steeped in charity ; to suffer long and to be kind ; not to vaunt himself or be puffed up ; to bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, endure all things.

He was much interested in the annual religious meetings in Cork—meetings corresponding, on a smaller scale, with those held in Dublin in April—faint reflections of the great London gatherings in May for mutual edification, and for reporting progress in work. He revived an old custom of having the deanery thrown open for the clergy in the evenings. He hoped (had he been spared) to make even greater use of this opportunity of rallying together his brethren, and taking counsel with them as to the great and difficult work of the ministry. "The revival of these gatherings," writes one of the clergy "under the genial presidency of the late Dean both recalled many pleasing memories of former days and enlisted on his behalf much kindly feeling on the part of many

who appreciated alike his kindness of manner and the opportunity of renewing that brotherly intercourse with which they had been familiar in former years."

Anxious as he was to do his work in Cork, he was much hindered by an increasing delicacy and oppression in breathing. He imagined that the confined situation of the deanery had a depressing effect on his constitution. It agreed with others but did not seem to agree with him. He took a little place in the country looking over the river Lee, with its beautiful wooded banks, where he thought he could breathe more freely, and where there were easy means of going to and from the town, according as his work required. A scheme was gradually developing in his mind which, if he had lived a little longer, might have been the beginning of a widely useful work. He purposed to transform the large deanery house into a kind of college for young men preparing for the ministry, who should be superintended in their studies and instructed in practical work both by himself and one or two resident clergy of the cathedral. Some of the steps for beginning this work were actually taken before the halt was called by the Great Leader.

The ministry to the sick was a deep interest to him while in Cork. The shadow of deadly illness

gradually creeping over himself almost unconsciously quickened his sympathy for sufferers. On his last drive, while he was, in truth, dying, he made himself be brought to the house of a young man in whom he was interested, and who lay in dangerous sickness. To comfort others was the greatest comfort to his own heart.

Very rapidly he endeared himself to the people in Cork. Though his actual ministry there did not last beyond a year, the intensity of the life he lived among them made it seem as if he had long been their pastor; for life does not measure itself by days and years so much as by the emotions and experiences of the heart. The fervour with which he was loved in Cork showed itself in most touching ways when he was lying in his coffin, and when he was carried to his funeral. Young men of his class begged to be allowed to steal in to kiss the cold forehead. One poor old servant, to whom he had from time to time spoken a kind word, prayed that he might be given a little lock of his hair to keep among his most precious possessions. Rare and beautiful flowers, delicately wrought wreaths and crosses were heaped upon the coffin.

But I must not anticipate. Too soon we shall have to come to these sad and sweet tokens of the affection of his friends. It is sufficient now to say that the Dean's ministry in Cork, though

short in time, was rich in fruits ; that to all classes from highest to lowest he endeared himself by his affectionate ways and simple heart-touching words ; that by the labours of his life, incessant (alas ! too incessant) day and night, he made men feel the service of God to be a great, living reality ; that into mansion, and cottage, and street, and lane, and even into prison cells he brought the sweet light from Him who "lighteth every man that cometh into the world" ; that he added new beauty to the beautiful cathedral, made its songs of praise thrill with a deeper music, helped its choir to catch something of the enthusiasm and awful joy of the choirs on high, and caused to ring and reverberate through its aisles and arches the grandest music of all—the music of the everlasting Gospel : "Peace on earth ; goodwill towards men."





CHAPTER XI.

*"WAITING."*

“ Whatever’s lost—it first was won,  
We will not struggle nor impugn ;  
Perhaps the cup was broken here  
That Heaven’s new wine may show more clear :  
I praise Thee while my days go on !

“ I praise Thee while my days go on ;  
I love Thee while my days go on—  
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,  
With emptied arms and treasure lost,  
I thank Thee while my days go on.”

—*E. B. Browning.*

## CHAPTER XI.

### “WAITING.”

IT is to many servants of God easier to labour than to wait. We should have thought that this would be specially the case with Achilles Daunt. His ardent and enthusiastic disposition was always on fire to be at work. His body might be tired, but his spirit was ever eager for new exertions. Of all trials it appeared that the greatest to him would be to stay quiet. This was the very form of trial that was appointed him. He had been induced to accept the deanery of Cork, with the idea that it would be to him a position of comparative rest after the incessant strain of St. Matthias'. But, as we have seen, the working spirit made out work for itself in one place nearly as much as in another. And, by degrees, those who loved him could not help seeing on him the manifest signs of overtaxed powers and of failing strength. In the pulpit his eager zeal would flame upwards; and as you saw the flashing eye, and heard the outpouring of fervent words, you could hardly

guess how nearly exhausted was the life's fuel. But in his home, when the stimulus of excitement was removed, it became too plain that the vital force was dying away. Great languor and faintness came on him from time to time, with difficulty of breathing. In the town of Cork, and at the old deanery, he constantly felt as if he could not get air, and he panted for a wider horizon, and a place where he might catch a full fresh breeze to fill his lungs. Every now and then his family were alarmed by his ghastly pallor and these fits of exhaustion. Still there seemed to be always such a spring in his constitution, and he was so active and hopeful himself, that those who loved him best were not aware of how rapidly his career was drawing to a close. But in the April of 1877 there came what we may call "the beginning of the end." He was in Dublin for the meeting of the General Synod, which holds its consultations at that time for a few weeks each year. He was, as usual, busy, eager, interested about every matter connected with the good of the Church and the interests of religion. He had in his mind various plans and schemes of usefulness, which he discussed earnestly with his friends. He was engaged to preach and to lecture in ever so many places. He was staying at the house of a valued friend in Fitzwilliam Place, and through her kind hospitality gathered many of his brethren in the ministry and confidential friends

around him in the evenings. Very bright he was in those social gatherings. There was noticed in him almost more than usual that mingling of gaiety, tenderness, and deep earnestness, for which he was always remarkable. But on the afternoon of the 22nd an alarming report spread through Dublin. It was said that the Dean of Cork was seized with a fit, and was dying or dead. Everywhere there was consternation. The report, though exaggerated, had only too solid a foundation in fact. He had been standing on the steps of the University Club in conversation with a gentleman, when suddenly an ashy paleness came upon his face, and he lost all power of speech. Close personal friends of his, the Bishop of Ossory and the Dean of Limerick were on the spot, and after doing all that was possible to support and relieve him, brought him back to his temporary home in Fitzwilliam Place. Grave anxiety was felt about him from the first by his medical advisers. Brain and heart were seriously affected. There was hope, but there was formidable danger too. Perfect quietness was necessary. His wife and brothers, and a very dear friend, a former curate, were summoned to his bedside, and a skilful nurse engaged. For several days he seemed to hover between life and death. In his room there had to be the most absolute stillness. No voice came from himself, for he could only express him-

self by writing his wishes on paper, and his friends were not allowed to say more than was absolutely necessary. Crowds were coming to the door at all hours to inquire, voices were lifted up for him everywhere in earnest pleading. In churches, in meeting-houses of various denominations, and, I am told, in Roman Catholic places of worship as well, prayers were offered up for his recovery. But in the room all voices were hushed, and there had to be an appearance of calm on every face. The devoted wife had to slip away whenever the agony of anxiety began to tell its tale on the countenance. The patient himself was gentle and quiet as babe on mother's breast. All his restlessness and excitement were gone. He felt that he was "under the mighty hand of God," and he lay there perfectly satisfied. His understanding was not impaired, only his power of expression ; and nothing could be more touching than his thoughtfulness for others, his anxiety for everyone's comfort, his anxiety (even while his lips were sealed) to draw those around him nearer to God.

By degrees he rallied, and his power of speech slowly came back. He was gradually allowed to see a few of his friends. Very precious are the memories we have of our short interviews with our honoured and beloved fellow-labourer—the smile as sweet and bright as ever—the grasp of

the hand as cordial ; but the speech a little slow and careful, hesitating here and there, instead of the old rush of ready and eager words ; and then the earnest request for prayer, joined in with such evident gratitude and deep humility. There was something intensely pathetic about the man's whole appearance and manner. Weakness and strength were strangely and sadly blended. There was force of love, force of intellect, force of character, written on the noble brow, and in the still flashing eye ; but weakness of body, weakness of nervous system, weakness of heart action, appeared in every look and gesture, in the occasional stumbling of the words, in the tears that gathered so readily to the eyes, in the sad way some sentence would have to be stopped and patiently begun again, or patiently given up altogether with a gentle smile of resignation.

It was common for those who admired him to say with somewhat florid rhetoric that as he stood in the pulpit, he had a face like an angel. The angel look was unchanged, the angel nobleness, the angel sweetness ; but, ah ! the angel wings were broken, drooping, and powerless now, and God's messenger had to go on his way for a while halting and stumbling.

After a time he was removed to the little cottage home still on his hands at Carrickmines, and

there in the fresh quiet country, strolling about his little paddock, sitting under the shade of bowery trees, taking little walks and drives with wife and children, interested in farm-yard life with pony and fowl, and children's pets, he steadily improved. The brain was kept quiet, the heart's eager action was calmed.

Towards the end of July he was sufficiently recovered to go to London, under the kind care of Mr. Day, and to have a consultation as to his case between Sir W. Gull and an intimate medical friend of his own, Dr. Robinson. The physicians agreed that there was in their patient "a marked impairment of one of the valves of the heart," but happily, freedom from serious complications. Sir William counselled perfect rest, physical and mental. His words were that the Dean was "bloodless and nerveless from over-work."

Perfect quiet was imperatively ordered. How easily is that order given; how hard it is sometimes to obey it! Where is the pharmacopœia in which we can find that blessed medicine, Rest?

The Dean was very gentle and obedient. He did what the physicians ordered as a matter of duty towards God. But always in proportion as his health began to return, his busy brain began to work. He could not help it. He had business



matters to settle with regard to his estate ; letters poured in on him from anxious and loving friends ; every event connected with the welfare of the Church filled his mind with eager interest ; every passage of Scripture he read set in motion a train of busy thoughts. Perfect quiet ! He could no more live without the pulsing and throbbing of vehement emotions than he could without the beating of his heart. Still the period that followed was, in comparison to all his previous life, a period of stillness in which he recognized that his chief duty was to wait. He went to various places, partly at the invitation of friends, partly on the advice of his physicians. Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, Southend, St. Leonard's, and, finally, Hastings, formed one after another his head quarters.

And if the life in these places was a life somewhat saddened by the shadows of delicacy and occasional sickness and anxiety, they were soft and tender shadows, and the shaded life had in it beauties and joys which could hardly be noticed in the glare of brighter days. His wife and children were with him, and he was able to have the enjoyment of domestic society in a way that the bustle of his ordinary life had too often made impossible. The family circle were drawn very closely together in these waiting days. Husband and wife could feel the repose of their mutual affection. The children

could enjoy as a daily feast what had been the rare occasional treat of their father's company.

Our attention has been so much turned to the public life and public efforts of Achilles Daunt, that we have had little leisure to dwell upon what was well known to his intimate friends, the beauty of his character in his home. It is important that this should be recognized. If he had had great outward activity, great zeal in preaching to the public, great lovingness of manner to congregations and religious friends, combined with carelessness and coldness towards his own family, we should have felt that there was sad unreality somewhere. True religion, like charity, begins at home. There all masks are laid aside. Pious manners and pretty talking do not hide selfishness of heart. There the temptations of ordinary life assail the man who, in public, may be lifted up on a pedestal above his fellows. He stands on the level at home, and petty worries and small offences, and daily cares, try his temper, his principles, his faith. If he fails at home where he is tried like other men, while he is thought better than other men in regions where he is not tried, he is, in truth, only "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

But Achilles Daunt in his home was a centre of light and gladness. He was the pastor there too, the earnest, thoughtful, prayerful pastor. He

always watched over his children's spiritual welfare with a solicitude which seemed to add the mother's tenderness to the father's care. Every morning he used to hear the little ones say their prayers, and "teach them to pray" before coming down to breakfast. Family prayers he strove to make really interesting, really profitable to the family. Servants and children were each asked to read or to repeat a verse of Scripture; and the bright, genial manner day by day, helped all to feel that they had a happy gathering together in the presence of the unseen Father. He took a deep interest in all his servants, looking upon their service always as an offering of love, and not as a commodity bought and paid for. The story of Ellen, that our readers may remember in the Rincurran days, was only a sample of the special care and thought that, to the last, he always bestowed on those whom God's providence placed under his roof. And, in spite of the well-known sarcasm of the sneering wit, he was "a hero" to every one in his employment almost more than to the admirers outside. We hear many complaints now-a-days of the faithlessness and heartlessness of servants. If in any home the study of this memoir suggests to master or mistress to look upon the servants with affection and interest, as brothers and sisters to be loved and helped, the complaint, I am sure will diminish. The hireling spirit of the

servant is too often only a reflection of the hard class-prejudice of the employer.

The quiet days at St. Leonard's and Hastings drew very closely together the loving links that always existed between the different members of this household. All vied with each other in their ministry on the beloved invalid. His slightest wishes were understood and anticipated. The children, happily ignorant of the sorrow that was coming, found a perpetual joy not only in keeping him company, but in attending on his little wants. The quick bright eyes would guess his thought, and the light steps fly to perform his message. Knowing who will read these pages, I dare not speak of the peaceable, uninterrupted intercourse enjoyed now between hearts that were always so near and dear to each other, and yet were so much kept asunder in the busy days by the unavoidable pressure of public duties. There was a great calm, a great sweetness, a great light of love upon that home, where the wounded soldier of Christ had to rest awhile, eager and yet patient, longing for the battle, and yet content to obey his Lord's command and wait.

As he began to improve in health he was allowed to see his friends freely, and it was a great pleasure to him to have now one, and now another who happened to be passing through London, coming to spend a few days with him or to run down for an

hour or two of conversation. He enjoyed much having with him for a short while his old friend, the Bishop of Cashel. During his visit, two Irish clergymen came in to see the Dean—one of them from the West of Ireland, who had seen much both of the encouragements and discouragements of the missionary work among Roman Catholics. A deeply interesting conversation ensued on this subject, so difficult, yet so dear to the heart of every Christian patriot. Dean Daunt was much moved as he thought of his poor countrymen, and asked his friends to join with him then and there in intercession on their behalf. They all knelt down together, and one after another poured out to the Father in heaven their longings for blessing and light and knowledge of simple gospel truth to be shed out abundantly upon Ireland.

He spent a great deal of time during this period in correspondence. His affection for the members of his old flock and his thoughtfulness for them found a vent in frequent little notes, short and fragmentary indeed, but bright with Christian love and thrilling with the pulse of a heart that communed with God even while speaking to the brethren.

But much as the Dean loved to see old friends, his heart was ready to receive and give new friendship too. Very soon he became known and deeply

appreciated by many fellow Christians in St. Leonard's and Hastings. He began to creep about and pay a visit here and there, and cheer some lonely one or gladden some sick or suffering one with his words of sympathy, and his rich and ripe Bible knowledge.

By degrees, too, he let himself be induced to take a little part in public work, and addressed a meeting occasionally, and preached a few sermons. The noble looking figure with pale face and flashing eye, but rather tottering steps, holding a little child by the hand or leaning on some friend, busy in earnest conversation as the group paced slowly along, became a familiar sight at St. Leonard's and Hastings. The fame of his preaching and speaking began to spread. More and more he became sought after, and, wherever known, valued and beloved. Even during his few months' sojourn in these English watering places close friendships were begun which will be continued through the ages of eternity. Light was shed on darkened lives; vistas of hope and gladness were opened for perplexed and wearied hearts. In these days of weakness, our faithful and warm-hearted brother was made a power for help and guidance to many a trembling child of his Father.

There was much to make him anxious and

sometimes depressed. His own health, the rapidly failing health of his beloved bishop, the difficulties and complications he feared for his diocese, the struggle between his desire to be at work and the painful warnings that he was unequal for work,—day by day he was saddened by these things; and he was too frank and simple to hide his anxiety. Whatever he felt he showed. His sympathy bore his friends' burdens, but he loved to have their sympathy helping him to bear his. This looking for sympathy, as well as giving it, made what he gave seem more real, more human, more precious. His friends perceived his anxiety and occasional depression, but they were very much impressed by the evidence of the rest, the calm, the "perfect peace" of childlike trust and entire resignation that lay underneath all the surface agitations. It was something more than rest and resignation. The child knew that his Father was "doing all things well." He did not trouble his mind with difficult theories as to the relation between general laws and a personal will. He believed that a great reality was expressed by the Lord Jesus, when He said that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground "without our Father." He believed that in a sense true, though inscrutable to human reason, "all things are made to work together for good to those who love God." So, with a sincere feeling of gratitude

in the little details of his life, he acted up to the apostolic precept: "In every thing give thanks." At every turn, in every event, his bright spirit saw something pleasant and happy,—“a softening gleam on every cross and care.” His childlike faith recognized his Father’s hand, and in simple language he always returned the response of thanksgiving.

These features in the waiting period, the gentleness, humility, trust, patience, thankfulness, loving thoughtfulness for others, manifested by the earnest servant “in bonds” are brought out very beautifully in the notes of a resident in Hastings, who had much happy communion with our brother during his stay in that neighbourhood. Some of her notes, and extracts from the letters written during his illness and delicacy, together with a few passages in his diary, will, I hope, enable my readers to complete in their own minds the picture of Achilles Daunt while “learning to wait.”

#### NOTES.

“One thing was very striking—that with these wide ranging interests in public, and in all matters with sympathies only too keen, there was yet about him a profound repose, and a repose which he could communicate. I saw him when he was feeling intensely the Bishop of Cork’s illness, for there was the personal feeling towards one—‘very greatly to be loved and venerated,’—one who



had 'worn himself out in his Master's work, though indeed he had lived beyond the age of man.' There was also the sympathy for the Church in the impending loss—the foreknowledge, foreboding (which shall one say?) that there would be great complications; that much also would devolve on himself; and altogether he was greatly distressed. But it could hardly have been more true of David than of him, that he encouraged himself in the Lord his God. He dwelt on the verse in Psalm cxii.—'He shall not be afraid of any evil tidings,' and again,—'He shall never be moved,' etc., connecting this passage with Prov. i. 33—'Whoso hearkeneth to me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil,' and with Ps. xxiii. 4—'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'

"Perhaps it was to strengthen weaker faith that he would disclose some of those transient feelings when, as he said, 'If I cannot feel wholly stayed on God, yet I can fall back on assuredly trusting in Him.' 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.'

"So, too, he would speak of dark days with the same touching simplicity. 'Do *you* know dark days? I am sure I do.' And then he would speak of chiding oneself when conscious that the consolations of God are small with us. 'For if it is so, I say to myself that it is very much my own fault.'

"He spoke of finding it sometimes difficult to pray, and of the helpfulness at such times of beginning with intercession. He hardly, however, seemed to enter into the

difficulty of meditation. He spoke of the effect of weather in depressing his spirits, and of the depression on waking so often felt in ill-health. He said musingly, 'I suppose the best remedy is that of the Psalmist, "Have I not remembered Thee in my bed, and thought upon Thee when I was waking."' He told me that he could not feel at Christmas time that it was only a time of joy. The shadows of memory and anticipation were often too deep for that.

"He was looking very ill one day in November or December—a raw chilly day. He said he had been to see some one who was ill, and for whom he felt much sympathy, the illness being of the same nature as his own. 'I thought it might cheer him a little, you know, though I needed cheering badly enough myself.' There was always this reality about him—this owning of dejection or what was akin to it, which betokened his simplicity and humility.

"Connected with his love for everyone was his belief, and his joy in the belief of universal salvation. He felt on meeting this or that person, however unpromising, 'God loves that man, God has purposes of mercy towards him. Perhaps He has a message for him through me. I must be listening and ready.' He told me that this belief was a great comfort to him.

"Another couplet also recalls him—

'The lowly heart that leans on Thee  
Is happy anywhere.'

"Though an exile, though keenly sensible of suffering, as one of his temperament could not fail to be, how happy he was, and how enjoying; how quick to discern the

pleasurable aspect of anything, and how full of thankfulness !

“He missed what was so great a delight to him—a view in the house he resided in for the last four months of his stay ; but I never heard him dwell on that, only on the comfort of a house wherein he could have a guest, and a situation where he could take an early walk in the sunshine. No doubt his childlike reference of every arrangement and event to God, increased this spirit of thankfulness. About that very house he traced the guidance from above. Most persons would have been full of the discomforts of uncertainty, for such there were up to a few days before Christmas. But he was quite sure that whether he stayed or whether he left, all would be indicated and all would be well.

“How often would he say, in telling us of some service for which he had been strengthened, or some appointment about which he had been anxious, or some comfort which he had been enabled to convey. ‘So I felt very thankful for that.’ Each little step, or, alas ! fancied step to health was thus acknowledged, the day the prohibition was taken off as to his writing, the first celebration of Holy Communion, the first sermon, the hearing from Dublin of some one to whom his ‘watchword’ had been a real comfort and blessing, etc. And one day, as he was leaving me, he looked very pensive, and said, ‘I think we ought to have thanked God for having so far answered our prayers for the bishop’s recovery.’ He had mentioned previously that his bishop had actually been able to ordain, the Sunday before, and he was full of gratitude for this after the sore

anxiety he had felt. He quoted the words, 'But God had mercy on him, and not on him only but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow'; and spoke of the tender solicitude of God in this consideration.

"Sometimes, when he had been more suffering or overborne, one could see him rally his forces, as on one occasion when speaking of the crowns, the crown of life, of righteousness, of glory, his face was lighted up with that heavenly smile, and he said, 'Is not that enough for us?'

"He spoke of his dear people's kindness and care for him, how, when he was going to return, their one thought seemed to be how they could best lighten his burden. It seemed as if they could not do enough for him.

"How well one learnt to know the summing up of some little narration, 'I felt very thankful for that.' He spoke of the effort of preaching, especially on one occasion, saying very simply but very gravely, 'Yes, I did it at the risk of my life. You know it could not be told whether the heart would bear the strain.' He used to look very ill after those efforts, and sometimes owned to the exhaustion which was so apparent; but the predominating feeling was always gratitude.

"He spoke with extreme thankfulness of the manner in which he had been sustained and enabled to preach his sermon on the 31st of March at Whitehall. He felt quite unequal to it beforehand, and really did not know how he could preach, even up to the time of leaving the vestry; but then strength came, and he said he preached with the greatest freedom and comfort without (I think) a single note. He felt distinctly that friends were praying for him."

## LETTERS.

"BRIGHTON, *August 9th.*

"I write to let you know I have got through the journey safely. London doctors take a very cheery view of the case, and expect (D.V.) that after two months more the 'silent watchman' may be able again to take a turn on the sentinel's beat, and mount guard a bit. You shall have a letter presently. Meantime—2 Timothy iv. 22 ; Hebrews xi. 35, 36."

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"HASTINGS, *October 31st.*

"My exile has been a trying one ; and it may last yet a while longer. The Lord knoweth how, and the Lord knoweth when—2 Peter ii. 9, and Psalm cv. 19, 20. What a pleasure it would be to have you here to talk to me, and to walk about in this fine fresh air and beautiful scenery. I have been learning things I knew only in theory before, such as to trust more in the wisdom as well as the love of God. Tribulation may take all away from us, but still it leaves us God—rather it brings God to us.

"How blessedly a steady look up (Psalm xxxiv. 5) fills the heart with light, and sets the soul singing.

"Health and strength are much improved of late, thank God.

"I am content to wait the good time of Him who knows the end from the beginning. But waiting is often hard work, and needs fresh grace. Do not forget me.

"Your faithful and affectionate friend,

"ACHILLES DAUNT."

*"October 26th, 1877.*

"I did not forget St. Mary's Hall on Wednesday, and would have been so pleased had I been able to attend the service and be one of the worshippers in body, as well as in spirit. I like the volume of Mr. Vaughan's much. 'The dignity of suffering' is a noble thought, and 'Jesus only' a very precious one. May the Spirit teach us yet more and more 'the secret of the Lord'; for purity of heart gives the keenest spiritual sight.

"Judges xix. 20, 21, first clause, has been in my mind. 'Christ keeps a good house—bread enough and to spare,' says one of the Fathers; 'peace, plenty, shelter are to be had, abiding in and with Him.'"

*"November 29th.*

"Your reference to the straits in which those who are seeking to carry on mission work abroad, especially the C. M. S., seem to find themselves, helps greatly to stir my soul to pray more earnestly that the great need may be provided for. 'The labourers are few,' indeed, as it is; it were grievous to think that the numbers must be diminished, or doors which the Lord has set open be opened in vain.

"It will be a pleasure to me to hear when I may pay you another visit, and to be able to do so.

"A friend has sent me a cluster of blossoms culled from Jeremiah xxxi. It is a fragrant cluster of 'precious promises.' When I see you, we might go over it together. Isaiah xlv. 2, 3, is a help to me by the way."

“SOUTHEND, ESSEX, *November 17th.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot allow your very kind letter to me to remain any longer without a reply from myself, although Mrs. Daunt, I am aware, wrote directly to answer your kind enquiries for me. I am now staying with Mrs. I—— for a few days, and feel greatly better in all essential points, for which I am very grateful to God. Although as yet I have not preached, I have been able to officiate and prepare for resuming my public work ere long, in the good pleasure of Him who orders all things aright for us if we truly trust Him. Mrs. Daunt and my children are still at Hastings, but we purpose removing before long; and I am thinking of spending our Christmas at Tunbridge Wells (where I have just been paying a short visit to the N——s, and which I have taken a fancy to).

“I hope Miss B—— is better. Give her my affectionate remembrances. I can never forget the kindness and sympathy of my Dublin friends. It has greatly helped to cheer and comfort me. We like Hastings, and have received much kindness there, chiefly owing to the friendly services of Lord C——, who of his own accord introduced us to some of his friends, for which I consider that I am mainly indebted to you. So you will, I trust, accept my warm thanks. You will, I know, be glad to hear that my recovery has made good progress, and that I can look forward to being permitted soon again, please God, to take my place among the working men of the Church Militant. You will not forget to ask for me in your prayers, that when I do so, it may be to be more faithful and more useful in the Master's service than in days gone by.

"Mrs. I—— desires me to give you her love, and believe me—

"Ever your sincere and affectionate friend,

"ACHILLES DAUNT."

*"December 18th.*

"By this thoughtful intervention, we may still be able to remain a further season in the vicinity as your neighbours. We shall know by Wednesday, please God, what our Father would have us to do—where the cloud may lead us, and meanwhile, we can wait and trust.

"How rapidly events are moving—how quickly change succeeds to change in this fitful world! Those are precious words (Genesis xlviii. 21) which I once heard a striking sermon on, preached by one now entered into rest: 'I die, but God will be with you.'

"Genesis xxxii. was part of my this day's Bible reading. What a strange and beautiful contrast his history presents of heavenly companionship and earthly loneliness (ver. 24). Oh for grace to hold our God fast as he did—'I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me.'"

*"December 24th, 1877.*

"May your Christmas joy be a full and satisfying portion, derived from Him who 'faileth not,' and who of God as our Emmanuel is made unto us Consolation and Hope and Sufficiency for every good word and work."

With the watchword.

*"January, 1878.*

"I now send it with kindest regards, and the expres-



sion of an earnest wish that He who is our enduring Treasure may be felt and known to be to us increasingly, as 'our days go on,' 'God our exceeding Joy.'"

*"February 21st, 1878.*

"You will, I trust, like the accompanying little token of affectionate remembrance, and accept it from me. The flowers, as inscribed, are from Nazareth, gathered on those holy fields which were so often trodden by the feet of Him who loved and lived and died and revived for our sakes. They suggest, these tiny messengers from over the sea, thoughts of gratitude and happiness such as those which sometimes 'lie too deep for tears.'"

*"March 9th.*

"I quite forgot, when writing just now, to give you my to-morrow's text. It is to be, God permitting, that striking passage, almost in itself a sermon, Rev. xiv. 6, 7 (part of): 'I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people, saying with a loud voice' (John xi. 43): 'Fear God, and give glory to Him.' (Rom. xv. 7, and John xv. 8): 'For the hour of His judgment is come.' . . . touching on tenour of book (Revelation); place of this passage; sympathy of angels; their interest in what concerns man and the Gospel. (Luke xv.: 'Joy in presence of angels,' etc. 1 Peter i. 12). Symbol here. The message described as the Gospel. What is it, really? 'Everlasting Gospel' in its relation to (a) God; the outcome of His

everlasting love and wisdom, a river which rises in the far back mountains of His eternal Being; (*b*) to a changing world; (*c*) to the wants and woes of men, from age to age a full supply; (*d*) to the blessings it proclaims—a salvation which is the eternal salvation, pardon, peace, holiness, joy; reaching on through time into that undying bliss, whither we are led by that hope full of immortality. Yet its warning side, too—its warning note: 'Fear God and give Him glory.' Our duty, as we see the day of His judgment approaching, to accept and obey this Gospel (1 Peter iv. 17) and to go to send it to others. That which would be an angel's delight and honour, you and I may do, as an angel cannot.

"Appeal for the C. M. S. Remember this to-morrow.

"Ask for me, 2 Tim. iv.; and for yourself I mark ver. 22, same chapter.

"All this, you see, is to be still a discipline of faith and a call to prayer. As some one says, 'If Satan drives you to your knees, he will be sorry for it by-and-bye.'

"Recollect Elijah, with his face between his knees, had to send his servant seven times to look ere the answer came. Jas. vi. 17, 18. Now, adieu!

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"The shadows of evening are stealing over us. I long for the Home where there shall be no more going out, no variableness nor shadow of change."

## DIARY.

"*January 1st.*—Spared, in God's providence, to see another year. The year dawned bright and fair. Cheerful sunshine and calm weather. May it be an auspicious opening to a year of much enjoyment of God's favour, and deep and holy peace in His love and in His service.

"The last year has been one of much trial and struggle; more so than most years of my life. Laid by from all active service, I have found it often hard to lie still and wait patiently. Yet I think that through God's grace I have not been unwilling to learn the lesson He would teach me in His love.

"Selected for our new year's watchword Heb. i. 11: 'But Thou remainest,' supplemented by Keble's lines:—

'The Saviour cannot pass away,  
And with Him lives our joy.'

and Hag. ii. 5: 'My Spirit remaineth among you'; John xv. 11: 'That my joy might remain in you'; and 'There remaineth therefore a rest,' etc.; and—

'Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.'

"*January 7th.*—Went to Hastings to address a 'mothers' meeting.' Very thankful to be able to work a little once more in this way. May the words spoken be as nails fastened in the hearts of the hearers, and as good seed sown in weakness, and which, nevertheless, God will not

suffer to fall to the ground. Surely the experience of so many years in such a service and such company ought to strengthen faith, and send me forward in the assurance of hope that there is yet remaining work to be done, and that the Almighty One will give grace sufficient, and not refuse the blessing."

"*January 21st.*—Endeavouring to keep nearer to the sunshine, with 'nothing between.' There is something very beautiful in that plea of David's, as we have it in 1 Chron. xvii. : 'Do as Thou hast said'; as also Mary the mother of Jesus (Luke i. 38) in after days: 'Be it unto me according to Thy word.' And such, too, long before David's time was Israel's plea, as he wrestled in prayer with the 'God of Jacob' (Gen. xxxii. 12): 'Thou saidst, I will surely do Thee good.' And once again in the 119th Psalm: 'Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope.' Thus it is that Faith grasps God's promises, and puts in the plea unfalteringly: 'Heavenly Father in Christ, Thou hast said these things, and Thou hast said them to me; do as Thou hast said.'"

"*January 26th.*—Psalm lxxxvi. : 'Preserve Thou my soul, for I am holy'—set apart, consecrated to God. So we speak of the holy table, holy Bible, etc. So elsewhere we have the plea, 'I am Thine,—save me!' With what confidence it must have inspired St. Paul in that fearful night of peril, whose horrors must have been so enhanced by the thought of the imminent peril of so many scores of his fellow-men, seemingly about to perish, when in the very darkest hour he could say, 'Whose I am, and whom

I serve.' The comfort and strength must have been great indeed which filled his heart and nerved his spirit, as the fruit of this holy confidence—this assurance of his part with God as God's own possession. 'Whose I am.'"

#### CURE FOR CARE.

"*January 30th.*—Sermon on 1 Pet. v. 7—'Casting all your care upon Him,' etc. Suggested by one at St. Matthew's (Silver-hill).

"The Bible nowhere seems to contemplate a condition of life entirely free from care. And experience testifies that such a life is not to be found. Even God himself, and He, if any, might be free from care, has His cares, for 'He careth for you !' A man altogether free from care is not to be found : and if he did exist, he would not be greatly to be envied, for surely nothing can be accomplished of any moment, without care—somebody's care. A flock of which you look for the increase, a garden of which you hope to reap the fruit, children to be brought up, to whose welfare and godliness you look for comfort and blessing in after years, in each case care must be taken if the issue is to prosper. St. Paul exhorts the Philippians to be 'careful for nothing.' But the grammar and the context of the passage alike imply that what he means is do not let care sit upon you and gnaw into your hearts, as a habit of mind and of feeling ; but get free from it as it arises (for it will and must arise) by bringing it in prayer to your Father, and rolling the burden upon Him. He will then surely keep your hearts and minds in His blessed peace.

"Admitting then that care will cross the path, and overshadow the way of every Christian, note :

"I. The course prescribed—'Casting all your care upon Him.'

"II. The reason assigned—'For He careth for you.'

"Examples—1. Eliezer. Care for his master's business. 2. Nehemiah—care of a patriot for his native land and his brethren. 3. Hezekiah—care of a king for his subjects' national trouble. 4. Woman in Luke vii.—care of a poor broken-hearted sinner."

"*March 2nd.*—Weather cleared up. Went to Eastbourne and to Beachy Head, quite to the top. The chalk cliffs, blue sea and sky, red sandstone beach, golden bursts and patches of sunlight far out at sea here and there, with dark banks of cloud and shadow recurring every now and again, formed in the *tout ensemble* a very pleasing and beautiful picture. Enjoyed it very much."

"*March 9th.*—Acts iv. 23 : 'Being let go, they went to their own company.' I have often thought of this as a beautiful and simple illustration of the instincts and tendencies of the renewed nature, the spiritual instinct of the converted man. The same holds true of mankind generally. As a rule, we find that when a man is released from some special engagement, set free from present and inevitable claims on his time and attention,—in other words, when he is 'let go,' he goes to his own company, seeks the presence and companionship of those most kindred and congenial to his tastes : *e.g.*, soldier off parade, pupils out of school, young men in counting-house and warehouse. It is when fully at leisure and liberty you see what the bent

and tendency of a man's mind and tastes really are. And so ever is it with the Christian. He mixes with earthly things and worldly people as a matter of duty. But when 'let go,' he joyfully betakes himself to his 'own company,' and thus is being fitted on earth so as to be ready when 'let go' from its cares and burdens, its weights and hindrances, to join his 'own company' in the mansions above."

"*March 13th.*—Ps. cxix. Pleasant little tour round about Hastings. Fine bright day, though cold. Matt. xxii. 42: 'What think ye of Christ?' Here is a question which forces itself on us and demands an answer. Here is Christ. You have Christ on your hands. What will you do with Him? What do you think of Him?"

"'What think ye of Christ?' 1. As the sent One. Do you think of Him as the outcome of the Father's love, the expression and manifestation of that love? 'Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent His Son,' etc. Is this what you think of Christ? 2. As the crucified One. Do you think of Him as the One who came to 'put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself'? Who 'by Himself purged our sins,' etc.? Is this what you think of Christ? 3. As the glorified One who will come again?"

"*March 30th.*—Went this afternoon to London and South Kensington Hotel. Specially helped and sustained by the way.

"*March 31st, Sunday.*—Preached at Whitehall (11 a.m.). Good gathering. Happy in the privilege of doing angels' work (Rev. xiv. 6, 7)."

"*April 5th.*—Psa. clxv. How wonderfully faith appropriates God. 'My God' (John xx. 28), and such a God!

" 'Great is the Lord.'

" 'The Lord is gracious.'

" 'The Lord is good.'

" 'The Lord is righteous,' 'The Lord our Righteousness.'

" 'The Lord is nigh,' 'Not far from every one of us.'

" 'The Lord preserveth,' 'all them that love Him.' "

\* "*April 20th.*—'Buried with Him.' Beautifully does Scripture teach us that, in those who are united by living faith to Christ, all that He did is, in some sense, reproduced in them by a marvellous spiritual reiteration. Crucified with Him, they are, in self-denying, dying to self and sin; buried with Him, in self-forgetting; risen with Him in the new 'life unto righteousness' of the joyous freedmen of the Son of God, to whom that risen Saviour has spoken those great words of power 'Loose him, and let him go.' "

"*April 22nd, Easter Monday.*—Went to Stanmer by an early train, and returned at 5.30. Strength much improved of late, thank God. It is now one whole year, on yesterday, since it pleased God to lay me aside, an experience full of grateful recognition of the wisdom, the love, and the power of a merciful and gracious Father. Whatever be the residue of my days, I ask that it may be devoted to His service entirely, and spent to His praise. Grace to deny self, buried with Christ; grace to live Christ, risen with Him; more of the faith that holds Him fast, and the love that counts all else but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Him, this is my desire, and this desire He will surely fulfil."

"*April 25th.*—Left St. Leonard's. On the way home,



after a stay, on and off, of nearly eight months, during which time we experienced many tokens of God's goodness, and man's friendship. Left St. Leonard's with many regrets, and many grateful feelings too."

"*May 11th.*—Returned to Cork after an absence of over twelve months. Many dark features in the look-out; but the loving-kindness and tender mercies of God in the past forbid despondency and unbelief in the future. He who has brought me hitherto will keep me all the journey through. Then *Sursum cor meum!* Better farther on. Such experience in times gone by is the joy and comfort of the soul, because the assurance of the mindful care and faithful love of Him who has promised never to leave nor forsake those that trust in Him.

"Poor soul, doubting and fearing yet trusting still. He will help and hold and keep thee! Only do thou hold Him, and never let Him go."

"*May 20th.*—Morning of much anxious prayer. Saw the dying bishop to-day. Interview very affecting. Summoned up his failing strength to write 'God direct all,' and to give me his parting blessing. May the prayer of God's dying servant be joyfully and graciously answered, so that by-and-bye we shall say 'He hath done all things well.' And may the blessing from his lips be realized to the full in my soul, and in my ministry. 'God bless you, and multiply His blessings on you and yours evermore. Amen.'"



CHAPTER XII.

*LITTLE TOUCHES.*

“And manhood fused with female grace,  
In such a sort the child would twine  
A trustful hand, unasked, in thine,  
And find his comfort in thy face.

—Tennyson.

## CHAPTER XII.

### LITTLE TOUCHES.

**L**ITTLE touches give life to a picture. The streak of light on the brown pool turns it from a daub of paint to liquid water, sleeping under the shadows of the alders, but glistening here and there with the light of the sky.

The true painter, says Ruskin, after his patient toil in the sober tints, "cautiously, and as the crown of the work and the consummation of its music, permits the momentary crimson and azure, and the whole canvas is in a flame" <sup>1</sup>

We have been steadily and carefully trying to draw out the main lines of our brother's life, and to see the character of his work, the history of his work, and, as far as we might, the motive of his working. Now, before the very end comes, it will be well to put in the "little touches." I give in this chapter, therefore, a few anecdotes, and descriptions of his conversations, and notes as to his

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<sup>1</sup> "Stones of Venice," iii. 5.

manners and ways which will, I hope, make his picture stand out before us in clearer distinctness. I give them without note or comment, as they were given to me. They come fresh from the hearts and memories of near relatives or dear friends, who simply describe what has come within their notice.

I annex, also, some of his letters, written to different persons and at different times. The lines brief and often hurried, yet glowing with affection and rich in suggested thought, add some "little touches," which I am sure my readers will find most pleasant to look upon.

FROM A MEMBER OF HIS FAMILY.

"I remember one evening, just as he was putting a spoonful of soup to his lips at dinner, after an exhausting day's work, his wife said, 'Did you get the message about Mr. ——?' 'What message?' he said. 'They sent to ask you to come as soon as you possibly could.' Instantly he started to his feet. 'Oh! Achilles,' she said, 'you surely are not going into that dreadful fever-tainted room without some food. You have been there already to-day.' 'I have learnt too many lessons,' he said, 'about being late. I must go'; and rushed from the room. I never will forget his face, when he came back in about a quarter of an hour, as it seemed to me. 'He's dead,' he said, as I went out into the hall to meet him. 'He died while I was praying by his side.'"

"How well I remember being called after dinner on Sunday evenings to discuss the text and its divisions (it seemed to help him to talk over it); then asked to go away until it assumed its proper shape in his mind, to be called again just before the time for service, always for the same purpose, sometimes finding him waiting on his knees. One felt overawed at the intensity of the prayer, the eloquence of the pale up-turned face. All his physical, as well as mental energy seemed gathered up for the conflict. He besought the Father for strength, as for one who was about to wage war with a deadly foe. His belief in Satan's opposing power wherever Christ was faithfully preached was no mere theory. I never met anyone who realized it so fully. 'Let us have a prayer now,' he said one morning, in the middle of breakfast. 'We may be interrupted by-and-bye, and its a good thing to spite the devil.'

"I don't think I was ever alone with him in a railway carriage—if he thought there were some minutes free from interruption—that he did not ask me to kneel down and join him in prayer."

"A gentleman who happened to be in a 'fancy' shop in Grafton Street one day, watched two soldiers coming into the shop, and one asked for a photograph of Mr. Daunt. He was shown a small one. 'Oh, but I want a better one than that.' Then on being shown a 'cabinet': 'Yes, that will do—or, stop, I will keep both; and I will keep this small one always inside my jacket. Look, Jack' (to his comrade), 'that was the man who was the means of leading me to Christ.'"

## FROM AN OFFICER.

"On one occasion that I was living alone, some Christian officers happened to pass through Dublin. They came to dine with me; and Achilles Daunt had a meeting at 8 p.m. (young men's). However, he came to meet my friends at 6 p.m., and they *did* enjoy meeting with him. During dinner-time he had his Bible settled up before his plate; and really, there he was as if giving an address, or, rather, Bible reading to us during dinner. I shall never forget that truly happy dinner party, and I think I can say the same for the others."

## FROM A CORK CORRESPONDENT.

"The chaplain of Cork county prison relates an incident of the Dean's visit to 'Christos Bambos,' a Greek sailor, under sentence of death for mutiny on board the barque *Caswell*.

"He visited this man on several occasions, and was successful in communicating with him in ancient Greek. Evidently the poor man's heart was touched, as he frequently asked the chaplain for the Dean, designating him as the 'big papa.' The Dean took an active part in the preparation of a petition on behalf of the condemned man. Towards the time appointed for Bambos' execution, the Archimandrite, 'Father' Stratuli, of Liverpool, came to administer the last rites of the Greek Church to the prisoner. The interview between the Dean and this venerable Greek priest was productive of mutual respect and esteem."



“An instance of his encouragement of his younger brethren in the ministry may be recorded.

“To one who had just resumed his seat after preaching, the Dean handed his own Bible, placing his finger upon the fly-leaf, upon which was written the words, ‘Fear not, faint not, fret not, forget not!’”

FROM A VALUED FRIEND.

“The originality and poetry of the Dean struck one at once. In his first visit he quoted the line from Coleridge, ‘Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost,’ and said he had been thinking of it all the way walking here, and of what it suggested as to the Divine surprises that may await us. All may seem dreary, frost-bound, lifeless; but the seeds of life and beauty are there, etc; or, the present may be sterile, but it is fringed with hope.

“‘Do you not find,’ he said on another occasion, ‘that God deals with you very much by surprises?’”

“On being asked to give his thoughts about discipline and liberty—their relation and proportion in the spiritual life, he referred to some verses in Ps. cxix., particularly this: ‘I will run the way of Thy commandments when Thou hast set my heart at liberty.’ And then he remarked that Ruskin had a striking passage very much to the point. It was refreshing, and unlike other people to direct one in this way: ‘The balance wherein consists the fairness of Creation is between the laws of life and being in the things governed, and the laws of general sway to which they are subjected; and the suspension or infringement of either kind of law is syno-

nymous with disease, while the increase of both honour and beauty is habitually on the side of restraint (or the action of superior law) rather than of character (or the action of inherent law). The noblest word in the catalogue of social virtues is 'Loyalty,' and the sweetest which men have learned in the pastures of the wilderness is 'Fold.' "

"He had a keen sense of humour and appreciation of fun. He told us of the dismay depicted on the faces of the clergy at Whitehall Chapel when, after the sermon, knock after knock resounded upon the vestry door, from friends of the Dean. 'You see,' he said apologetically to the clergy, 'what you must be prepared for if you invite one of so rude a race to preach for you.' From one who was so singularly courteous, this was irresistible."

"One day, when he came in quite exhausted, after resting awhile he spoke of his travels, how the loftiest Alps had not been too lofty for him to climb. 'And now,' he added, with that look and tone of pathos, 'this little hill is too much for me.' "

"Every one must have remarked how accessible he was, how many in humble life he cheered with a kind word or smile. A messenger who showed no alacrity about other errands, was ready and glad to go to the Dean's. We found that once when he was sent there, rain had come on sharply, and, instead of his being left in the hall, the Dean had begged him to come in and sit by the dining-room fire."

"His manner with children was charming. He was but five minutes in the room with three little ones, but they gathered round him at once, and he had a story ready for them ; and the youngest would be set on his knee, and the fatherly kiss and kindly ways would not soon be forgotten."

"In a large crowded room, some one said to a little child, who was naturally timid : ' I want to speak to the Dean, but he is at the other end of the room. Should you mind going to him ? ' ' To the Dean, oh no ! ' and the little thing made her way to him, and the recognition was so pretty. ' Are you here, my child ? ' And then he took the little hand in his, and walked down the room with her.

" ' Oh, he was so kind, ' I have heard a child say. Yes, kind to all. I have often thought of those lines in connection with him :—

' He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.'

"One day I was shocked at his coming, the weather was so bad, and I said : ' At least you will allow us to send for a fly to take you home. ' ' Oh no, thank you, ' he replied : ' I have a fly, but I left it at the foot of the hill. I thought it would hurt the horse. ' "

"He had been waiting in a room where there hung the engraving of Raffaelle's Transfiguration, and he referred to standing long before that picture in Rome, and to all that it suggested,—among other things, the vicissitudes of life, that all was a going up and then a coming down. Peter on

the housetop seeing the vision, then called down to earthly ministries,—Moses on Mount Sinai, etc. The account of the Transfiguration seemed, from the way he read it, to be peculiarly prized by him."

"His illustrations were very pointed, and often original. None who saw him could forget the way in which he fixed his eye with eagle gaze in reading 'Looking for that blessed hope,' etc., and comparing our dim, listless gaze with what Tell's must have been before he shot his arrow for life or death."

"He seemed athirst for prayer at the opening of the new year, 'that the hands which hang down,' he said, 'might be strengthened.' Very fervent were the petitions for 'more love, more earnestness, more consecration in the new year,' and again, 'that nothing, nothing, might come between the soul and Christ.' On another occasion, he said: 'I pray, perhaps six times a day, for more humility, more earnestness, more holiness.'"

"With all his fertility and discursiveness, and delight in sharing his manifold interests, the relief was unmistakeable with which he would draw out his little Testament: 'Now we will have some better words than mine.'"

"For one so free from dogmatism, so widely and deeply sympathetic, the rapidity and clearness with which he formed an opinion and gave his decision was remarkable, especially in cases of difficulty and delicacy. This, I think,

was one ingredient of his influence. The scrupulous and the perplexed could stay themselves on his judgment."

"He was quick in anticipating what one wished to ask; and this perhaps was one secret of the comfort of his visits to the sick. 'Don't try to explain,' he would say, if voice and strength failed; 'I am sure I understand at least two-thirds.' He understood also the value of short visits. He has come in perhaps only for five minutes if he found strength exhausted, and just left some cheering thought, or offered some brief prayer, gently leaving the room with some kind words of sympathy. Once it was a thought of Cecil's on the comfort of learning to leave and to be left; or a reference to the beloved disciple leaning on his Master's breast. Or, again, it was the mention of something which had gladdened himself, as the receipt, on such a day, of £1000 for his 'Economy Fund'; or of his having been able to give an address at a convalescent home—which was, in fact, his first sermon here—'from a convalescent to convalescents.'"

"It was in a characteristic way that he recounted what was told him here by a friend, Mrs. P——, who came to him for a day: how at mess in some place in India the officers, or an officer, had been talking disparagingly of all clergymen; that they were inconsistent, did not mean what they said, nor themselves believe or act out what they enforced; and the speaker said he had never known one exception. Another replied quietly that he had known one, and that was Mr. Daunt. The speaker told this to

Mrs. P——, not knowing, I believe, that she was a friend of the Dean's. He concluded the story by saying, 'I tell you this because it was a great comfort to me, and it may be a comfort to you for yourself.'"

"I have often wondered if he had any presentiment how near he was to the Home above, and whether he felt as ill as he looked. He certainly dreaded the journey to Ireland, and spoke of hoping for 'a little holiday afterwards!' I think, perhaps, there was the constant sense of the precariousness of his life, rather than any presentiment of its speedy end; for he spoke with great thankfulness of increased strength towards the close of his stay, referring to the very different anticipations of that time last year. But I remarked when he was leaving, that with all his kindly affection and desire to give pleasure, there was no word of meeting again on earth, but only of the meeting at the Throne of Grace. And there was a preparedness, a turning from earthly things as irksome, a polarizing of thought and affection to heaven, a ripeness, as I have said, which could not but suggest that we might not detain him long."

#### LETTERS.

##### TO ONE OF HIS CHILDREN.

"ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND,

*"August 20th, 1872.*

"MY DEAR M——,—This is a letter for yourself. I hope you will be able to read it. I expect to get a letter from you at Geneva. I hope that M——, E——, and

A—— are very well, also yourself, and that you are all very good. If we pray to Jesus to bless us, and give us His Holy Spirit, we will be good and happy, for to be happy we must be good. This is a very nice place. There is a beautiful lake, and all around it are great mountains, some of them all white with snow, which shines sometimes so brightly that it would dazzle you to look at it. I climbed up a very lofty mountain last Saturday, more than ten thousand feet high. There was snow on it, and as the sky was nice and clear, there was a splendid view from the top. I had to climb up a kind of stairs made of big stones, part of the way. It was like the ladder which the Bible tells us that Jacob saw in his dream going up towards heaven. Ask M—— or T—— to find it for you in your Bible.

“The day after to-morrow we are going away from this to a place called Zermatt, and from that to Geneva on our way home. Give my love to M——, and a kiss to A—— and E——.

“I want you to learn two verses by heart—Luke x. 42. My prayer for you is that you may be like that Mary of whom Jesus spoke. Also Matt. v. 8.

“And now, good-bye,

“Always your affectionate,

“A. DAUNT.”

#### TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

“DEAR J——,—Long ago I ought to have written to you. It must seem unkind, my not having done so, but you may

be very sure that my affectionate regard for you, and interest in your welfare is undiminished, even though I have not done what so many, no doubt, have done—written to congratulate you on your approaching marriage. Most earnestly dear J——, do I pray that it may be an event which you shall never have cause to regard otherwise than as, humanly speaking, the happiest in your life. It will put you into a new sphere where you will have many and great opportunities, I trust, of serving and honouring Him ‘whose service is perfect freedom,’ and who ‘is not unrighteous to forget our work and labour that proceedeth of love.’ May He ever have your heart’s best love ; and then your happiness will never fail. It will be then like Himself—‘the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.’ I regard you and all that concerns you with especial interest, because I have always considered you as one of those who were born to new life of God’s Spirit in our own flock, and under my ministry, imperfect and unworthy as it ever has been. This is a very strong and endearing tie, and one, too, which eternity cannot sever. May He, whose love you have learned in Christ fill you with ‘all joy and peace in believing’ here, and make you partaker of ‘joy unspeakable and full of glory’ by-and-bye.

“Abide in Christ ; that is the secret of all peace and holiness, and usefulness. The more the world or Satan tries to draw you away and keep you back, and make you cold and dead, all the closer cling to Christ Jesus ; all the more fervently wrestle in prayer. Near Him you are safe.

“Of Mr. S—— I have often heard, but I never, to my



knowledge, had the pleasure of meeting him. He will, I am sure, make you a true-hearted and affectionate husband, and, as 'heirs together of the grace of life' your prayers will not be 'hindered.' 1 Peter iii. 7, and read ver. 4. I would have you, dear child, remember the words of the Holy Book, 1 Cor. vii. 29, 30, 31: 'The time is short'; 'The night is far spent.' Let us be diligent to be found of Jesus in peace, 1 John ii. 28. And may we be of those concerning whom it is written, 'Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching.'

"God bless you my dear J——. My love to you in Christ.

"Ever your most affectionate friend,

"A. DAUNT."

#### TO A SISTER.

"DEAREST F——,—It is time for me to write to you; so long is it since by word of mouth, or 'ink and pen' aught has passed between us two. I am sure that you have not forgotten me, specially in the one best way. I do not forget you, so we can meet in that way, at all events, regularly. I hope soon to have a prayer union set on foot for Saturdays at 9 p.m. in our own houses and Mondays at 8.30 a.m. in the School-house. Never did prayer seem to be so much needed as now, so long as I can remember.

"These last few days have been very anxious ones to us all here. The fate of the poor old Church seemed to be trembling in the balance. If the laity adopted

any course which indicated jealousy of the clergy, or a wish to over-ride them, things would be at a dead lock. I dreaded this, so we have been hard at work, by letter, conversation, meeting, sermons, and prayer, to try and keep things in the right groove. The result is, thank God, most encouraging. The great meeting of laymen to-day adopted the very course most likely to ensure harmony and success; and I have been thanking God for answering prayer, and helping us in our time of need. All now bids fair to go on well. The poor old ship has got out of the shoals into deep water, and only needs good piloting and steady seamanship to enable her to go along prosperously (please God). So much for the cause in general.

"Now for ourselves. The Exhibition (large room) is crowded each Sunday, especially in the evening. I try to let them hear the plain unvarnished Gospel, for I know that is what all require to know. There is reason to believe (thank God) that the 'labour is not in vain.' I hear every now and again of something cheery—two or three cases since Sunday (texts—Matthew xxii. 5; Micah vi. 'He hath showed thee, O man,' etc.). W——, it is as good as settled, goes to the new church—St. Barnabas'—across the river. So I must look for a curate. Ask, for me, a good one. Many are desirous to have you back again.

"Love to all—great and little.

"Waiting for the train I finish this.

"Your loving brother,

"A. D."

## A HOME LETTER FROM ABROAD.

*"ZERMATT, September 24th.*

"A line or two to say that we are here. A grand place it is—such snowy peaks and wild Alpine scenery I never beheld before. Just over a valley the Matterhorn towers in snowy and unspeakably beautiful isolation. All around are glaciers, crags, pine forests, etc., in profusion.

"It was very cold when we arrived last night after twelve hours' journey. We left Sierre at 7 a.m., and arrived here at 7.30 p.m. Quite dark, only for the moonlight. We walked sixteen or seventeen miles out of the way. This morning it rained heavily. However, afterwards, it cleared up, and we went to the English Church, built in memory of the poor fellows who perished on the Matterhorn. It was the last service for the year; about thirty-five present. Most of the visitors are gone or going. To-morrow (D.V.) we hope to get up to the 'Riffelberg,' and 'the Gorner Grat,' 9,600 feet, all covered with snow, but quite safe, and commands a beautiful view. We cannot, of course, go if it rains. In the churchyard here are the graves of poor Croz, the guide, Mr. Haddow, and Mr. Hudson, who fell off the Matterhorn; also of others who were killed by similar accidents. On leaving this if the weather is at all fine, we will go (please God) to the pass of the Gemmi, and perhaps on to Grindewald.

"No description could adequately represent the Alpine beauties and grandeur of this place. If the thoughts are not raised up to God here, the mind must be miserably incapable of anything good. And yet 'Eye hath not seen,'

etc., 'the things which God hath prepared for them that love him'!

"I hope you are all well at home (please God).

"About Oct. 3rd or 4th we will be at home. A kiss to the babes for me \* \* \* \* \*

"A. D."

#### TO A FRIEND.

*"January 27th, 1874.*

"VERY DEAR FRIEND,—You must have a line from myself, as I know you have been asking about me from Mrs. B—.

"I am to-day, thank God, decidedly better, our loving Father having dealt with me very tenderly. The attack, which commenced on Thursday week, was a severe one; inflammation of left lung, with fever and hemorrhage. I had overworked myself on the Wednesday before, and became quite prostrate on Thursday night. However, it pleased God to bless the treatment, and I hope to be able to start for Italy with Willie on Thursday week.

"The quiet of the sick room has been very grateful, and I have enjoyed much of that peace in which our Father promises to keep those whose minds are stayed on him. Shut in from the world and alone with Jesus, I have been finding in Him fresh springs of joy, and of satisfaction. May this sickness be for the glory of God, in His servant's more complete sanctification. I am not able for much writing, so will say good-bye, and remain

"With sincere affection,

"Always yours,

"ACHILLES DAUNT."

## "HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, ROME,

*"March 6th, 1874.*

"DEAR FRIEND,—It is my turn to write to you now ; so as I have a quiet half-hour, you must have an account of our recent doings. But just a word about yourself. . . . If you were in Rome, you would be surprised at the severity of the weather. Driving to the railway station this morning, we saw icicles hanging from water-pipes, and a few miles from the city, on the slopes of the Alban hills, the ice was thick ; and the cold in the shade very sharp even at mid-day, and that in 'sunny Italy' ! But then the atmosphere is very dry, little or no damp, and that suits me very well ; and I am thankful to say the change has done me real good.

"To-day we took a delightful excursion to the Alban lakes and mountains, climbing to the top of the highest peak, 3,200 feet above the sea, and though it was a long walk—about fifteen miles—and the air rather cold, I enjoyed the expedition, and do not feel at all tired this evening.

"Ancient Rome and Rome Modern alike demand one's attention. For me the former is by far the more attractive, and when we got fairly down amongst the ruins, the beautiful marble pavement and the grand marble pillars, etc., of the old Forum Romanum, I was very deeply impressed by the whole scene, and almost more so yesterday, on visiting the Palatine Hill, covered with the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars. The very stones seemed to cry out and say 'The glory of man is as the

flower of grass . . . . the grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever.'

"There seems to be a great door of opportunity open here now for the Gospel of Christ. Nine Protestant congregations already formed—Bibles sold publicly—liberty bearing its fruit. God grant it may not degenerate into sinful licence, but that His wise spirit may guide and govern the hearts of all who are directing, humanly speaking, the course of events in this land and city.

"Next Sunday and the following, please God, I hope to have the privilege of preaching the Gospel in Rome—(Romans i. 15—16). It is a grand opportunity. May God give the message His own blessing. Remember it in prayer.

"I cannot exaggerate the pleasure it gave me to have the Bishop of Cashel here at the same time that we were in Rome. We met (somehow or other) mostly every day, and made poor Rome the subject of many earnest prayers together. It enhanced immeasurably the pleasure of our trip, meeting our dear friend and Mrs. D——. M——, too, was a great help to us. On Tuesday next, please God, we go to Naples for three or four days, returning to Rome on Saturday, and, proceeding northward then to Genoa, and homewards the following week, reach London probably about the 23rd or 24th March. This is our general plan; but you shall have notice *this time*, of a more courteous and accurate kind.

"Hoping to find you quite well when I return, and with much love,

"I am, ever yours affectionately,

"A. DAUNT."

“CARRICKMINES, *September 28th, '74.*

“DEAR FRIEND,—I was wondering where you were, having no opportunity of seeing anyone who could tell me, since my return home on Saturday from Portrush, so that your letter was very seasonable.

“The result of the Kilmore election neither surprised nor disappointed me. The more I look at the result, the more deeply thankful I feel that He who doeth all things well has ordered the way, and allotted my portion for me. My work in Dublin is not yet done. Grateful indeed, am I to Him who has given me such a happy sphere of work in which to labour for Him; and I earnestly pray for a yet more abundant blessing on the ministry of his word in St. Matthias'. Until the cloud plainly leads the way, may we never desire to move. All through this ordeal (for such it has been) I have been kept in peace, and can now look back on it all with gratitude. When we meet, I will, please God, tell you more fully my reasons for being *more than contented* that Kilmore is not to be my dwelling place.

“K—— has not been very well, and thinks a little change of air and scene would benefit her. After consulting on the best way of accomplishing this, I will let you know our plans.

“Always yours very affectionately,

“A. DAUNT.”

“So glad to hear that you enjoyed your visit.”

“*Feb. 3rd, '75.*

“DEAR FRIEND,—I was glad (as I ever am) to hear from you. I know that I am not forgotten, especially where I need the remembrance most.

“It is a great comfort and help to me to know that I have your prayers, at this time particularly. If the option were given me, I would prefer not being brought prominently into this matter at all, provided I were sure that a really earnest man would be chosen, were I to refuse to be nominated. But it seems as if I should not be warranted in doing so, *i.e.*, in making such a move until God shows me plainly what His way and mind may be. So I am content to wait patiently, assured that He who knows the end from the beginning will order all things well concerning me, and that He will assuredly take care of His own honour, and maintain His own cause.

“As matters now stand, I do not see my way to anticipate any conclusion; but it seems, humanly speaking, very unlikely that I should be called away from St. Matthias’. ‘If Thy presence go not with me, then carry me not hence,’ is my heart’s prayer.

“The moment that I can get away I will run over to London and rest awhile under your roof, please God.

“All here are well, I am thankful to say. Ps. lci. 7. The Bishop of Cashel was here yesterday, and we had a prayerful conference. And now good-bye. God bless and keep you always.

“Your ever affectionate

“ACHILLES DAUNT.”

“February 12, 1875.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—As I know that you have been thinking much and praying much about me, I feel that I ought to write a few lines, at all events, to tell you how



quiet, in the assurance of His own care and love, our Father has kept me all these days. Much prayer was made by many for the guidance of God's good Spirit, and He has surely heard and answered those prayers ; and we shall see presently the 'why' and the 'wherefore.' It will be seen that what has been done has been 'well done' for Christ's kingdom and for Christ's servant.

"Our dear friend at —— has been, and is, very poorly but I trust she will soon rally again. I saw her yesterday.

"Always, dear friend,

"Yours very affectionately,

"ACHILLES DAUNT."

"THE DEANERY, CORK,

"*December 31st, '75.*

"MY DEAR AND TRUE FRIEND,—One line to thank you for yours just received, and to say in turn 'A Happy New Year,' full of God's own peace, Christ's own presence, and the joy of the Holy Ghost, be your portion from our Father.

"There is much here to encourage, thank God, much also that needs anxious thought and circumspection. Ask for me wisdom, a single eye, and a will wholly subdued to, and in harmony with, God's will.

"K—— and the children are well. They are still at Monkstown. I hope to see them and give them your message to-morrow. And now, good-bye.

"You remember—

'Beneath Thy smile my heart hath lived  
And part of heaven possessed !

I'll thank Thee then for grace received,  
And trust Thee for the rest,'

"Be this our experience as time rolls on homeward.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"ACHILLES DAUNT."

TO A FRIEND.

"DUBLIN, *Dec. 20th.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—We miss your face from our little weekly gatherings in the vestry. But I am glad that you have change, and a rest; and you will be welcome when you return. I do not forget you in prayer, and am sure that you do not forget me. We have one great common bond of fellowship and affection in the 'One above all others.' And when He comes again we shall have our portion together 'with Him in glory.'

"May all best Christmas blessings be yours. With kindest remembrances to Mrs. S——.

"I am, as ever,

"Your affectionate friend,

"ACHILLES DAUNT."

TO A FRIEND.

"DUBLIN, *October 26th.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—

\* \* \* \* \*

"I was much gratified at hearing from you, and hope the next time that I visit London we may meet again, if the Lord permit. My move to Cork is like the uprooting of an old tree, whose roots had struck deep into a genial soil.

The wrench is a severe one, but it seems to have been ordered of God for me. So, like the evangelist of old (Acts viii.), I go 'south' at God's bidding to the way that seems to be, in many respects, 'desert' indeed. 'Anywhere with Jesus' is to be our motto. And thus I move forward: 'better to walk in the dark with God, than to go alone in the light!' The way is not a very long one after all, and it leads surely to the light, and the presence of the King in due time.

"Remember me most kindly to your wife, and

"Believe me to be, in bonds of Christian affection,

"Your very sincere friend,

"ACHILLES DAUNT."

#### TO A FRIEND.

"DEANERY, CORK, *October, 28th.*

"MY DEAR A——.—I was glad to hear from you. I know that in your home circle I am not forgotten; nor do I forget you and yours. It was quite plain what our Lord and Master would have done in the matter of the election; and having committed it all to Him in prayer, again and again, I am not only content, but very thankful for the way in which He has ordered it. 'All is well,' and I rejoice when I can see His hand and hear His voice. The work here is not yet done, so I remain here to do it. May He enable me. Remember me most kindly to your mother, sisters, and the children, especially Alfie—doing well, I hope and expect. Now good-bye.

"God bless you in all things.

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"ACHILLES DAUNT."

"This severe weather must be trying to your poor mother. Remember me to her with kind affection; and tell her that He whom we trust in, and whose ransomed ones we are, always keeps the best for the last. So that time, as it moves forward, is ever bearing us nearer to the coming glory, the (Revelations vii.) portion of the redeemed."

TO A SISTER.

*"November 27th, '74.*

"MY DEAREST F——,—Don't forget the prayer card enclosed. We want to try and make a 'good stir,' please God. So many seem to be alive here now,—classes, meetings, etc., all full and earnest.

"Do not be over anxious about the part I took with reference to the services. God, I know, has directed me. I attended the Convention, and Mr. Moody came down from the platform to speak with me, to ask me to take his place at night, which, as he was strong enough to work, and hundreds had come to town to hear him, etc., I thought better not to do, but gave him a very cordial expression of my feeling towards him. Many do seem to have come out on the Lord's side. I wish you were here again. Now is the time!

"Limerick mission opens (D.V.) on Monday night, when I preach, God willing. Oh, that God may give us much blessing.

"Love to mother and all.

"Ever your loving brother,

"A. D."

## TO ONE OF HIS CHILDREN.

"DEANERY, CORK, *May 24th, '78.*

"MY DEAREST —,—You may be sure that I have not forgotten you, though I have not written for a long time since coming home. I have been very busy, and greatly troubled about the illness of the poor bishop, who is dying—going home to Jesus, as we hope to do by and bye. All seems changing and sad sometimes; but then God cheers me on, and I get happier again.

"I was glad to hear about you from Mr. Tottenham and to learn how well you had taken to cricket. By all means try and do well in the cricket-field, while you do not omit or neglect your studies. I will not expect you, of course, to get on so fast in a new class, but you will try and do your best, I am sure; and you must climb a ladder step by step.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Give my fond love to M——. I hope she is well and happy.

"Remember our little prayer-time every morning, and do not forget your Bible, keeping near Jesus. That is the safe and happy way to get on.

"Ever your fond and loving father,

"ACHILLES DAUNT."



CHAPTER XIII.

*THE END.*

“Crossing with Him the chasm,  
As it were, by a single thread;  
Fording with Him the river—  
Christ leading, as He hath led.  
Then up the heights of glory,  
Unfollowed by death or sin;  
Swift through the pearl-white portal  
Thy feet may enter in.”

—*Anna Warner.*



## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE END.

WE call this chapter "the End," but what it describes is, in truth, "the beginning." It is the end of our brother's time of waiting ; it is the beginning of what he was waiting for. It is the close of earthly toil ; it is the entering on the service where the servants serve day and night, and yet "rest from their labours."

We have followed his career now through several stages. We have seen him as the sweet child in the sea-side home. We have seen him as the busy student in the College Halls, as the lover of Nature, rambling over hill and dale, as the earnest young pastor among the hamlets of the country parish, as the gifted teacher of city crowds, as the gentle and patient invalid strolling on the beach of the quiet watering-place. In all we have seen him bright and hopeful, faithful and loving. One more step in the journey through which God led him we can see—a dark step

apparently, a step which has terror and awe for many—the dying man stepping down into the dark river which flows between the known and the unknown, between the home here, and the “Home over there.” With wistful eyes we watch him—with eyes somewhat dimmed by the rising tears, yet straining to see how his God, whom he “served continually,” held him up as he entered into those solemn shadows which have hid him from our sight.

He returned from Hastings to Cork somewhat re-established—“a great deal better,” he said himself. As he passed through Dublin and rested for a few days, he preached in the Church of St. Werburgh’s on the morning of Sunday, the 5th of May, with his old earnestness of spirit and freshness of mind, but not (as was remarked by those who heard him) with his old vigour of voice and energy of manner. In the evening he took part in the services of St. Matthias’; but as he was reading some of the prayers, he was overcome by emotion; his voice failed; tears and sobs were coming, and he had to sit down. He was not the only one in the congregation weeping that evening.

When he reached Cork he tried to do his work as usual. He met his friends with the bright merry smile and genial greeting. He said he was

better ; he thought he was better. But those who lived with him soon saw how unfit he was for active work, what a slight exertion would bring the deathly pallor to his face, and the streams of perspiration to his head and brow. It was a deep trial to him to find his beloved bishop on his death-bed. He greatly dreaded, and yet greatly wished for the interview he had with him, a few days before he was called away. It was a very touching interview. The old man, who was known to be dying, the younger man who was supposed to be recovering, but was really dying too, met together once more in this world ; and, one man lying in the bed, the other kneeling beside it, they lifted up together the prayers and longings of their hearts to the Father in whose immediate presence they were both so soon to stand.

The Bishop died on the 26th of May. The funeral of one, who had been so much honoured and loved both in his own diocese and in the whole Church, was a very solemn and striking scene. The body was borne to the cathedral, and the first part of the service performed there. The remains were to be afterwards brought to Dublin and laid in Mount Jerome Cemetery. The funeral sermon was preached by the Dean. Very beautiful, very thrilling, was this last sermon he ever

preached on earth. Was there not something almost prophetic in its text,—“Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest,” and in its whole tone pointing from the troubles and changes of the world to the rest and calm in heaven?

Eloquent as the sermon was, helpful and spirit-stirring as were its ideas, his intimate friends perceived something of a deliberation and almost hesitation between his sentences, which made them anxious on account of its contrast with the full and free outpouring of his words they had been accustomed to in the days of his health. His very manner seemed to them like a sad anticipation of the warning of the text.

When the service was over one of his sisters, who had been prevented from entering the cathedral by the dense crowd which filled it, met him at the door and was awe-struck at his ghastly appearance. She strove to induce him not to go in the train with the funeral, bathed in perspiration as he was, fatigued, and without opportunity for taking food. But her remonstrances were in vain. He grasped her hand and kissed her, but would not be moved from his purpose. His chivalrous devotion to the memory of his bishop, his love to him who was gone, his sense of duty to the Church, made him think it right for him to go. And if he thought a thing right, a lion in the

way would not keep him from doing it. We feel that he was sadly mistaken ; we feel that the risk he ran was unnecessary and uncalled for. But we honour the spirit of love for his friend and loyalty to his duty, that blinded his eyes to the danger he was incurring.

Humanly speaking, that journey killed him. He never recovered the chill and the fatigue. He accompanied the solemn *cortège* to the cemetery next day. But he was observed among the mourners as looking more like a ghost than a man. He leaned upon a friend as he walked, and trod with a very tottering step. Some old acquaintance speaking to him after the service said (with questionable taste), "You will soon be in a palace now." He pointed upwards and answered, "Not a palace, but a crown, is what I look for." He returned to Cork suffering much from oppression of breathing ; but he would not allow a physician to be called in. He intended to preach in the cathedral on Sunday, but had to apologise to the congregation for not being able to do so, in a few brief words. The next week brought him no rest. His mind was so full of the arrangements to be made in the election of a new bishop, that he could not be still. He considered the election a matter of intense importance for the large and flourishing district of the Irish Church connected

with the see of Cork. On three occasions since the "Disestablishment," when bishoprics became vacant, and successors had to be elected by the Diocesan Synods, efforts were made by large numbers of the electors to secure Mr. Daunt as their bishop. His zeal, self-devotion, extensive popularity; his eloquence and brilliant talents, marked him out as one eminently qualified for such a leading position. On these occasions, when he knew the wishes entertained on his behalf, he was neither anxious nor excited. He felt he could leave the matter with perfect calmness to be decided either way by a wise and loving Providence. On the three occasions, the men named along with him, and finally appointed, were his own close and valued friends—men whom he would himself have probably chosen out of all Ireland for the posts. He was ready to go to the work of a bishopric if his Master sent him to it. But he was perfectly satisfied to stay at other work, if it was so ordered. So long as the boat was well steered, he was as willing to be at the oar as at the helm.

When the Bishop of Cork died very many wished the Dean to be his successor. But he knew himself to be utterly unfitted for such a post, by the state of his health, and would not allow the idea to be entertained. He felt a most intense desire from the

first, that the bishop's son, then bishop of Ossory, should be pressed to come and fill his father's place. His anxiety on this subject was so great that he rather fatigued and over-exerted himself in his efforts to secure general unanimity with regard to it in the diocese. His affection for the father, his confidence in the son, his conviction that no other arrangement would be so good for the Church, combined, perhaps, with an unacknowledged consciousness that he had not long to work himself, made him restlessly and almost morbidly anxious about the election.

It was carried as he wished ; but before it was arranged he was in the region

“ Where beyond these voices there is peace.”

On Sunday, the 9th of June, he took part in the administration of the Holy Communion. It was his last time for treading the courts of an earthly temple. It was his last time for joining with his brethren in commemorating the Saviour's death before he received the wine “ new in the kingdom of the Father.” His next entrance into the House of God was to be through the “ gates of pearl.”

After service he grew very weak and breathless, insomuch that it was thought well to send for his brothers and sisters from Kinsale. They found him

so bright and cheerful, greeting them with his accustomed energy and loving words, that their fears were considerably allayed. But when night came on, the progress of his disease became apparent. He had to be propped up with pillows to enable him to breathe. Hands and feet were slightly swollen. Next morning, when his sister came into his room, he was sitting on the side of the bed, with his large heavy Bible (as usual) in his hands, looking dreadfully ill and exhausted. Still he refused medical aid, saying cheerily that as soon as the business of the election was over, they might manage him as they liked, but that till then he hoped to stand at his post. He was glad, however, to let them take him to St. Anne's, Blarney. This is a famous hydropathic establishment, about six miles from Cork, standing on a fine breezy hill in the midst of varied and beautiful plantations, and commanding a noble view of the surrounding country. The Dean always panted for a wider horizon than he had at the deanery house, and hoped that the fresh, pure air would revive him. He found the drive almost too much for his powers, and arrived at St. Anne's fatigued and exhausted. The resident physician was called in, who saw at a glance that the patient's earthly career was just at its close.

That evening the Dean asked his brother-in-law, who came with the party, to conduct family prayers. At the close, he offered up a short but earnest prayer



himself. It was the last he was able to lead in audibly on earth. Its principal petition was for the Father's blessing upon the Church in Ireland. The few following days before the end were chiefly spent in bed, the body weak but the mind happy and hopeful.

On Sunday morning the doctor pronounced that there could be no hope of a rally. The poor sorrow-stricken wife stole into his room shortly afterwards, and, in spite of every effort at self-control, was overcome by her feelings. "What is the matter with you, Kate?" he said, quite brightly. Then after a little pause, he added steadily and gently, "I have no fears for myself and none for you." He asked her to read part of the Church Service, of which he was always exceedingly fond. He joined audibly and clearly in several of the responses of the Litany, but was soon obliged, by exhaustion and breathlessness, to be silent and lie still, and allow his wife to take up the response as well as the petition. So in the quiet room, the only sounds heard by the angels were the sick man's laboured breathing and the gentle, but somewhat trembling, woman's voice, pleading for "succour, help, and comfort to all in danger, necessity, and tribulation," and then chiming in with the often-repeated, but never unheard or rejected appeal, "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

He then asked for the "General Thanksgiving," and for the hymns "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." Are sweet hymns ever so sweet as when sung by the bed of sickness? Does the truth of the holy words ever seem so true as when it is felt how little earthly comfort, earthly hope, or earthly pleasure can do to bring peace to that worn face, or gladness to those languid eyes? Does not the music seem music from God when, in spite of weariness and weakness, it evidently wakens an echo of joy in the heart of the dying one?

After a while, as he lay prostrate and exhausted, his sister leaned over him and repeated several of his favourite passages of Scripture, ending with "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." "Yes," he murmured in an audible response, "for ever!" He sank very low that evening, and lay most of the night with eyes closed, breathing heavily. Next morning he brightened again; colour came to his face, and he was able to take a little nourishment. There was a flickering gleam in the flame before it went out. But it was only for a few minutes; the ashy paleness returned, and he lay speechless and exhausted.

About eleven o'clock, his brother came into the room, bringing his little daughter Emily. He opened his eyes, knew them both and smiled a

sweet and loving smile at the little one. After this he seemed to lose consciousness. He lay with his eyes open looking upwards. A slight colour tinged his cheeks. His countenance wore a beautiful expression. Though his breathing was laboured, there was no look of pain or distress in his face. Calmly gazing upwards he lay for a few hours, and then, without a struggle, his spirit passed away from the body, and returned to God who gave it.

Thus Achilles Daunt entered into his rest. He died as he had lived, trusting in his unseen Saviour, gladdened by the consciousness of His presence. His last words and last looks were in harmony with the whole tenor of his earthly course. They spoke of quiet faith, they spoke of tender brotherly love. His short day was bright with the shining of the Sun of Righteousness; the evening clouds were illumined by tender and beautiful light from the same source. He travelled his appointed journey with a joyous step, leaning on the Beloved. He stepped down into the dark river without feeling a chill from its coldness, or a qualm of awe from its depth, because he was looking into the Beloved One's face. Through life's labours and death's shadows alike, he was "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

It is needless ; it is impossible to describe the wail of sorrow that arose in the Church of Ireland at his death. I feel that hundreds who take up this book will hardly be able to read it to the end through the emotions it re-awakens. It is not for the purpose of making wounded hearts bleed afresh, but in the hope of perpetuating the lessons of that noble life that the "memoir" has been put together.

The remains were brought from St. Anne's to the deanery. Arrangements for the funeral were made similar to those so recently carried out at the funeral of his bishop. The coffin was to be first brought to the cathedral, and part of the service performed there ; then to be taken to Dublin, left for the night in St. Matthias' Church, and carried to the last halting place next day. On the morning of the funeral, the coffin was laid in the centre of the drawing-room in the deanery, and the face, noble in its calm beauty, was left uncovered. Numbers of mourning friends pressed in to take a last look—the last they should see of the well-loved face till the meeting on the day of resurrection. The still, white features lay unmoved, with beautiful flowers all round, and weeping and sorrowing faces bending over. The covering had then to be replaced and the remains to be borne to the cathedral by the young men of the Christian Association. Amidst solemn music, soft chaunts,

and hymns of hope, the procession carried their burden to its place in the choir. A deeply impressive address was given by the Rev. Canon Archdale, which will be long remembered by those who heard it ; and then the coffin, piled with rare and delicate flowers, was taken up by a procession of the choristers, and carried to the railway station, followed by thousands who, though the rain was sweeping down in torrents, would not allow themselves to be prevented from paying their tribute of respect and affection to the honoured dead.

It was nearly eleven o'clock at night when the sad procession reached St. Matthias' in Dublin. Late as the hour was, the church was full of people. Hundreds of his old friends and congregation gathered together, thinking that by their presence there they could give some expression to the sorrowing love with which their hearts were swelling. For about an hour the silent company waited in the church. It was draped in black and dimly lighted. A whisper could be heard now and then, or something like the sound of a woman's sob ; but, except for this, there was a solemn hush over the people.

I think most of them spent the time in prayer.

At length the doors opened, the whole congregation stood up, and the mourners carried in their burden. There were sobs while the people were

waiting, beforehand ; but now, as the coffin was carried up the aisle of the church, and as the pale faces of the brothers who bore it brought back so vividly the likeness of him who was gone, there was indeed a sound of weeping ; and even strong men found it hard to keep back the tears ; and not a few of them bowed down their heads altogether, hid their faces in their hands cried like children.

When the coffin was placed in the chancel a little company of his Friday class of young ladies stole gently forward, and laid upon it a beautifully wrought cross and wreath of snow-white flowers. Then the organ sounded softly, and with broken accents, the whole congregation joined in the hymn which breathes up to the Father in Heaven the trembling prayer : " Oh, teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done." A few collects were said, and the congregation dismissed with " The peace of God which passeth all understanding." But many a timid veiled figure stole up to lay some flower or wreath upon the coffin ; and not till midnight were the remains left alone in the church ; the motionless body inside the coffin with face so white and calm, and heart so still, and the sweet flowers heaped upon the breast, the roses and lily of the valley shedding their fragrance around in the darkness, while the spirit of him who

had dwelt for a while in that body was in the home which the Lord God doth lighten, and where "the Lamb is the Light thereof."

Next morning the funeral procession started for the grave-yard some miles away. It was a vast procession. All Dublin seemed assembled to express its honour for the departed servant of God. All classes and ranks and sects were one in this desire. Roman Catholics and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters, forgot their differences, and side by side followed the remains of one whom they all knew to have spent his life in affectionate and self-denying efforts to benefit his fellow-creatures. Even those who could not appreciate his ministry agreed that he was "a good gentleman." There was an instinctive sense that one dear to God and dear to men had just passed away; and all the dim yearnings that make men wish for God and goodness, and all the plain common sense that makes men value unselfish and useful lives combined in drawing together "all sorts and conditions of men" to the funeral of Achilles Daunt. And besides this mixed multitude who came to do honour to one who in a general way represented goodness and kindness, there were the thousands who had found profit and pleasure in his public ministry, or help and comfort in his private sympathy. In real mourning they gathered together now.

Looking back from the beginning of the procession, you could not see to the end of it. The long line of carriages, the train of men, women and children on foot seemed interminable. And when the church-yard was reached, it, too, was found crowded. With difficulty an opening was made for the passage of the coffin and its bearers through the dense mass that filled the broad avenue under the long lines of shady trees. It was impossible to read the service in the little mortuary chapel that stands there for the purpose. Outside the door the bier was laid down ; and there under the blue sky of heaven, the vast crowd joined in praying to God to "comfort us in our adversity," and to "satisfy us with His mercy," and listened together to the inspired song of triumph over the sting of death and the victory of the grave. Then, at the request of his friends, a few words were spoken by the Dean's successor in his Dublin work—a few words wafted by the summer breeze through the listening throng, speaking of our brother's tender love, and of his simple faith, and of the wondrous power God had given him through these graces. And it seemed as if no one was individually speaking ; but as if we were all joined together in the one deep emotion of sorrow and yet of gladness, of mourning and yet of hope ; weeping together at the thought of the human love that had



passed away from among us, but rejoicing together in the thought of the Divine love from which it flowed, and which remained with us for ever.

And then we committed his body to the ground—"earth to earth, dust to dust: in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life." And as we returned to our homes and our work, we had the happiness of feeling that our much-loved friend was in the eternal Home, and busy in the eternal service.

As we close this page in the history of Christ's Church Militant, we feel that it has taught us precious lessons.

We have learned to recognize more clearly than ever the efficacy of that power which we always knew to be the greatest that man, or even God Himself can wield—the power of love. The intensity of our brother's love to his Father and Friend on high, was a secret between the man and his God which we could only guess at. But the warmth, the tenderness, the generosity of his affection for his fellow-men, shone out in his every word and act. This it was that gave the sparkle to his countenance and the music to his voice. His heart yearned with desire to bring benefit and blessing to all whom he came in contact with, and no one who looked up into his face could fail to recognize that it was so. The feeling of

love, and the frank and simple exhibition of love gave him his magic power. It is the old lesson, taught from the first dawn of Revelation, by God Himself, taught by our Lord's Incarnation, by His bloody sweat, by His Cross and Passion, taught as the leading lesson of that Life in Palestine, taught by His apostles, by the noble army of martyrs, by the long line of saints who have lived and laboured in the Church for eighteen centuries, taught by the mother as she fondles her babe, by the child as he clings to his father's hand, by the joy and brightness of happy homes, taught by all the sweet natural relations of human life, by all the heroism and self-sacrifice in human history, and yet ever needing to be taught again and again. It has been taught plainly by the life just brought to a close. We feel that if we want to have power for good over a man's soul, we must really love him. We must not only say the proper word because it is our duty, but we must thirst to do him good. Oh! cold formal words, nice set speeches, properly selected, neat little texts! Are these strong enough to draw the eager, passionate, human soul from downward rushing to upward striving? Nothing will hold, nothing will bind, nothing will draw that mysterious being except the cords of love. We must have the love, and we must not be ashamed to show

it. Let there be no affectation in your manner, no oily sweetness and softness, none of the conventional endearments of pious phraseology. Be simple and straightforward, and honest and real, whatever you are ; but let there be the tears in your eyes and the tremble in your voice, and if not these, at least the great yearning in your heart which will show itself somehow—the great yearning to save your brother.

We knew this always ; we have learned it afresh from the story of Achilles Daunt. If one clergyman or Christian labourer is led by the study of this life to be dissatisfied with routine work, to ask God to give him a more tender, self-forgetting, self-sacrificing love to human souls, and then to go out with warmer words and more genial manner and more thoughtful and self-denying efforts, to help and comfort and win—this memoir will not have been written in vain.

Another lesson is taught us by his faith—that simple child-like faith we have more than once spoken of—untroubled by difficulties, unshaken by doubts.

He believed in the fatherhood of God ; he looked up to the heavens above, and in calm and storm alike—in the blue serene of summer and in the blackness of tempest and thunder cloud, he saw the kind face of the All-wise and All-loving

gazing down upon His children on earth. So, underneath the various changes of his life and the anxious throbbings of his sensitive heart there was rest and calm. He believed all would be ordered and made work together for good; and at every turn and after every event, the words were constantly on his lips—"Father, I thank Thee."

And with very intense faith he believed in the good news brought into the world through the life, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus. That Divine Figure, painted in the story of the Evangelists, stood out before him always as the object of his heart's trust and love. The message that He brought, the work that He did in the world, was the main theme both of his private meditations, and his public ministry. The atonement made by the Lord Jesus on the Cross—not human theories about it, but the fact of it—the fact that because He died we are forgiven—formed the foundation of his own hope, and therefore the foundation of his teaching to others. The life which he lived, he lived by the faith of the Son of God who loved him and gave Himself for him.

And with very special interest his faith rested upon the Lord's promise to send the "Comforter" to abide with His people for ever. The thought of that promise had always a peculiar charm to

his heart. He believed it foretold a reality. He believed it had had a real fulfilment. "I believe in the Holy Ghost" was with him no dry assertion of dogma, but the expression of a truth which was the joy and strength of his life. Teaching from God, comfort from God, strength and courage from God, guidance from God in perplexity he believed he had received himself, and sought for and expected always with undoubting confidence. He urged his people to expect the same. He held it up before them as their encouragement in every dark hour. God will support; God will give the needed faith and strength; for "the Comforter will come," and "dwell with you and shall be in you." "The Holy Ghost shall teach you."

Thus believing in the unseen, feeling the reality of it as if it was seen, he was able to go out and speak among men almost as if he had been an eye witness of the things he spoke of. God in His love, God in His compassion, God in His continual presence, the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost—sacred facts, sacred manifestations—had he not seen them, had he not gazed upon their glory with vision more intense than the retina of the bodily organ could receive!

And men who listened caught the reflection of the Divine illumination. And truths which had

seemed misty and unsubstantial to their weaker faith, stood out, as he spoke from his heart's convictions, as the great realities of life. And the careless were aroused, and the half-hearted were shamed, and the downcast were encouraged, and the earnest servants were sent on their way rejoicing, for all felt that he who spoke was a messenger of God, come straight from His presence, telling of the things he had seen and heard.

From the history of Achilles Daunt we carry away also a conviction of the strength of the unseen tie which binds together all earnest Christian men. His life was a great "*eirenicon*." It makes us feel how much greater are the things in which we agree, than those in which we differ. Though taking his own line of thought and teaching decidedly, yet he was welcomed and loved by all parties. He had warm friends among men of the most opposite theological schools. To "name the name of Christ and depart from iniquity," formed a bond which bound him and them together. One in their heart's trust and loyalty to the one Person; one in their life's battle for the good and against the evil, they could afford to differ in many things, and yet feel one in work and one in destiny.

A further conclusion forces itself upon us as we look back over the career of usefulness so lately closed. The fashion of the day continually speaks

of "Evangelicalism" as a thing of the past, effete and powerless now. A life like this of Achilles Daunt teaches us the eternal vitality of the great principles from which real evangelical religion draws its power. "As long as the heart hath passions, as long as life hath woes,"—as long as there exist among us sin and mourning, hearts yearning for better things, consciences awakening with pangs and cravings—so long the story of Jesus of Nazareth, simply and lovingly told, will be the great power for consolation and new life. The faults and mistakes of the evangelical party will go the way of all human errors. Narrow views, and piously meant but unfounded superstitions with regard to the Bible and its interpretation, will pass into the same limbo as all other forms of childish ignorance; but as long as the evidence for the truth of the Gospel story, and for the faithfulness of the scriptural record of Christ's teaching convinces thoughtful minds that Jesus did of a truth come into the world to save sinners, so long the teaching that gives men comfort for the past, hope for the future, strength for the battle of the present, must be in the main "evangelical" teaching. If the Gospel is true, the Gospel alone will still the aching of men's hearts. God, made known in Christ Jesus, His love, His sympathy, His pardon, the mission of the Holy Ghost the Comforter; the themes pro-

claimed so broadly and simply by Achilles Daunt, will ever be the themes that draw bad men to goodness, that help good men in their strife against evil, that dry the mourner's tears, gladden lonely hearts, and light up with joy and hope the glazing eyes of the dying. May the study of this good man's life spread further and wider these life-giving themes.



*SERMONS.*



## SERMONS BY ACHILLES DAUNT.

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### THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.\*

“And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him—for the hour of His judgment is come.”—REV. xiv. 6, 7.

THE passage in which these words are to be found occurs in that wonderful book—so strangely sublime, and so mysterious in its grandeur—which closes the Inspired Volume, and completes the canon of Scripture. Without attempting to decide between systems of Apocalyptic interpretation, which have been held and maintained by representatives of various schools of thought from time to time, I will only say—as sufficient for my present purpose—that it seems reasonable to conclude, on grounds alike of analogy and of internal evidence, that we have in this book a prophetic outline (chiefly in symbol) of the kingdom of Christ on earth, between His ascension and His coming again in glory for judgment; that, looked at from our own standpoint, in time, this book comprises things *past*, *present*, and *future*,—its prophecies in part fulfilled already, some of them being fulfilled now, before our very eyes, others awaiting

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\* Preached in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on Sunday, March 31st, 1878.

their fulfilment in the yet unknown future : not, indeed, in the way of regular order or historical sequence—for we may not deal with the Apocalypse as if it were a *prophetical almanack*—but as intended, on the whole, to exhibit and exemplify those great principles on which the Divine government proceeds in relation to the mediatorial kingdom of the Redeemer. The Saviour Himself appears here (as St. John beheld Him) enthroned in His majesty, “having put on His glorious apparel”—risen, ascended, “alive for evermore,” the Captain of our salvation “made perfect through suffering,” “the man of sorrows” become the “King of glory,” all power given to Him in heaven and earth, possessed of the keys of death and of hell, “King of kings and Lord of lords !” His Church, on the other hand, still “militant here on earth,” “fightings without and fears within,” the ship, as it was of old time, in the midst of the sea, tossed by the waves, her weary crew toiling in rowing, through darkness and tempest, while His own eye rests on them still, and His own presence attends them in every hour of need. And then, as these strange pictures unfold themselves, we gaze in wonder on visions of warfare and vistas of conquest, warriors on white horses, followed by armies clad in glistening array, battles with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood ; while the promise “*To him that overcometh,*” bright with conspicuous reward, is again and again repeated as the conflict waxes hotter, and the death-struggle with sin and darkness rolls on from age to age ! Already we seem to behold, from afar, the happy victor crowned—already to hear the joyful “Well done !” as some tried and true one lays by the cross to take the crown—already to catch, though standing far away, the jubilant notes of the Hallelujahs which shall close the warfare of time and usher in the glories of eternity !

And here, in the midst of these sublime visions of warfare

and of judgment, the text comes in. The darkness is deepening, while time moves swiftly to its close ; the harvest of the world is almost ripe, the sickle is about to be thrust in to reap, and the clusters gathered, *the good to be harvested, the bad to be cast away*. Mystic Babylon, great stronghold of sin and apostasy, is tottering to its fall. "The end of all things is at hand !" And *He* "who is not willing that any one should perish, but that all should come to repentance," stays for a season the sword of His justice, that He may cause the nations, far and nigh, to hear the music of His mercy. And so we have this other angel, the angel of light and love, described as flying in the midst of heaven, beautiful in his mission of goodness, swift on His errand of mercy—sent to proclaim God's glorious message, and to preach to the nations His "everlasting Gospel." To what extent it may be true that the holy angels, who are "ministering spirits (as St. Paul tells us), sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," may possibly co-operate (in this—the dispensation of the Holy Ghost) in disseminating and diffusing the truth of the Gospel, and the seed of eternal life amongst men—just as the fallen angels, we gather from the Saviour's teaching, are busy in marring and frustrating the good seed of the kingdom—is not clearly revealed to us ; but this much we are plainly taught,—that those holy angels are moved by the most intense sympathy with all that relates to the wonders of redemption, and the salvation of mankind,—“desiring to look into” the glories of redeeming love, and rejoicing in their songs over even one sinner brought to repentance, and gathered home to His Father's bosom. And this, I suppose, we may *at all events* regard as symbolised here in this vision of the angel and his mission: "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth, saying, Fear God and give glory to Him, for the hour

of His judgment is come : ” such is the context. Let us now examine the passage itself, and endeavour, with the help of God, and by the teaching of His Holy Spirit, to ascertain and comprehend its meaning.

“ The everlasting Gospel ! ” This, you see, is the burden of the angel’s message—this the great theme of his proclamation. There is something grandly expressive, and significant in this title—“ The everlasting Gospel.” Let us ponder it a little, let us look at it in some of its most obvious and striking aspects. Let us view it as it stands related respectively to God—to time—to man—and to eternity ! And first,—

I. It is “ the everlasting Gospel ” *in its relation to God*,—the manifestation (so to speak) of His Godhead—the very Epiphany of His attributes, in all their beautiful and wondrous harmony,—not as though it were *an after-thought of His pity*, but as the provision of His wisdom and the outcome of His love ! For, reflect for a moment, this “ Gospel of grace,” these “ glad tidings of great joy,” this interposition of God to save man,—how shall we comprehend it ? What does it mean ? Why, if it means anything at all, if it be truth and not a fable, it can only mean that He who, when sin had gained, somehow, an entrance into His fair and beautiful domain, blighted the flowers which His hand had planted, estranged from Him the offspring whom He had made for Himself, dared, as it were, His Divine Being, and threatened His very throne,—who, when

“ All the souls that were, were forfeit once,  
And He that might the vantage best have took,  
Found out the remedy,”—

even He it was, who Himself made a way for His love, and “ devised means whereby His banished might not be expelled from Him.”

And this He did. But how did He do it?

Not by exalting one attribute of His essential Being at the expense of another, not by setting aside His righteousness in order to give loose reins to an indiscriminate mercy, not by ignoring His justice to magnify His pity, not by suppressing the sanctions of His holiness, and withholding the expression of His personal and infinite hatred of sin. By no means! Not *thus* can we ever truly think noble thoughts of God. Such a God as this would cease to be God as we have learned to conceive of Him: a God without His deity, crownless and dethroned,—such a God as man might justly despise, and devils mock at and deride! Not so! But He Himself, taking our human nature, in the person of His own Son,—He Himself, “who knew no sin, made sin for us,” bowing the very heavens to the manger of Bethlehem and the cross of Calvary,—made there, by the offering of Himself, “a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world,” so that there “Mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other,”—and thus, as the grand result, a Holy God is “*just*, and yet the Justifier of all who believe in Jesus.”

Such, brethren, is God’s way of salvation as exhibited in the Gospel,—a way in which the attributes of God are beheld *harmonised* in all their wonderful majesty, the divers colours blended in one glorious beam of Love. And thus the redemption of man rests, you perceive, on “the foundation of God,” abiding and immutable—a structure more solid than the firmament—an edifice which shall outlive “the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds,” and which shall eternally disclose new beauty, and reveal ampler treasures in the “new heavens and the new earth,” the beauty and the glory of the “everlasting Gospel.”

Such a view of the Atonement will help us truly to

"think noble things of God." But to speak of this wondrous plan of redemption, this everlasting Gospel, as an *after-thought of God*,—as a something contrived in time to repair the ravages of sin and of the fall,—what is this but to countenance the hateful doctrine that God, in the intensity of His wrath against sin, in the fury of His righteous indignation, was *unwilling* to pardon guilt, or to *absolve the sinner*, until the "rich drops of Jesus' blood" had "calmed His frowning face," and until His anger was appeased by the agony of a guiltless being, the suffering and death of some innocent substitute! But this (thank God!) as I understand it, is not the Gospel—that "everlasting Gospel" which we preach unto you!

Let us think as we may, (and let us not be afraid to think it), this nobler and truer thought of God,—that long before the wound was inflicted, foreseeing love had in wisdom devised the balm; that long before sin's deadly disease had assailed the human family, or the plague had yet begun, the great *Hospital* of His mercy, with its bountiful resources, its world-wide welcome, was all planned and prepared in His eternal counsels. He had already "provided Himself a Lamb for a burnt-offering,"—even the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." "For God so loved the world"—(fire burns because it is fire, light shines because it is light, and God loves because "God is love!")—"so *loved* the world, that He gave (because He loved it) His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth might not *perish*, but have everlasting life!"

II. Again: "*The everlasting Gospel.*" How expressive and significant the title when we view it *in contrast to the vicissitudes of time*, to the changes of a world where all is mutable, and everything subject to the inevitable law of "change and decay"! From its earliest dawn upon the darkness and misery of a paradise lost, on to the clearer



light of patriarchal times, and onwards still to the noontide glories of Incarnation and Redemption, this "everlasting Gospel" has come down to us securely, with its lustre undimmed and its beauty unimpaired, changeless amid the collapse of dynasties, the rise and fall of nations, the revolutions of empires,—as fresh and young to-day, as full of beauty and life and power, as when first the "joyful sound" was heard on earth, and the message of mercy proclaimed to men ! But mark the contrast :—

The colossal magnificence of Nineveh, the superb pride of Babylon, the dazzling refinement of Greece, the iron grandeur of imperial Rome, the savage splendour of the Osmanli,—have each in turn succumbed to decay, and gone "the way of all the earth." But the Gospel of Christ belongs to the "kingdom that cannot be moved"; it stands to-day like a rock in mid ocean, over which the storms have been sweeping, and on which the waves have been beating from age to age ; and still it stands unmoved and immutable. And so, as years roll on, each successive century adds its voiceless, but irresistible testimony to the truth of the Bible ; and time, which impairs everything else, *only strengthens this*, and ratifies, with ever-growing and more powerful sanctions, the claims and credentials of "the everlasting Gospel."

III. Again : "The everlasting Gospel !" How suggestive of the *marvellous suitability*, the *wonderful adaptation of the Gospel*, to the *wants and aspirations of mankind in every age* ! Mark the spirit of the time, listen to the popular theories of modern thought,—and what is the result ? Do they not tell us openly and confidently that "the Bible has had its day, and the Gospel its mission,—but that now *that day* is over, and *that mission* is fulfilled" ? Such a tutor, they maintain, was admirably suited to "human thought" in its infancy, but now "the child grown man,

the world, has outlived and outgrown such a teacher, Education has supplanted it, Philosophy has replaced it, Science has superseded it—it is behind the age, imbecile and obsolete! You ask, Can these things be? can this be true? *We reply, boldly and triumphantly, "Impossible!"*

For can *Science* guide the soul to peace—that “peace with God” for which the sinner yearns? Can Philosophy tell us “where shall *rest* be found?” Can Education restore to man the lost image of his Creator? Can Science solve those awful problems of sin and suffering, of death and eternity, which rise up again and again within the soul, and bring it trembling into the bondage of fear? Experience—the experience of every age, of men at all times—emphatically answers “No!” and the very *reason of the thing* itself, when consulted, makes the same reply! For consider,—Science has indeed accomplished great things, opened to us new pages in the glorious book of Nature, disclosed for us new wonders in the fields of creation, brought to light and placed within reach new treasures from the ample storehouses of God’s wisdom and providence; she has done much to supply the wants (the bodily wants) of men, much to alleviate the sufferings, much to enhance the pleasures and to dry the tears of the human family: for all this, and much more, we are indebted to Science, and we gratefully acknowledge our obligations. But then, *observe* where her mission fails. There is (and there can be) in Science *no finality*—nothing sure and final, on which the soul may rest and be at peace. Her career is as yet, perhaps (for all we know), but in its childhood; the fields of her enterprise are as yet but partially explored; the conquests of to-day may be eclipsed by the triumphs of to-morrow, and the facts and figures of the present may be largely modified by the results of the future; and therefore, *just because it is so*, just because

there is, and can be, in Science no finality, *Science can never guide the soul to peace, or give the troubled spirit rest.* The Christian Faith it is, as set forth in the Gospel, which *alone* (experience proves) can meet those deepest needs, those highest aspirations, of which the human heart has ever been conscious. Between the two there can be, *in truth*, no rivalry: the God of Revelation is the God of Science too, and in His Divine order Faith can show in her domain facts which Science cannot dispute, and Science find in her domain facts which she needs the help of Faith to interpret. Yet, after all, the result is the same—the great fact remains unchallenged! Guilt and sorrow, unrest and anguish, suffering and misery—all the deadly virulence, the fatal force of sin, and sin's "ineradicable taint," the universal malady—all *this* remains in its terrible reality. The *disease* is the same, *and so is the Remedy!* We have it here: we have it in the "everlasting Gospel,"—this river of living *water* which rolls on to-day as full and deep as though the millions of former ages had never drunk of its streams,—this heavenly *light* which shines on us to-day, and will shine to-morrow, as full of radiancy and *power* as though for ages past it had not been gladdening the earth and filling it with life and beauty!

IV. "The Everlasting Gospel!" Yet once more: how expressive the words of *the permanency, the abiding nature*, the lasting blessedness of that salvation to which it testifies,—its relation to eternity! There is here nothing transient, nothing ephemeral. "Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell in it shall die in like manner: but My salvation shall be for ever, and My righteousness shall not be abolished." "Length of days

is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour,"—even life for evermore, and treasures that will endure. Does *the Gospel promise forgiveness of sin*? It is of sin which, when confessed and forsaken, is "blotted out," "cast into the depths of the sea," "remembered no more." Does it offer *peace*? It is peace which shall be "as a river," the very "peace of God," peace which is the "effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance for ever." Does it tell of *joy*? It is a joy which has its seat in the sanctified heart, and which shall spring, and flow heavenwards, until the day when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with singing, and *everlasting joy* shall be upon their head." Does it promise *life*? It is life which, like the LORD the Giver, is eternal,—a life which is "hid with Christ in God,"—a life which consists in the true knowledge of the True God, and which contains even now, and *here, the germ* of all that we need to satisfy the soul, requiring no change but expansion to fit it for eternity, — a *life* which, commenced within us *now* by the power of the Holy Ghost, shall go forward, like the shining light, "shining more and more unto the perfect day,"—a *life* of which heaven itself shall be not so much the *reward*, as the natural and necessary continuation!

Such, brethren, is the "everlasting Gospel," as we feebly and faintly conceive of its realities and its glory! And now, it will be asked, Supposing all this to be true, and these things to be so, how does this affect us? what concern have you and I with these things? Have you suggested anything *new*—any new impetus towards a nobler life—any new light on the credentials of the Christian Faith? I reply, Our business, as *preachers of the Gospel*, is not to invent what is *new*, but to *re-affirm and re-assert what is old*. It will be time enough to ask us for new arguments, when we are confronted with new and *living*

objections. It will be time enough to set about raising new bulwarks, when the ancient and hitherto impregnable citadel of the "everlasting Gospel" has been stormed and demolished! But meanwhile that "*loud voice*," which pleads with the nations from heaven, has assuredly its message for you and me. Like the voice of one crying in the world's wilderness, it speaks trumpet-toned, and calls men to "Fear God and give Him glory, for the hour of His judgment is come." We may stifle those utterances for a time; we may suffer, if we please, the clamour and the strife, the revelry and mirth, the din of war, and the clink of gold, the tumult and confusion of a world that is deaf to God and heeds Him not, to fill our ears, to dull our hearing, to make even the "*loud voice*" from heaven inaudible! And yet it *cries* to us still! It speaks to us—

1. *As a nation*—a nation favoured and blessed above all nations on the face of the earth. It bids us "look to the rock whence we were hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence we have been digged," "to fear God, and give Him glory": the *glory of our national blessings* and of our national pre-eminence; to ponder well that wherein our true greatness consists,—not in armies, or in ships, or accumulated wealth, but in honouring our God, the Lord of Hosts, making Him supreme in our counsels and our enterprises. It warns us to remember the mission which has been committed to us as a people, and to look to it that *wheresoever in all the wide world* the flag of England is floating supreme, and British rule has established its sway, there also the light of truth and righteousness shall shine upon the nations, and the "everlasting Gospel" shall find a home! It speaks to us—

2. *As individuals*. It takes each man aside from the crowd, and it says, "I have a message from God to thee."

It is this : all that God the Father planned in His wisdom, all that God the Son accomplished in His love—by His agony and bloody sweat, by His cross and passion—all that God the Spirit creates and applies for the salvation of men, while designed to bring glory to God,—it was all—all of it *done for thee !* Can any man believe this and trifle, believe this and remain indifferent, while death and eternity await him, and the hour of God's judgment approaches ? Oh, brethren ! to have had this sweet voice, this “everlasting Gospel,” speaking to us for years, and yet to have refused to hearken ; to have had this music of mercy pealing evermore around us, and yet to have shut our ears to it ; to have had this heavenly light shining brightly on our path, and yet to have closed our eyes to its merciful beams, and preferred to wander on in darkness,—this it is which will make judgment terrible, and make a lost heaven a retrospect of unutterable anguish.

Familiar to most of you is that classic legend, so full of strange, pathetic beauty, which tells of one who, from another world, was brought again, by efforts of surpassing skill and tenderest care, to the very verge of safety ; and yet who, at this supreme moment, was by one sad act of forgetfulness, lost for ever in the dread abyss of the unseen. With what a thrill of anguish has this ancient story been retold to us within the last few days ! How strange the coincidence that once again the lost one, engulfed and cast away *within an hour of home*, should bear *that ill-omened name*, the name of Eurydice ! and how terribly was the awful catastrophe intensified by the fact that the ship, when the perils of her ocean voyage were passed, had foundered at the harbour's mouth, had perished miserably within sight of the port ! How fearful to think that it is possible for men—terribly possible—in this Christian land, with light shining round them, salvation within reach, and heaven (as it were) almost

within view, to perish after all through the folly of unbelief, and make shipwreck of their souls through the deceitfulness of sin? Let us see to it, then, that we receive not the grace of God in vain. While yet a God of mercy extends to us the golden sceptre of His love, while yet a Saviour's voice pleads with us in the Gospel of His grace, let us listen to His call, let us "fear God and give Him glory,"—the glory of *a heart* surrendered to His love, of a life consecrated to His service; and then, in the great hereafter, when tears shall be all wiped away, and travelling days are over, Jesus Christ shall have the glory, and we shall bless Him for the joys and magnify Him for the wonders of His "everlasting Gospel." Amen.

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#### THE CHURCH: A LESSON-BOOK FOR ANGELS.\*

"To the intent that now, unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places, might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God."—EPHESIANS iii. 10.

THESE, brethren, are very wonderful and suggestive words—suggestive, I think, of much that is suitable to the occasion (an occasion, I need not remind you, of the deepest interest and solemnity) which finds us assembled here to-day. The Church of God—that is, redeemed and regenerated man—sinners reconciled through the blood, and sanctified by the Spirit of Christ the Son of God, "the speculum to minister light to angels!" Not alone the depository of faith, but the treasury of knowledge and wisdom, and that for an order of

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\* Preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on Sunday, April 14, 1872, at the consecration of the Right Rev. M. F. Day, D.D., Bishop of Cashel.

beings higher vastly than ourselves, even for the principalities and powers in heavenly places ! Such is the wondrous truth declared to us in these words—words which seem designed, as it were, for a moment, to lift the veil from off the secret things of God, and to give the soul a glimpse, though it be but a passing one, of the ocean of things divine, fathomless, and infinite, concerning which one of old, as he stood by its margin and looked forth on its abyss, was constrained to cry, “ Oh ! the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ; how unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out ! ” It has happened, doubtless, to many of you, in one of those peaceful moments, perhaps, on whose withered flowers and faded lights memory casts behind a wistful glance with tearful eye, to stand and look, from some tall cliff or jutting foreland, upon the sea in its grandeur,—wave after wave rolling on in the light of a summer’s sun like a flood of molten gold—or to mark in some region of Alpine wonders how each snow-crowned peak, each giant summit, stood out with dazzling dome in relief against the clear, blue sky, or pinnacled in clouds its awful form ; or, again, to stand abroad at night, when the sky is cloudless and the atmosphere is clear, and to listen while the heavens are telling the glory of God, and the firmament proclaiming His handiwork, until the mind is lost in wonder, and beneath the contemplation heart and voice sink oppressed. How irresistible at such a time has been the impulse to look from Nature up to Nature’s God :—

“ O God, O good beyond compare,  
If thus Thy meaner works are fair—  
If thus Thy glories gild the span  
Of ruined earth and fallen man,  
How glorious must the mansions be  
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee.”



Even so, for "the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." Rom. i. 20.

Thus, in the world around us,—these creatures of God's hand—we have a mirror in which we see reflected the lineaments of His Divine Majesty; the wisdom, goodness, and power of "Him who hath made all things, and for whose pleasure they are and were created." But, brethren, we are taught in the text that there is another world—a new and a nobler creation, replete with beauty, yet more excellent, full of glory, yet more transcendent—wherein the face of God may be still more clearly seen, which angels and archangels look into (as into a looking-glass), to learn more of God and to know Him the better thereby, and that is, the Church of Christ. Such is plainly the meaning of the Apostle in the passage before us, when he says, "To the intent that now (referring to the commission to preach the Gospel with which he had been entrusted, even he that was 'less than the least of all saints') unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places, might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God."

We have here, you perceive, three distinct features in this passage: God Himself (the infinite and unsearchable), the object contemplated—contemplated in the many-coloured (*πολυποικίλος*) beauty of His attributes, in the variety, richness, and majesty of His wisdom; we have the angels, "principalities, and powers, in heavenly places"—the beholders, beings which, however they may transcend us in intelligence and knowledge, we plainly gather, from this and other passages of God's Word, are capable of learning more of God, of progressing in the knowledge of divine things. And then again we have the mirror, we have the looking-glass in which God is, as it were, to be seen and understood,

we have that which is to be the lesson-book for angels, the Church of God, the purchased of Christ's blood.

Now, in order to comprehend fully the truth contained here, you must recollect that in dealing with the Church we have to do with it in a twofold aspect. I do not speak here, brethren, of two Churches. I sometimes hear an expression, "the invisible Church," used. I cannot accept that term. I believe that under all circumstances the visibility of the Church of Christ, in the holy lives, the faithful profession unto God, the witnessing for the truth on the part of its members, ought to be apparent to all around.

I look at the Church in its twofold aspect—the mystical, or inward and spiritual, the higher aspect of it: and then again, the visible or the more material, if we may so express it; and in both one and the other of these two aspects we can see, when we look closer, how by the Church may be known, clearly seen, and understood, "the manifold wisdom of God." For, observe how this truth is illustrated:—

I. (Looking at the Church in its mystical aspect) in the Person of Him who is the Church's Head—"the Head of the body, the Church"—the risen and glorified Jesus. Sin had come in and ravaged God's fair dominions; the plague had begun, it was inevitable that an atonement should be made. But, that an atonement adequate to the occasion should be made, two things were necessary—suffering and satisfaction—human suffering and infinite satisfaction; and both to be combined in Him who should make the required atonement, before God could receive fallen man back to His favour and to His bosom.

Where was such a being to be found? Could the mind of man or of angel imagine such a provision? But, then, infinite intelligence, the wisdom of God—devises the plan—finds the rare Emmanuel, God with us: two holy and per-

fect natures, very God and very man, united in one, Christ stands forth, able at once to suffer, and to satisfy. Human, and therefore able to suffer the penalty of sin ; Divine, and therefore able to satisfy the justice of God ! He accomplishes the atonement. He provides the ransom. He removes the guilt. God manifest in the flesh, was "justified in the Spirit," was "*seen of angels*," and "to the principalities and powers in heavenly places" was thus "known" in the very mysterious constitution of the nature and person of the Head of the Church, "the manifold wisdom of God."

II. But again, we have another illustration of the same truth in the *results of the atonement*. Oh ! brethren, how amazing it is when we understand that in the Cross of Christ the attributes of God, however diverse, were harmonized—that there Mercy and Truth met together—Righteousness and Peace kissed each other. Justice was satisfied, Mercy able to rejoice against Judgment ; and then, too, by the power of the Divine Spirit imparted by Christ, the soul, emancipated from the thralldom of sin, is regenerated and restored to the image of God ! Truly is "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." And thus, in the results of the great atonement made for sin, in the blessed truth that God can be "just, and yet the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus," and in the renewal of man's fallen nature by the power of the Holy Ghost, we see the new creation standing forth to view. And can we suppose that those beings concerning whom it is revealed to us that on the birth-day of the first creation "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy"—(Job xxxviii. 7)—are we to think that they derive no fresh delight from this new and nobler creation ? Brethren, we know they do, for "there is joy in the presence of the angels of

God over one sinner that repenteth"—"to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places, might be known by the Church"—redeemed, regenerated man,—“the manifold wisdom of God.”

III. Again (and this will lead me by an easy and natural transition to glance briefly at the second aspect of the Church which I proposed for consideration), this wisdom of God is to be seen also in the *means* adopted, the *agency employed* for the dispensation of His Gospel, for the promulgating and imparting of its benefits. Yes, it has been said, and I think said truly, by a great and good man, that “no angel would leave heaven to be a king and fill a throne, but that there is no angel that would not gladly, were it God’s will, leave heaven, to be a preacher of the everlasting Gospel, and fill a pulpit.” I believe that it is not too much to say this ; yet not to these angelic beings was this trust committed, but *to man*. Only the human heart has the key to human sympathies. The treasure has been put in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. In this matter “we are workers together with God” ; albeit the issue is “not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.” And it is doubtless (as you will see if you look at the context) concerning this provision, this instrumentality, this organization, that St. Peter speaks in the first chapter of his first epistle, 12th verse—“Them that have preached the gospel unto you, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, which things the angels desire to look into” (“to stoop down unto,” and examine, as the original implies)\* “to the intent that now, unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places, might be known—by the Church—the manifold wisdom of God.”

But, brethren, there is, as I observed before, a second aspect of the Church, which is implied in the text, and to which now we come in natural order, suggested by the last illustration which I venture to give you of the truth of the text—*i.e.*, “the Church” in its visible aspect, its lower, its more material aspect, as affecting its external organization. It pleased God, we know, not only to reveal a religion, but also to found a society; and just as that religion so revealed has its peculiar doctrines and ordinances, so the society thus founded has its peculiar officers and government. I believe—and I am bound to state it distinctly—that nothing is more true than the language used in the preface to our Ordination Services, where we are told that from the time of the Apostles there have been three orders of ministers in the Church of Christ—bishops, priests, or presbyters, and deacons. I believe, whatever else we may question, that this we must accept, regarding it in this point of view—not only that such an organization was, as some people tell us, a convenient system of human expediency, but an Apostolic, and therefore a Divine institution, ascertained by the sure warrant of God’s Word. And I believe that we can distinctly trace, though perhaps not in unbroken succession in any particular see, an *episcopal succession* in the Church of Christ from the earliest times, which is a matter of history just as distinct as that there has been a succession of kings and queens on the throne of England, or a succession of generals in charge of the armies of the nations. And it is of those who were thus divinely appointed we heard it read to-day (Acts xx.) that they were charged to “take heed unto themselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made them overseers (or bishops), to feed the Church of God, which He purchased with His own blood.”

Brethren, I believe that to be God’s order, I believe it to be God’s ministry in providing for the organization of His

Church visible. By this term *Ecclesia*, or "Church," as we have it, is to be understood, obviously, a congregation or assembly, gathered together, or *called out*, from among others; called together by a formal summons for a given purpose—a state of things which presupposes the existence of certain by whom the call is made; the existence, too, of duly-appointed officers to enrol its members, to preside in its assemblies (1 Cor. xiv. 33, 40), and to administer its laws. And accordingly we find that God hath set such in His Church. The last legacy of the departing Redeemer was a body of men specially commissioned to deliver the Gospel call, and enrol in His Church by baptism all who should obey it; and the first gift of the ascended Mediator, we gather from this very Epistle, was the provision of such ministers as His Church's need required, men specially called and sent to the work appointed for them to do—men who were given of God, "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ."

If this be so—assuming this to be the case—does it not behove us of the Church of Ireland to take care that, both in the matter of Apostolic doctrine and Apostolic discipline, we adhere to the lines laid down for us to build upon in the Word of God, which is the charter of our faith. Yes, I believe if we fail in either of these two great matters, that it will be fatal to our existence as a Church—that our position will be untenable—that our candlesticks may be removed. But, brethren, I trust in God that in both these weighty concerns, these all-important matters, we of this Church shall be found faithful. Looking at it in this point of view, I cannot help regarding the special service—the ceremonial of to-day—as deeply and solemnly significant. The fact that we are this day solemnly setting apart by prayer, in the way which God has indicated, for the high

office of the episcopate, the first Irish bishop elected to preside over his own diocese, by the people's free choice, for the last 700 years—is this no small matter?—when we have, in matters of *doctrine*, 300 years ago, asserted Apostolic truth, that we should now proceed as Ireland's old Church, the Church of Ireland, to take up the thread of primitive usage, and resume the position occupied by this Irish Church so many centuries past, both in doctrine and *practice*\*—this I cannot help regarding as a most significant fact. I cannot help rejoicing at it as an earnest of great things to come! To myself personally (if I may be permitted for a moment, in passing, to speak of myself), the ceremony of to-day is one which awakens the very deepest feelings. It carries me back more than sixteen years, to the time when, under the fostering care and the fraternal love of him who is being set apart as a bishop in the Church of God to-day, I entered on the ministry of this Church as his fellow-labourer, and had before me constantly in his daily walk an example of fidelity, zeal, and holy consistency, which no one could look upon without respect, and but few, indeed, could behold without benefit and blessing. Such are my own feelings awakened, naturally, by the ceremony of to-day. But viewed in relation to the Church of Ireland, I look upon this ceremonial, this service of to-day, as significant—deeply significant—in three special particulars.

1. I look upon it as indicating the solemn determination of this Church to maintain the primitive Apostolic discipline, and to uphold in its integrity the Episcopal character of the Irish Church. Nor do I look upon this, brethren, as a matter of small moment, when I express the conviction which I deeply entertain, that if ever Protestant truth is

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\* See Note B.

to take the foremost place—to gain the ascendancy in Ireland—it can only be through a Church that is Episcopal. Without wishing to disparage the earnest efforts and the pious zeal of those who differ from us, but having regard for the ancient customs, the predilections, the ecclesiastical traditions, the whole bias and tone of the people, I believe in my heart, that no form of Church government but that which is Episcopal, will ever (humanly speaking) acquire and retain any firm or lasting hold on the Irish people. So I look upon the proceedings of to-day, this solemn service, as in this respect deeply and happily significant.

2. But, again, I look upon it as significant in this way, that it shows us—and this is no small matter either—that the system which we have adopted, that the machinery, if I may use that term with respect, which we have been led to employ (I believe in strict accordance with primitive usage) \* for the election of our bishops in the future, is safe and will work smoothly and successfully. And thus we have cause (at this particular crisis in our history, more especially) to return grateful thanks to the God of love, peace, and order, who has helped us hitherto, and who has promised, “I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”

3. Once more, and in conclusion—I regard this event of to-day as significant in another very special point of view. It is this : as implying and indicating our determination, as a Church—and in saying this I believe I echo the voice of the whole Church—to abandon no portion of our citadel, to relinquish no part of our outworks; but that we are resolved, the rather, to take up this song, “We have a strong city—

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\* See Note C.



salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks"—rather to press on with fresh zeal in the power of the Spirit of God, and of His truth, to expect great things and to achieve great things, in the name and strength of Him who, as the great Husbandman, has taken in hand this branch of the true vine, to purge it that it may "bring forth more fruit," until "the hills are covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof become like the goodly cedar trees." God hasten that time !

And now I would say, in conclusion ; accept, brethren and fathers, this word of exhortation—Let us all, clergy and laity, as one man, stand together, and go up to "possess the land" ; let us stand together in the unity of the faith, having salt in ourselves, the salt of truth, and, being at peace one with another, let us fill our parishes with faithful men—men who shall live as well as preach the truth as it is in Jesus. And then, having put these men into our parishes, having filled the outposts, having manned the walls, with faithful sentinels, do you, the laity, see to it that they are sustained by your money, and that they are upheld by your prayers. And, above all, let us rely more implicitly than ever upon the might and presence of God the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, to endue us with power from on high, and prosper our work ; and then, "seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." And in the day approaching, the day of triumph, when "the great multitude which no man can number" shall have been "gathered out of every kindred, and nation, and tongue, and people," *then* "to the principalities and powers in heavenly places" shall be fully known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God, and

from angel choirs, as they surround the throne, shall burst forth and ascend through heaven's courts the strain of immortal praise—"Amen! Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might be unto our God, for ever and ever!" Amen.

## NOTES.

*Note A, p. 383.*

That the holy angels take an interest in—are concerned to contemplate—those things which belong to the order and discipline of the Church of God, appears to me abundantly evident from several passages (*e.g.*, Eccles. v. 1, 6; 1 Cor. xi. 10), from which I am disposed to infer that the angels, who minister to the faithful (Heb. i., 14), rejoice in beholding the wisely constituted order and symmetry of God's creatures, and take pleasure especially in witnessing that harmony and discipline which they know that God loves, preserved and exhibited in the assemblies of His Church.

*Note B, p. 387.*

Previous to the Synod of Cashel, 1172, exactly 700 years ago, we gather from undoubted authorities, that the Church of Ireland had not as yet lost her freedom. Till then "the Irish followed the doctrines of their first teachers, and had never acknowledged any subjection to the See of Rome" (Hume, Hist. I., c. 9). "The bishop and other prelates of a tribe" (as Phelan informs us, "Policy," p. 47), "were appointed by the chieftain, either directly, or with the previous form of an election by the priesthood."—See Wordsworth's (Bishop of Lincoln) "History of the Church of Ireland," p. 126, *n.*

*Note C, p. 388.*

I may quote here Cyprian's well-known statement:—"I have resolved," he says, writing to the presbyters and deacons of his diocese, "from the beginning of my episcopate to do nothing of my own private opinion without your counsel, nor anything (*sine consensu plebis*) without the consent of the lay people." To this reference is made by an able and accomplished

writer of our own day, who cannot be suspected of sympathy with men who are given to change, the present Bishop of Salisbury, who declares it (viz., the introduction of the lay element) to be "a primitive principle, which would, if it had been duly developed according to the necessities of the Church, and the greatly increased fitness of the lay people, by education, learning, piety, and practice of life and business, to partake of its consultations, and with the *deepened sense of responsibility* which such participation would naturally have produced, have contributed to give an immense increase of strength, and freeness of union and power, to all its movements, and have placed it in a position much more in accordance with its true spiritual constitution."—*Moberly, Bampton Lectures* (1868).

On the ancient lines thus indicated—primitive and Apostolic as I hold them to be—our Church has wisely built.

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### THE VICTORIOUS RIDER.\*

REV. vi. 2.—"And I saw and behold a white horse, and He that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto Him, and He went forth conquering and to conquer."

THERE is something strikingly beautiful and impressive in these words, understood as I think we may and must interpret them. They are to be found in that wonderful book,—so grandly sublime and so mysterious in its very sublimity,—which brings to a close the sacred volume and completes the canon of Scripture. It is a portion of the Bible which was once sadly forgotten and overlooked, even in our public services, but which has of late been much more thoughtfully studied,—possibly because while the shadows of evening are stealing over the world, and the instability and emptiness of

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Last sermon in Dublin, preached at the re-opening of St. Werburgh's Church.

earthly greatness and human glory are becoming more terribly apparent, the hearts of many are beginning to yearn for the dawn of the endless day and to long for the enduring blessedness of the kingdom eternal, which Jesus Christ shall bring in when He comes the second time, and of which the Spirit speaketh expressly in these closing accents, these final voices of the Word of God. May the Divine Spirit, the Great Teacher, instruct us to-day as we listen to His voice.

As to the character and purport of this book, I would simply observe that it seems to deal with the deep things of God's providence just as that other wonderful portion of Scripture, the Book of the Canticles, sets forth the deep things of His love. And without professing to decide between rival systems of interpretation (which would be altogether irrelevant and superfluous), I will just observe, as sufficient for my present purpose, that we may fairly conclude (as it seems to me), both from the analogy of Scripture and from internal evidence, that the Holy Spirit has given to us here, by the inspired pen of St. John, an outline conveyed chiefly in symbol and figure, of the history of the Church of God, of the kingdom of Christ on earth, from the Lord's ascension until His coming again in glory. It is essentially a book of warfare and a book of victory. It gives us the key of that otherwise dark and paradoxical saying of Him who came to make peace for us by His blood, to be the Prince of Peace, and yet who said, "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." And so it is that we have the Church herein represented militant here on earth,—tried, tempted, struggling, yet ever emerging from the depths, ever renewing her strength, ever progressing. Like the shining light, when the morning goes forth with its clouds and its tears, its alternate lights and shades, and yet ever progressing, "shining more and more unto the perfect day," while the Lord Himself—her great

King and Leader—appears (as St. John saw Him), in His risen and ascended and glorified Majesty, no longer crowned with thorns, but crowned with glory ; no longer riding on a colt, meek and in lowly estate, on His tearful way, but going forth a conqueror, crowned—riding on in majesty as became a victor. “I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore.” “The Lord is King, and hath put on His glorious apparel.” Such is the view of Christ to us in this striking passage, as I understand it. In the verses which follow, we have, symbolized, in the ghastly procession of the red and black and pale horses, with their respective riders, the power and ravages of war, famine, and pestilence, as destined to cast their deadly blight over that sinful earth on which Christ had set up His kingdom of grace, and placed His Church, to witness for His truth, to fight His battles, until the day shall break and the shadows flee away. But in the forefront of the vision, in the van of this strange and fearful array, there appears a horseman different from the rest. “I saw,” says St. John, “a white horse, and He that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given to Him, and He went forth conquering and to conquer.” And who is the Conqueror, already crowned with victory and speeding forth in triumphal state on fresh career of conquest? Surely there can be but one reply. *Not* an imperial ruler, as some assert ; *not* a great anti-Christian potentate, as others strangely affirm,—but He Himself, the King of Glory, who went forth for the salvation of His people ; He of whom the royal prophet sings in the forty-fifth psalm, “Ride on, because of the word of truth, of meekness, and righteousness ; and Thy right hand shall teach Thee terrible things.” “Thine arrows” (the arrows that is of the bow represented here) “are sharp in the heart of the King’s enemies, whereby the people fall under Thee.” “Thy throne O God is for ever and ever ; the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a right sceptre.” He

it is whom we see again later on, in the nineteenth chapter, going forth on His errand of judgment, having no longer one crown, as here, but *many crowns*, as now indeed the acknowledged and universal King—King of kings, and Lord of lords. Assuming, then, as I think we undoubtedly may, that in this Kingly Rider going forth on His career of conquest, we have Christ Himself spiritually present in His people's midst, and speeding on His path of victory, it will help us to understand the power and beauty of the vision ; if we consider (1) the significance of His equipment, "He had a *bow*," the symbol of that mighty word of His truth, from which the arrows of conviction reach the consciences and subdue the hearts of men,—applied by the Holy Ghost, "a *crown* was given unto Him" ; implying, possibly, as the word may mean, both the crown of kingly state and the garland of victory. And *the horse* on which He rode going forth to His victories was *white*, as we have it again in chapter xix., where the rider's identity is unquestionable. So that *thus* we have the Saviour as "the Alpha and the Omega,"—"the *first*," as we have Him here, and "the last," as we see Him presently, going forth, as here, to establish and perpetuate His victories ; going forth, as there we have Him, to judgment, to take His seat on the *great white throne*—the whiteness being emblematic, it would seem, all through (whether it be the white horse of the conqueror, or the white robes of the redeemed, or the great white throne of judgment) of purity and righteousness.

Further note (2) the fact of His victory : "conquering" (*νικῶν* Gk.) He is victorious—great Victor *already* over sin and death, and over him that had the power of death.

\* \* \* \* \*

And (3) once again the assurance of future and ultimate triumph. He is represented as going forth "conquering *and to conquer*," and has it not been so, brethren, all down

through the ages? Amid the vicissitudes of time, the change and decay apparent everywhere, while dynasties are being subverted, while thrones are crumbling, and mighty empires are tottering to their ruin, there is one King. One glorious King who still rides on from age to age "conquering and to conquer"! One kingdom for whose progress and eventful triumph earthly vicissitudes, national calamities, political revolutions, are preparing the way, "overturning, overturning, overturning" until He comes whose right it is and who is to be assuredly and for ever King over all! How glorious and soul-stirring this view of our Saviour King, so rich in comfort and so full of joy—so bright with everlasting hope. Mark how all this concerns us. He stands, the Kingly Saviour does, at the door and knocks. He would dethrone the usurper that keeps rule in the heart by nature, and set up His own kingdom there; and once received as King in the heart He will extend His sway, and go on conquering and to conquer, until every thought is brought into captivity. And having broken the hateful yoke of sin by His blessed Spirit's power, He fills the soul with purity and peace, and the life with holiness, the risen and almighty Conqueror repeating, as it were, His victory—perpetuating His triumphs in the heart and life of every true believer who is crucified with Christ in self-denying—buried with Christ in self-forgetting—risen with Christ in the joyous liberty of a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness, until the Conqueror's victory is completed and the kingdom in the heart is the Lord's.

Once more, mark the blessedness of that other glorious lesson which stands out here in grand and wondrous relief, viz. : that the troubles and disasters of men, the social and political changes that are taking place on earth from age to age, only serve to prepare the way for Christ's kingdom, and are subservient to its ultimate triumph. And can we

not discern proofs of this among ourselves, even in our own time, in our own Church, that Church which we hold to be a true and loyal branch of Christ's own Church on earth ! Is it not apparent that after all the things which have happened to us have fallen out to the furtherance of the Gospel.

“The oak strikes deeper as its boughs  
By furious blasts are riven.”

The fatal axe of the woodman has proved to be the gracious pruning knife of the great Husbandman, who prunes the branches that they may bring forth more fruit, and already we can discern tokens of blessing ; already we may discover symptoms of life, and power and fruit unto God, both in things material and spiritual. Of the *latter*, the *spiritual*, take as an instance (out of many) that special effort—that Mission\* movement carried on within the last three weeks in this city—and which I trust and believe, as it was watered with many prayers, will abound in fruit to God's glory. Of the *former*, *material* progress, we have evidence in the resolve apparent everywhere, no longer to live in ceiled and gorgeous houses and let the House of God lie waste—a spirit which is alive throughout our Church—but of which we have so notable an example in that munificent gift presented the other day to God and to the Church of Ireland, in that beautiful cathedral restored at great cost, beautified and renovated for the service of God, at the sole charge of one individual member of the Church. And the same spirit shows itself in what has been done here, the pious care and becoming zeal with which this church has been re-fitted and furnished at a considerable cost, the greater part of which has already been provided, and the residue of which I am sure that your bounty will supply to-day.

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\* Conducted by Rev. W. Hay Aitken, April 1878.



We may then thank God and take courage. He whom we trust in and who is the hope of our souls ; He, the Lord, is King already crowned, He goes forth conquering and to conquer, until the day when He returns in glory to wear the many crowns of His universal dominion—King of kings and Lord of lords. And in that great day, whose coming is drawing nigh each time the sun rises and sets on a troubled world and a waiting Church, while those His enemies that would not that He should reign over them shall flee His presence and be disowned for ever, they that have followed Him, in that great regeneration when the Son of Man shall come in His glory, shall sit with Him on His throne and share His kingdom.

May such be your portion and mine, beloved friends ; more than conquerors even now, through Him that loved us, and by-and-bye to see His face and to be “Ever with the Lord.”

THE END.



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